

"What to do?"—

the question that makes men—or breaks them

ALMOST every day in any large business some unusual problem arises which is beyond the experience of even the best informed men in the organization. It is then that the right answer to the question "What to do?" will often make a man—the wrong one break him.

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As I look back over the decade past—consider the four hundred thousand men who have enrolled with LaSalle—everything we have done or tried to do—both in our business training courses and in our supplemental services—centers in the important work of helping ambitious men to answer with soundness and authority the "What to do's?" of business life.

The man who realizes what LaSalle training and LaSalle consultation service might mean to him and his future, but who fails to go further—to investigate—is answering his most vital "What to do?" with inaction—is deliberately turning away from Opportunity.

J. H. Chapline

President
LaSalle Extension University

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"Good-Bye—I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?



HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do *you* know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Just a Few of the Chapter Titles

A Plea for Dancing
Automobile Etiquette
When the Bachelor Is Host
Tipping at the Hotel
Woman In the Business World
A Trip to the South
At Tea-Room and Roof Garden
The Origin of Manners
Announcing the Engagement
Responsibility for the Wedding
How to Acknowledge an Invitation
When to Introduce—and How
Asking a New Acquaintance to Call
The "Bread-and-Butter Letter"
The Chaperon
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit
The Endless Round of Hospitality
Guests and Their Duties
The Young Country Miss
Why the Shy Are Awkward
Planning Surprises

—and countless other fascinating chapters that you will read and reread many times and find permanently helpful to you.

Are You *Sure* of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

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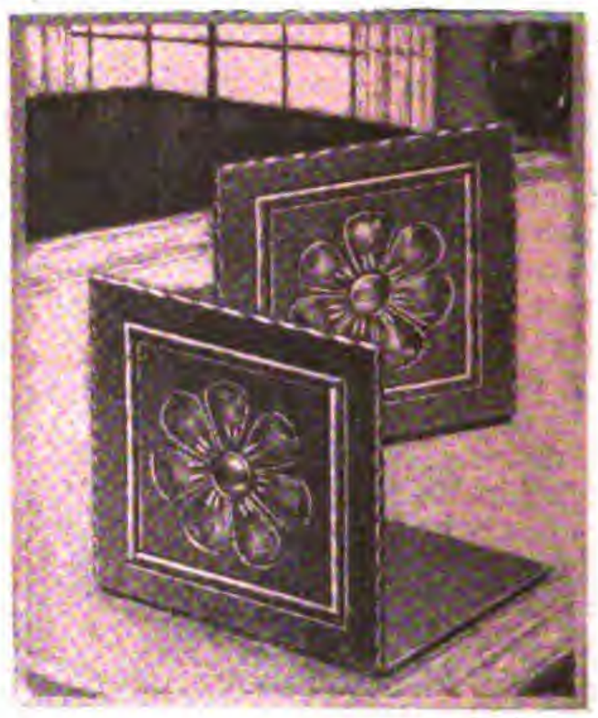
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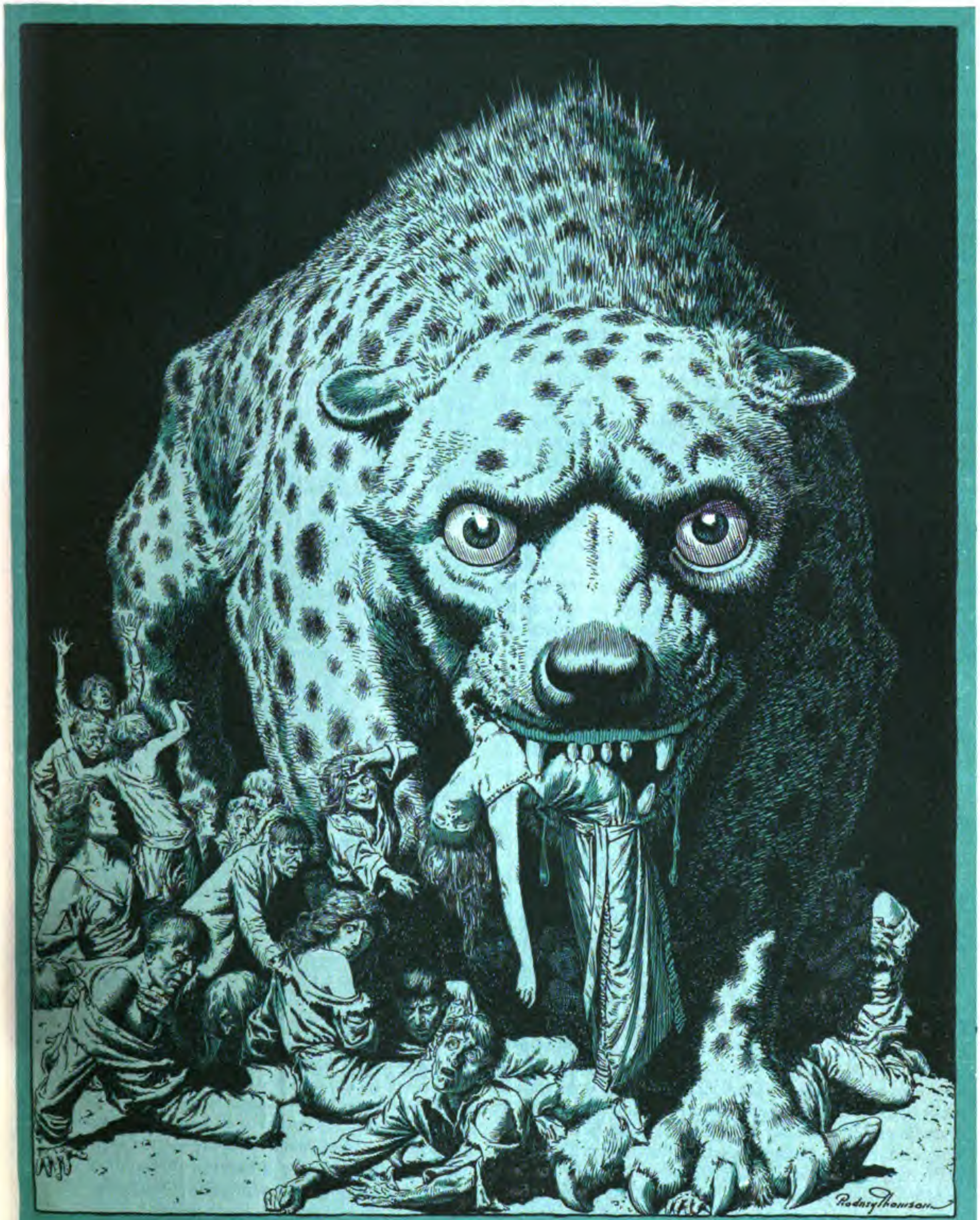
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FEBRUARY 1923



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DOPE

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HAPGOOD Raps *Harding but*

Harding 1924

MR. HARDING'S next two years will not be easy. It is no snap to ride with boasts into office on a flood of grouches, and then try to make good on the rosy promises. Mr. Harding as a man and as a president is likable and conscientious. He is a test also. It was said that the people, tired of a wilful president, desired one who would sit in a quiet victoria drawn by forces of normalcy, with reins guided by the best minds. The permanent ideal is Lincoln, listening all his life to the people, but obeying fearlessly his own soul, often defying majority opinion for years at a time, and never preferring minority privileges to general welfare. Mr. Harding's heart is right, his mind willing, but he fears challenging ideas, he is at home with the successful, and he likes the shady groves of custom. He knows not that an industrial revolution is going on, as impossible to stop as the political revolution that ended the reign of God's anointed. November, 1924, is a distance ahead, but the signs are that nothing can save the Republican party except surrender to its progressive block.

Force

HOWEVER necessary, progress by force exacts its tribute. Ireland would not have won her freedom without force. Because of the habit of force, her territory is overrun today by bandits, and there will be unemployment until the farmer makes up his mind to suppress the lazy and adventurous youth.

In Italy the Fascisti form of imperialism was nevertheless a natural answer to the force applied by the communists. The white terror answered the red. And now the white terror, the Fascisti, has taken away freedom from parliamentary Italy and given to jingoism the impulse that the worship of force always gives. Facts are apparently modifying the Fascisti in Italy as facts have modified the Reds in Russia.

In Hungary the Reds tried force and were beaten to a pulp by the white terror that sprang up against them.

From Russia no such simple lesson can be drawn. There, as in Germany, the phenomena of the last four years have to be explained in large part by the folly of other nations endeavoring to affect the national destiny by pressure from without.

Incredible

IF ANYBODY asks us how an experienced, self-governing country like this can endure the spectacle of the way Messrs. Daugherty and Harding treat our political prisoners, we simply give up. It cannot be fear. It must be either stupidity or the cheapest kind of politics. They can mumble something about the red peril's lurking under the dining-room table, and about respect for law, and say "we will take up each case on its merits about the time Hades freezes over," but an adult can scarcely listen to such meanderings. The American people, in its infinite wisdom, stands for such Tsaristic and Kaiseristic and anti-freedom acts by the John Marshall now in the attorney general's office, and by our benign ruler in the White House, so who are we that should expect our howling to avail?

Brutality

MEDIEVAL, indeed, is the savagery with which our statesmen are keeping people in jail for thought. Nevertheless, criticism should be focused on the intellectual class in America which rests supine. As Ralph Chaplin, one of the prisoners for opinion, himself now rotting in Leavenworth Penitentiary, puts it, we should not mourn the dead, nor yet the captives,

> "But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
> The cowed and meek—
> Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
> And dare not speak!"

The kind of man that Daugherty has the sheer power to keep confined, for not agreeing with his august statesman, is shown in Chaplin's poem to his little son:

> "I cannot lose the thought of you
> It haunts me like a little song,
> It blends with all I see or do
> Each day, the whole day long.
>
> The train, the lights, the engine's throb,
> And that one stinging memory:
> Your brave smile broken with a sob,
> Your face pressed close to me.
>
> Lips trembling far too much to speak;
> The arms that would not come undone;
> The kiss so salty on your cheek;
> The long, long trip begun.
>
> I could not miss you more it seemed,
> But now I don't know what to say.
> It's harder than I ever dreamed
> With you so far away."

Twenty years is what Chaplin gets, while Harding and Daugherty sit among the mighty. The writer of this editorial had one strong reason for voting for Miller for Governor of New York, but he voted for Smith. No consideration would make him support the man who signed the Lusk bills.

British Labor

UNDOUBTEDLY the country in which labor is most formidable is Great Britain. It may go up or down in political power, but its definite influence is established. Where the attempt is made to seize government by force labor is always set back, for the other side understands that game better. British labor has been patient. It has studied, along with leading intellectuals, for forty years. Frank Hodges, its youngest leader, ashamed of knowing only French among alien languages, is now plunged deep in German. Its scholar is Sidney Webb, the greatest industrial expert in Britain. Ramsey McDonald, the new leader, is a lawyer with a highly expert mind. It is a party of law and knowledge, inviting into its ranks, alongside blue jeans, the best trained minds of Britain. Its program is real. It asks to have the war debt paid by a graduated tax on fortunes, or by some similar measure. It demands revision of the German indemnity. It wishes central points like the Dardanelles controlled not by Britain but by all the nations concerned. It asks freedom for Egypt and home-rule for India. When a party of labor has learned to talk like that, and to use the best training in the land, capital will take it seriously.

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Is Kind to Shakespeare

Politics and Candor

CHARLES E. HUGHES has for fifteen years been mostly known for his firm intellect. That brain put him at the head of the American bar. Yet in the November election we saw him talking figures that, as a child might reason, proved only that peace costs less than war, and using this decline from war-cost to prove Republican economy. In his line Herbert Hoover had a similar reputation. He was an engineer, devoted to hard fact. Yet in the election he used the same figures for the same purpose.

What is this drug that thus affects exact, tenacious minds? Partly, no doubt, it is the desire to cling on and to justify. But there is something more special. Hughes and Hoover were sent out by Mr. Harding (or his political manager, Mr. Daugherty) as life-savers. It is flattering to be a life-saver. The two most distinguished members of the Cabinet feel as old Doctor Grimes, leading leech of Swan River, Calibraska, does when in a desperate case a confrère calls him to consultation. Whatever he may say privately to his fellow-practitioner, he must make a bright impression on the patient. He must cheer the victim up. He must put the case in hues that, however vague, are rosy. Unless he exudes optimism he is but a scurvy life-saver.

Turkey and Religion

ONE LINE of talk about the Near East might well be cut out. As long as a country is merely spat upon there is no progress. When Gladstone coined the expression "the unspeakable Turk" he put into circulation one of those rubber-stamped phrases that readily substitute for thought. The Turk is no more unspeakable than we are. No nation is unspeakable. When the fact that Armenians are Christians is so much emphasized an illegitimate appeal is made to creed. What difference does it make whether they are Christians or heathens? They should be protected, as far as may be, in either case. Whatever the final solution, it should be remembered that the Turks, like everybody else in this fluid age, can change. The superiority of the state to the church in Turkey before the war would have been inconceivable. The Turk may not accept Christianity. Few people anywhere practice it. He will accept steam, electricity, airplanes, newspapers, and moving pictures. He will, if wisely treated, accept what we accept. Southeast Europe and the Near East are badly mixed-up, but the solution lies not in emphasizing contrasts, but in lessening them; and above all not in appealing to prejudice against people because they follow another religion.

Size

SWITZERLAND, with all the money difficulties left her by the war, seems to be going through her modern political changes with the surefootedness that has marked her history. Speaking three languages in her Parliament, she behaves with a unity and a progressive sanity that puts the great powers to shame. Similar praise belongs to Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and would belong to Belgium, with her two languages, if she were not by geography made part of the glory-drunken fist-fight that has been going on for three centuries between Germany and France. Now that religion has ceased to be the principal cause of war its place has been taken by that species of patriotism known as swelled head. The smaller countries have the opportunity to solve their own problems without feeling that dignity and importance compel clawing at their neighbors.

Shylock

THE EXPERIMENT of the Jewish actor, David Warfield, in undertaking the rôle of Shylock leads the mind naturally back to the two outstanding portraits of a generation earlier. Edwin Booth and Henry Irving were the overtopping male English-speaking actors of their time. With Salvini they stood alone. Booth excelled in poetry, Irving in imaginative realism.

Shakespeare was accustomed to work miracles. Did he ever work a greater miracle than when he drew a Jew so that his contemporaries would laugh and jeer, while posterity would understand and sympathize? Booth gave magnificently the depth of feeling, the age-long suffering, the appeal, but he did not give the picture at which Elizabethan Christians were hooting.

Irving, in this part, surpassed Booth. He got the poetry, the justification, but in a harsher, more fighting form, unlike Booth's suffering philosopher. In Irving we had full value given to the glint of hate, to the panic over the lost gold, to the savage mixture of feelings. Booth was the most beautiful poetic actor of his time. Irving was probably the most complete Shylock ever embodied.

Simplicity

WHILE on Shakespeare we might notice that the greatest is always the simplest. Who can write like this?

> "Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high."

Such familiar words, anybody's property, were the tools used by the magician of whom Dr. Johnson said that he "exhausted worlds and then imagined new."

Nor was it only in describing nature. In his vast tragedies it is the same:

> "Vex not his ghost. Oh, let him pass! he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer."

The shortest and simplest words, you notice, for the passing of King Lear. If you have enough to say, you can say it in the primer.

> "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death."

Mr. Brisbane has suggested that anybody who wishes to write should hold before his mind the high sayings of the New Testament:

> "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Both in the Bible and in Shakespeare you will find more complicated language, but their genius flames in its immortality when the speech is warm and familiar as the daily sun.

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¶ The TEMPTRESS

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The TEMPTRESS

¶ *A New Novel by the Author of the Four Horsemen*

By Blasco Ibañez

Illustrations by Walt Louderback

AS USUAL the Marquis de Torre Bianca got up late. Leaving the security of his bedroom, he cast an uneasy glance at the letters and newspapers on a silver salver in the library. Some of the postmarks were foreign. At sight of these he breathed a sigh of relief. That much respite at least. . . . But some of the letters were from Paris; and at these he frowned. He knew what they would be like.

If they had only been addressed to his wife! She received letters like that with the utmost serenity, as though debts and clamorous creditors were her native element. The Marquis however had a more antiquated conception of honor than the historically fair Elena. He went so far as to believe that it is better not to contract debts if there is no possibility of ever paying them.

Fearful lest the servant should find him still dubiously eyeing his mail, the Marquis began opening his letters. . . . After all, they were not so bad! One was from the firm which had sold the Marquise her most recently acquired automobile. Of the ten instalments to be paid, it had collected only two. . . . And there were numerous other letters from shops that supplied the Marquise with her needs.

The Marquis was wont, when he had finished the perusal of his morning mail, to look about him with something very like alarm. There was his Elena, giving parties and going to all the most distinguished festivities in Paris; occupying the most desirable apartment of an elegant house on a fashionable street, keeping a luxurious automobile, and never less than five servants. By what mysterious adjustments and maneuvers could his wife and he keep up this manner of life? Every day there were new debts; every day they required more money for perpetually increasing expenses.

At this point the Marquis caught sight of a letter he had overlooked, a letter bearing an Italian postmark.

"From mother," he said.

As he read it his expression lightened. He even smiled. Yet this letter too had complaints to make.

THE ECHOES of his mother's voice awakened in his memory by her words called up before him the old white palace of the Torre Biancas, one of the monuments of his distant Tuscany.

Huge, in ruins now, surrounded by gardens of the past, with vast halls whose floors were tiled, and whose ceilings were gay with paintings of mythological scenes, it had long contained a wealth of famous paintings that hung on its bare walls, marking out their squares and rectangles in the dust gathering for centuries on the slowly crumbling plaster.

Wearing the clothes of a simple peasant, and served only by a little country girl, the Marquis's mother lived alone in these vast halls and gardens, accompanied by thoughts of her son, preoccupied with the problem he presented. How was she to provide money for him?

Touched, as always, by her letter, the Marquis was murmuring softly to himself "Mother! Mother!" and then, he read again:

> "I didn't know what to do, Frederigo, after sending you the money you last received from me. If you could see the house in which you were born, my son, I wonder what you would say? No one will offer me more than a twentieth part of its value. But, until some foreigner who really wants to buy it comes along, I am willing to sell the floors, and even those wonderful old ceilings, the only things left now that have any market value. Anything to get you out of your difficulties, to prevent the slightest reproach from attaching to your name. I can live on very little, perhaps even less than I allow myself now. But isn't it at the same time possible for you and Elena to reduce your expenses a little without Elena's giving up in any way the position that being your wife entitles her to? Your wife is rich! Can't she help you to keep up your establishment?"

The Marquis paused. The simple way in which his mother expressed her anxieties hurt him; and her illusions to Elena stabbed him like remorse. She believed Elena to be rich! She believed that he could induce his wife to live economically and simply. . . .

Elena's arrival cut short his reflections. It was already past eleven and she was going out to take her daily drive in the Bois. She liked to begin the day with this open air review of her acquaintances.

The somewhat ostentatious elegance of her dress suited her beauty. Although between thirty and forty, frequent fasts and eternal vigilance preserved her slenderness, which was enhanced by her height; and the care she took of her person kept her in what might be called that "third youth" which the women of our great modern cities enjoy.

IT WAS only when she was absent that Torre Bianca was aware of her faults. As soon as she stepped into the room, his admiration of her took complete possession of him. Putting her arms about his shoulders she kissed him, and began talking to him with a childish lisp, which, well he knew, presaged a request for money.

"Good morning, Bunny! I got up so late this morning, and I have a thousand things to do before going out, but I couldn't go without seeing my darling little Rabbit. . . . Give me another kiss, and I'm off!"

Smiling humbly, the Marquis allowed himself to be petted. Elena finally tore herself away, but before she had quite reached the library door she suddenly remembered something important and stopped short.

"Have you some money?"

The Marquis's smile vanished. His eyes put the question, "How much do you want?"

"Oh, not so much. About eight thousand francs."

Elena's tailor, one on the rue de la Paix, needless to say, had suddenly stopped being as respectful as Elena thought he should be—for his bill was only three years old—and he had threatened court proceedings.

At her husband's gesture when she mentioned this sum, Elena's childlike smile vanished; but she still used her girl's lisp to complain:

"You say that you love me, Frederigo, and you refuse to give me this bit of money."

"There are some of the letters and claims of our creditors. . . ." The Marquis pointed to the heap on the table.

Elena smiled once more, but this time there was something cruel about the curl of her lips.

"I can show you a great many documents as interesting as those. But you are a man, and men are supposed to provide money in their homes. How am I to pay my debts if you don't help me?"

He looked at her with something like fear in his eyes.

"I have given you such a lot of money! But everything that falls into your hands vanishes like smoke."

Elena's voice was hard.

"You aren't going to pretend that a woman of my position, or of my appearance—since people *will* mention it—should live in a shabby sort of way?

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¶ *"Do you think the* Marquise *is really a* Russian? *Of course she says* she is, *but——." Robledo sensed that he was* going to hear *something about* Elena *which he couldn't* accept in silence *so he hailed a cab.*

It was the Marquis's turn to be offended, and Elena, aware of the effect of her words, suddenly changed her manner, smiled, and came close enough to be able to put her hands on Frederigo's shoulders.

"Why don't you write to the old lady, Frederigo? Perhaps she can send us some money, she can sell an heirloom or something, can't she?"

The tone of these words only added to her husband's irritation.

"The person you mention is my mother, and I wish you would speak of her as such. As to money, she can't send us any more."

Elena looked at her husband with a certain contempt, saying, as though to herself,

"This will teach me to fall in love with paupers. . . . Well, if *you* can't get me this money, I'll get it!"

As she spoke an expression so significant flickered over her face that her husband sprang from his chair.

"You had better explain what you mean," he began, frowning. But he could not go on. The Marquise's expression had completely changed. She broke out into bursts of childish laughter, and clapped her hands.

"At last, my Bunny is really angry. And he thought his wife meant something bad. . . . But don't you know that I love no one but you? Really, no one else—— Come, smile a little, don't be naughty. . . . But isn't there really any money? Do you mean it?"

The Marquis shook his head.

"But I love you just as much," she said. "Let the old debts wait! I'll find a way out. Good-by, Frederigo!"

She walked backward toward the door, throwing him kisses; but once on the other side of the hangings her expression of youthful lightheartedness vanished. Her lips were twisted with scorn and a look of frantic ferocity glittered in her eyes.

Her husband too, when he was alone, lost the momentary happiness Elena's caresses had afforded him. He sat at the table, his face in his hands.

Always, at such moments, *Torre Bianca* called up memories of his youth as though they could offer him a remedy for present troubles. Frederigo de *Torre Bianca* wanted to be an engineer for the same reason that all the other youths of his generation did, in order to make Italy, once famous for her art, an important modern nation because of her industries.

As he recalled his student life the first image that arose was that of Manuel Robledo, his friend and classmate. Manuel was a Spanish youth whose frank and happy disposition made it possible for him to meet daily problems with quiet energy. For several years he had played the part of older brother to the distinguished young Italian, and Torre Bianca never failed to think of his friend in difficult moments.

It was two years now since he had heard from Robledo, whose last letter announced that he was employed in Argentine. He was contracting for the government as well as for private undertakings, and constructing canals and railroads; and through all the discomforts of the rough life he led, the belief that he was helping the advance guard of civilization to cross one of the earth's desert places, gave him intimate satisfaction and happiness.

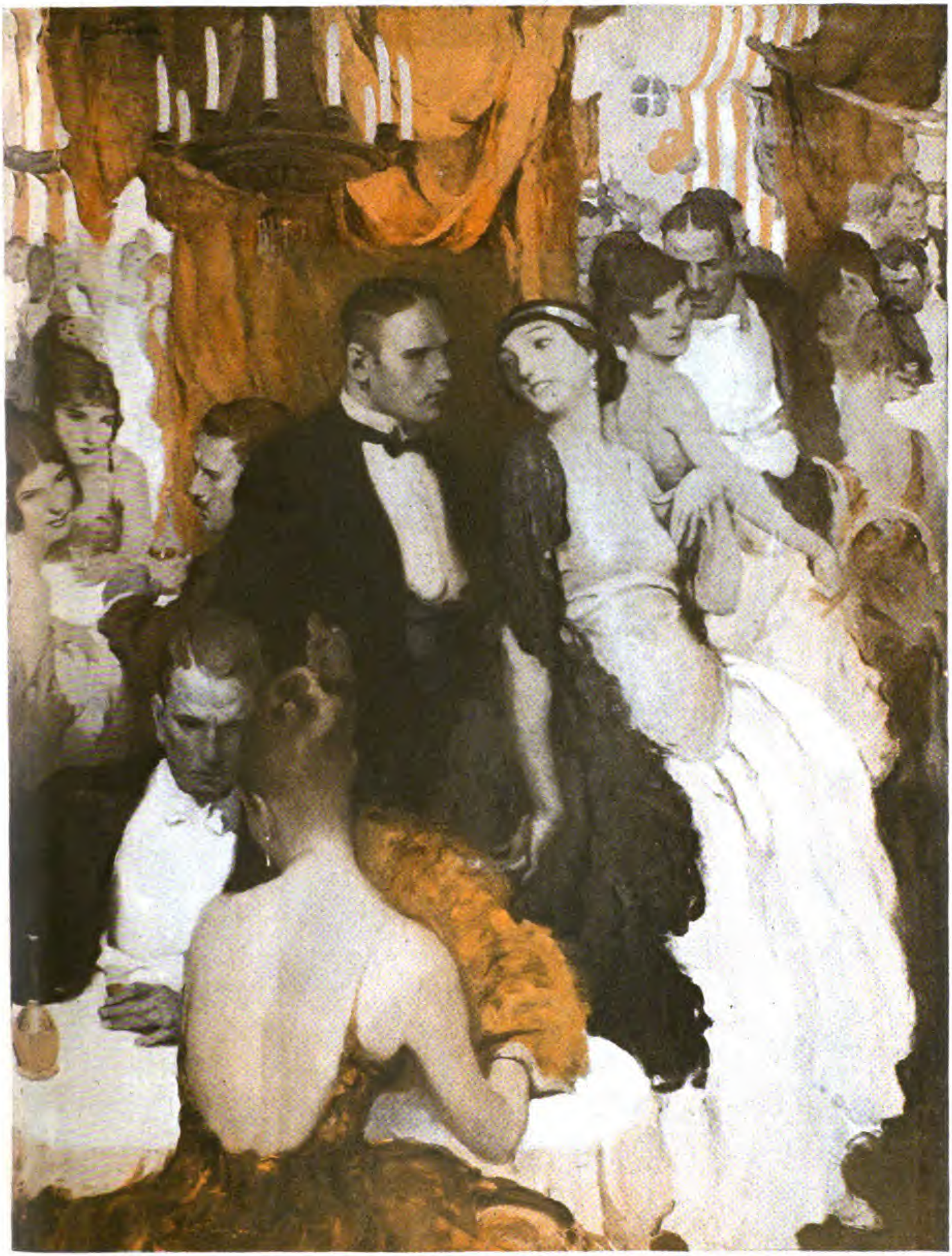
As he thought of his friend that morning in the midst of his anxieties, Torre said to himself, "I wish I had him here! His strong man's will would strengthen mine. . . ."

The butler interrupted his meditation. A caller. . . . but he would not give his name. . . .

"He seems a foreigner, sir. He says he's a relative. . . ."

The Marquis had a presentiment. It was absurd. . . .

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¶ *The* "tango-god" *and* Elena *danced* several times *and little by little her* persistence *induced* on the banker's face *an expression of* annoyance *quite as marked as that on her* husband's face.

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Yet it would be like Robledo to turn up in this fashion, as if he were a character in a play, coming in just when the action required his appearance. But how unlikely that Robledo, who when last heard from was in another hemisphere, should be on hand to take up his cue like an actor waiting in the wings! No, life doesn't provide such neat coincidences.

He would not see his caller, he told the servant. At that moment someone lifted the door-hangings and, to the butler's consternation, stepped into the room.

The Marquis, who was easily roused, went threateningly toward the intruder. His arms outstretched, the latter cried:

"You don't know me!"

Clean-shaven, his skin tanned and reddened by sun and cold, he did not look like the Robledo of old. Yet there was something familiarly distinctive about him, something Torre Bianca recognized as having once formed a part of his own life, something in the vigorous curve of the shoulders.

"Robledo!"

The friends embraced, and the servant, convinced now that his presence was superfluous, left the room.

As they smoked and talked, Robledo and Torre Bianca looked at one another with eager interest.

"Will you be able to stay long in Paris?" the Marquis inquired.

"Oh, just a few months. . . ."

He felt the need, he added, of a long draught of civilization, after spending ten years in South American deserts, absorbed



¶ *In his home* in Italy *Torre Bianca had a* wealth *of* famous paintings! *These his* aged mother *suggested* selling *to pay the* debts *of her* son's wife.

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C, *Banker Commits Suicide! That was* the headline *that* leaped out *at* Robledo *as he opened the* paper. *He did not* need *to read the* suicide's name *to know who* it was. *Of course* it *was* Fontenoy.

in the strenuous task of building roads, railroads and canals.

"I want to find out if the Paris restaurants still deserve their reputation, and see if the French wines are as good as they used to be."

The Marquis laughed. The same old Robledo, ready to go three thousand miles to have a meal in Paris! Then, with great interest, he inquired, "Are you rich?"

"POOR as ever," was Robledo's prompt reply. "But I'm alone in the world, I'm not married—there's nothing so expensive as a wife—so, for a few months I'll be able to spend money like a regular American millionaire. I have the money I've been earning all this time. I couldn't spend it in the desert."

He turned to look about him at the luxurious furnishings of his friend's home.

"You're the fellow that's rich, I see!"

The Marquis's only reply was an enigmatical smile:

"Tell me about what you have been doing," the engineer urged. "You never sent me much news of yourself. I believe you got married a few years ago."

Torre Bianca nodded, and said gravely:

"I married a Russian lady, the wife of a high government official of the Tsar's court. We make a few pretensions to elegance, but it's damned expensive! You, my dear Robledo, leading the simple life of primitive man, are lucky enough not to know what it costs to live in our civilization."

Then Bianca seemed to repent of the note of complaint in what he was saying; and with an optimism which, a half hour ago he would have considered absurd, he went on:

"Really I ought not to complain. There is a friendship that means a great deal in my life. Do you know the banker Fontenoy? He has business all over the world."

Robledo shook his head. He had never heard that name.

"He is an old friend of my wife's family. Thanks to Fontenoy I became a while ago the director of some development projects in foreign countries, for which I get a salary that would have seemed to me magnificent a few years ago."

Robledo expressed his professional curiosity.

"Enterprises in Asia and in Africa—gold mines, and a railroad in China—a shipping company formed to handle the rice products of Tonkin, and. . . . As a matter of fact, I'm not up on the scheme as a whole. I've never had time for the trip and then too I can't leave my wife. But Fontenoy, who has a great head for business, has been to all these places and I have the greatest confidence in him. As a matter of fact, my job is just a matter of signing reports made by the experts Fontenoy sends out there to satisfy the shareholders."

ROBLEDO could not conceal a certain astonishment at these words. Torre, aware of his friend's wonderment, changed the subject. He began talking of his wife, in a tone which indicated that he thought it the achievement of his life to have won her.

"You'll see her in a little while. And of course you'll have lunch with us. You can't refuse." Then he added, in a tone that partly betrayed his emotion, "I can't tell you how glad I am that you are going to meet my wife. Everyone calls her 'la bella Elena'—but she has something so much better than beauty! She has a disposition like a child's—and she needs lots of money. But what woman doesn't?"

The Marquise de Torre Bianca having come home in good humor, was disposed to find her husband's friend very entertaining. For the moment she had forgotten her pressing need of money.

At lunch Robledo had a great deal to [*Continued on page 132*]

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¶ *The* Smuggler's horde. Three hundred thousand dollars' *worth* of everything narcotic *from bales of gum opium to grains of* German morphin, *seized by Ralph Oyler, the* Federal agent *of New York, on the Greek ship* King Alexander.

¶ *Dope, that eats away body and brain, runs its victims into numbers that terrify and warn. It rages here worse than in any country in the world. It is in the smallest village.* One little town of five thousand uses more narcotics than are used in the greatest hospitals of New York City. *As Mr. Howard puts it, it is* Main Street gone wrong. ¶ *Federal laws barely scratch the surface. Narcotic officials are corrupted. Policemen are bribed. Doctors and druggists are in collusion. The addicts include men and women of power and influence.* ¶ *The evil must be controlled.* It shall be controlled. ¶ *The first step is to put the facts, proved with documents, before the public. A copy of this issue of* Hearst's International, *and of succeeding issues, will be put in the hands of every Senator in Washington and every Congressman. The rulers of our country shall know the ravages and the headway of this vice. They will be compelled to act.*

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¶ *HERE BEGINS—*

THE *INSIDE* STORY OF DOPE IN THIS COUNTRY

By Sidney Howard

THE shopworn scrap of paper which has been reproduced on the right as you enter is the price list of a dope smuggler. His name is Joseph Farley, he operates out of Montreal and conducts a drug house there. From time to time he issues such publicity for the benefit of the pedlers who retail his wares in this country. This specimen was taken from one of them in New York along with a few illicit ounces of morphin and a year and a day of personal liberty.

Dope may seem very unreal to you and very remote. You will hardly believe that there can be any such thing as a serious dope problem. You have heard of people who used the stuff: "dope-fiends," they were called. They were no concern of yours.

There *is* a dope problem. It is an American problem which increases from day to day and demands immediate consideration. Actually it concerns every city and town in the country. By official government estimate it directly concerns from one to four million of the country's inhabitants in that, as nearly as federal statisticians can ascertain, from one to four million inhabitants of the United States are addicted to the use of narcotic drugs.

In spite of all the laws we have passed to regulate dope, in spite of all the horror with which dope is surrounded, *the United States now uses more of it than all the rest of the world combined.*

You can buy it almost where and how you will: on the steps of the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York, in Grant Park in Chicago, in the corridors of the Post Office in San Francisco, from the druggist on the Main streets of the nation's towns.

These are the authentic and staggering truths of the most dangerous evil on the face of the earth as it exists in this country. With no recourse to melodrama, relying simply on irrefutable and scientific evidence, we engage to convince you of them.

Thutsday

Today's market prices on goods are as follows:-

C. Light.	55.00
H.	50.00
Cans	35.00
M.	50.00

Money is at about 10% exchange bringing your price down about $5.00 or more.

Write me and let me know if you are interested.

Very truly, Jos.

¶ *A* Canadian dope *smuggler quotes his* price



¶ Judge John Monaghan *of Philadelphia, one of the bench's* sternest enemies *of dope.*

These articles will go as deeply and as widely into our narcotic drug problem as it is possible to penetrate. They will buy a stock of cocain, heroin and morphin in Montreal, smuggle it over the border to the criminal distributer in New York and across the continent to the consumer in Denver and Los Angeles.

THEY will bring another stock from British and German factories, corrupt customs officials to gain its admission, negotiate for its sale in the secret haunts of international dealers, find it once more at the revolver's muzzle behind the shattered midnight doors of the underworld, buy it back from government agents and officers of the police, follow it into stricken homes and degenerate revelries, into jails and houses of correction, into the wretchedness of the charity wards of public hospitals and into the coffers of political campaigns.

They will watch it evade laws and buy protection from government agents and municipal police and judges of the bench. They will show to what degradation it can bring mankind.

We have had enough of chorus girl houris of the opium smoker's visions; we have had enough of de Quincy Confessions and Sherlock Holmes needles. These articles deal with vice at its most depraved and least romantic, where processes are more menacing and physiological results more tragic than any melodrama. And they tell their story concretely in *Court Room Evidence.*

BUT the beginning is Mr. Farley's list with its "C., H. and M."—cocain, heroin and morphin. These are the three drugs of the dope problem. They rank among the most valuable medicines known to man. They have been perverted to create the most wicked and destructive of all his vices.

Cocain, made from the coca leaves of South America, is the high-stepping,

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Mr
St.,
Ft. Worth, Texas.

Dear Sir:-

Your telegram with your order received and will ship the collars immediately by express and trust that you will receive it O.K. You will send me a New York draft to

Thanking you for your order, I remain

Yours truly,

¶ *Here* dope *appears as* collars *and* hasty shipment *is promised.*

Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:-

The first time you talked to me about the stock you thought that you could get for me one third of the 250 shares preferred stock at $80.00 Per Share and also one third of 250 shares of the Common Stock at $36.00 per share. I dont really think that buying Common Stock at $75.00 Per Share without any Preferred Stock would be a very good buy to me as it is an awfully great difference in price from the $36.00 Common Stock to the price now from $75.00 to $80.00 the price as now so I dont really think it would be a very good investment for me IX the Common Stock alone unless I would still be able to get the Original of the Common and Preferred Stock at prices mentioned of very little above.

Trusting that I have not inconvenienced you any, as I am still ready to take up of the Preferred Common Stock at prices you told me the first time.

Thanking you for your past favors,
I remain

Yours respectfully,

¶ *In the letter from St. Louis* narcotics *are hiding in the guise of* stock, *and in the order from Kansas City,* feathers *mean nothing but* dope. *These are the* sly subterfuges *to which the* pedlers of drugs *resort in order* to deceive *the* Sherlock Holmes *of the* dope traffic.

murderous stimulant of the disreputable. Raise alcohol to the Nth power and you have cocain. A cocain jag is a whisky jag intensified to frenzy. You sniff cocain—that is the common way—a pinch of crystals in the hollow between the thumb bone and the flat back of the hand. The "dope-fiend" of newsprint and criminology is properly the cocain sniffer. His "snow" forms the most demoralizing habit of all three of these drugs. He has no excuses to offer. He is completely and unutterably vicious.

Morphin, by contrast, seems a respectable article. Morphin allays pain and quiets the nerves. The morphin user may have commenced his addiction during illness. We can give him some of the benefit of the doubt. Under the influence of his drug he is more pitiable than dangerous, though he will turn criminal to secure the dose he craves so desperately.

The cocain sniffer indulges his hunger for a "kick." The morphin addict seeks his drug to halt the real torture of doing without, bows to his agonized need for a sedative which will restore his body to working shape and make his life endurable. He may take his drug in tablets; he is likely to prefer a hypodermic needle.

Morphin is derived from opium: nine percent of gum opium as we import it from the poppy fields of Asia Minor, Persia and India, is morphin. Heroin is a synthetic preparation of morphin, diacetyl morphin hydrochloride. It combines the virtues and iniquities of both morphin and cocain, for it adds stimulant to sedative. Its effect, too, is more pernicious than that of morphin. Its influence is briefer, its habitué must use more of it; *the consequent bodily and mental degeneration it produces is more swiftly accomplished and more terrible.*

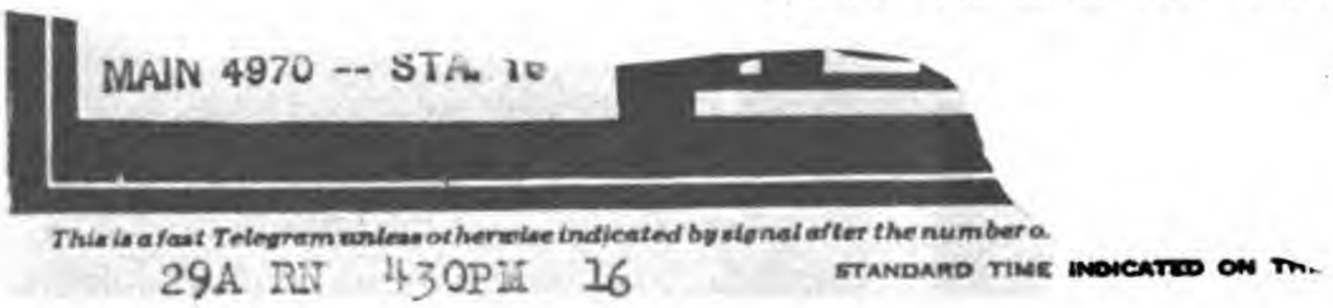
The cans, as the Montreal dealer lists them, are of smoking opium. This is a minor issue, confined to Chinatowns and the criminal class and the substrata of sensation seekers. We shall encounter opium smoking in plenty, but these three, "C., H. and M.," make up the trio of the dope problem and it is with them that these articles are primarily concerned.

Keep them separate—cocain, the stimulant indulgence of the underworld, from the opiates, heroin and morphin.

They are a bad lot to play with, all three, and *the man who turns to them is beaten before he starts.*

BUT THE menace of dope is far more important than the physical misery of its victims. It constitutes a definite social danger in terms of crime. The drug addict is a dangerous citizen. The cocain sniffer is a wild man under his drug's influence. The opiate user is a wild man without his drug. Drug addiction is responsible for some of the most atrocious crimes on record. Its criminal aspect is the thing which brought narcotic laws about.

Justice Collins, of New York, puts the case



HD JKansascity Mo July 14-22

St

Bring me 125 pounds feathers same as last 65 & 60 immediately

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pointedly the drug addict is not a free agent because he is a potential criminal. Whatever the addict's early training or subsequent environment, he will become a criminal as soon as his drug has deprived him of the power to earn its price lawfully. Says Dr. Lockwood, Superintendent of the correctional institutions of Minneapolis; "where one crime can be traced to liquor, a hundred are the result of drugs." Dope is undoubtedly the greatest single breeder of crime. Sooner or later the great majority of dope users become fish for the police net.

The situation becomes all the more serious because the ear-marks of a drug habit are not obvious. You can recognize a drunkard at a glance. The drug addict, who pampers his vice judiciously, may well defy any but the most painstaking medical examination. You or I can pose as addicts and buy "C. H. and M." from the pedler who lives in perpetual fear of

Mr
St.,
New York City.

Dear friend :-

I thank you ever so much for your past favors and I trust that we will be able to continue our business on a larger scale in the future if I dont quit but should I decide to quit I will turn a lot of business in your way. I wish your people would send me a statement to know how we are standing. If you can get for me [redacted] pounds of G. at the same price, please put it away for me and I will give you an order in a [redacted] few days which I would like to have that with it. Please ask your working man to send me a thousand bands and labels P.W. Send it by special delivery to , also tell him that I have not forgotten his trunk and he will have it in New York by the 22nd of this month.

Will close my letter with best regards to all the boys, special to your brother [redacted]
I thank you every so much for past favors, and trust that everything is O.K. I remain

Yours respectfully,

Mr.
Hotel,
St.,
New York City.

Dear Sir:-

I received your letter and I notice you are having quite a few complaints. First that I have ordered more #13 than #5. I will say that this only happened one time in all our transactions and that I will enclose a letter from one of my customers that I have absolutely refused to take an order for hundred #13 without #5 and that if I would of thought that it would be right for me to take that order I would have asked you but I didn't know for sure and I let the order go not to ask you for #13 alone, but this happened that I have lost 50 of #13 and I had to replace it. [redacted] you will find enclosed New York draft for $1365.00 which will close my last bill and if you feel like it, as soon as you get my trunk send to St Louis one hundred #13 and fifty of #5. It must be Mallinckrodt and send check to , St. Louis, Mo.

I trust that this letter will explain you everything and trust that everything will be satisfactory, I remain Yours respectfully,

¶ *The* dealer in dope *prepares to* counterfeit *and order his stock* by cipher. *Number 3 stands for* cocain, *which begins with the* third letter *of the alphabet and number 13 for* morphin, *the thirteenth letter.*

making a sale to the law in plain clothes. Of all our vicious elements, dope users are the most securely concealed. Because of the secrecy with which this lonely habit is guarded and because of the difficulty of recognizing it with any degree of certainty, we can only guess at the size of our army of addiction. You do not know which of your acquaintances are drug addicts and which are not. Dope is a known menace of unknown proportions.

DRUG *addiction, like all evil things, speaks a special language.* A *shot* is a dose. A *deck* may be either a dose or a day's supply. So, also, a *bindle or a check.* The addict travels the C., H. and M. Road while he is *on the drug.* The trio go more familiarly as Charlie, Harry and Mary. You will meet them in codes by their initials, as collars, hats and muffs, as snow, bricks and turkey, as numbers 3, 8 and 13—count off the letters of the alphabet for that last.

You will lump them generically as *junk* and addicts together as *junkers.* You will learn that a habit is a *yen.* You will throw "Hop" and "Hophead"— more conventional terms—into this glossary of the underworld. You will recognize *Dope* as a group item apart from the other remedies and poisons of the pharmacist's stock in trade.

Look over the group of letters and telegrams on pages 16 and 17. Dope appears as preferred and common stock in one of them which is an order for heroin and morphin. In another it masquerades as numbers, a sizable quantity paid for with a New York draft and specified as Mallinckrodt to indicate the product of Mallinckrodt Chemical works of St. Louis. A third will ship collars by express from St. Louis to Fort Worth, Texas, where cocain is a commodity. A fourth recites the alphabet once more, G for gum opium, and demands a thousand forged bands and labels, "P. & W." against the day when adulterated opiates will be sold as the genuine fabrication of Powers and Weightman, chemists of Philadelphia.

The memorandum scribbled on the Western Union blank on page 20 is a dealer's record of a deal—three items in blue pencil ordered and a Waterman amendment to note stock available. The dealer in question operated out of the Longacre Hotel in New York. *One of our Investigators entered the order. The Dealer is now serving his sentence in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary.*

The telegram on page 16 orders feathers, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of them. The pounds are ounces and the feathers are cocain.

Here is a secret business and the trade of criminals. Page 21 shows you a code, the operations chart of a Montreal smuggler, with exportation projects afoot. His name is Harry Stone and he is a picturesque character. At one time he operated between Montreal and New York on a very large scale. He was caught

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¶ Grace Logue, *addict, for whose death* Dr. Michael M. Stevens *of Woburn, Mass faced* trial for murder.

¶ Anna Logue, *actress, sister* to Grace, *who pressed the charges against* Dr. Stevens.

¶ Dr. Erwin C. Ruth, *deposed narcotic chief of New England.*

in 1921 on the Canadian border engaged in a deal involving $400,000 worth of narcotics. When he went to Atlanta for five years, he was already wanted for jumping bail in San Francisco and for having escaped jail at Port Arthur, Ontario, in which resort he had been serving a two-year sentence for possessing narcotics. He escaped from Atlanta last May in a can of garbage and returned to Montreal. In November, to his great surprise, the Canadian police returned him to his former retirement at Port Arthur, where he is now completing his sentence. His code is better than last Sunday's puzzle. Automobiles cover the numbers up to ten. By which $12.00 is telegraphed as

"ford packard double seat."

Cities and states do for the days of the week. The rest is simple enough.

On page 20 is a leaf which we tore from a pedler's notebook after his arrest in New York. It credits the police with a sum paid for protection of his traffic on the streets. The dope pedler is not only despicable to us, he is despised even of the underworld. And, none the less, he can enlist the coöperation of the law. Here is a corrupting business, too.

CUSTOMS entries show that over the last fifty years our annual importation of opium containing nine percent and over of morphin has *increased more than twice as fast as our population.* The same period saw the invention of the synthetic, non-opiate sleeping drug and the war on narcotic patent medicines. The medical demand for opium should have decreased and lowered the importation with it.

A report made in June, 1919, by statisticians of the Treasury Department averaged the per capita consumption of the same drug over the same period in different countries. *In Germany the average ran two grains of opium per head; in France three grains; in the United States thirty-six grains. We use eighteen times as much opium as Germany, and twelve times as much as France.*

The same report hazards a conservative guess that we have about a million drug addicts. The American Medical Association believes that about two percent of the population are sick in the course of any normal year. With us, that means about two million souls who, at one time or another between one New-year's and the next, knock off work and call in the doctor. If we accept this conservative federal judgment, the number of American drug addicts is equal to half the total number of American sick this year.

Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York calls attention to the legitimate importation for the years 1910-15 of this opium containing nine percent and over of morphin. The official figures average these five years at 401,043 pounds per year. From the records of hospitals in every part of the country and of every sort; of hospitals dealing with general medicine and surgery; of hospitals dedicated to the care of children; of lying-in hospitals, emergency hospitals, tubercular hospitals and hospitals devoted to the agonies of cancer (in which large amounts of opiates are always necessary)—from all such Dr. Lambert has made his totals of patients treated and opiates prescribed.

He concludes that, of this average half-million pounds imported annually, 45,000 pounds should satisfy the medical demand.

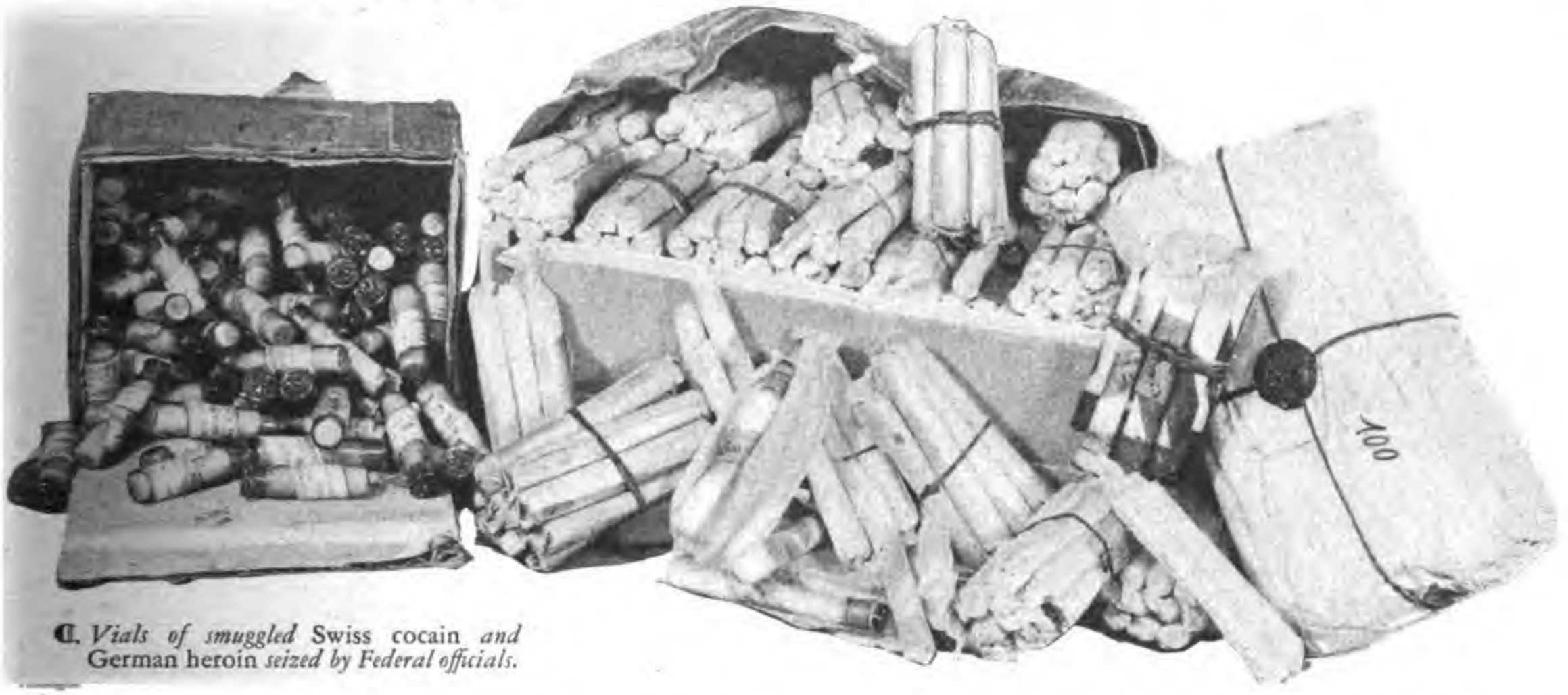
Dr. Lambert's figures do not, to be sure, reckon with the country doctor who has no hospital at his disposal, nor with the dentist or veterinary. But he has allowed a margin of a generous eight or ten thousand pounds over his closest calculation.

Approximately 45,000 pounds required by medical practice,



¶ *The International Show.*

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¶ *Vials of smuggled* Swiss cocain *and* German heroin *seized by Federal officials.*

subtracted from the half-million odd pounds respectively imported, leaves over two hundred and twenty-five above board tons of a very dangerous substance astray. In 1919 fifty such tons went to make medicines. An ominous amount still remained at large.

The federal investigators found our annual average per capita consumption to be thirty-six grains of opium. Dr. Lambert found that the per capita consumption by sick in 1921 amounted to .4167 of a grain of opium, .0056 of a grain of heroin and .1253 of a grain of morphin. Here is another blasting discrepancy.

And the thing increases. The month of August, 1922, almost doubled the importation during the same month in 1921; the total for the first eight months of 1922 gained forty thousand pounds over the same total for 1921. The internal revenue collections on the legal importation, manufacture and legitimate trade of cocain and opiate drugs show, at the end of the fiscal year 1922, a rise over the fiscal year 1921 of $67,485.71. The importation of opium for this fiscal year adds 88,000 pounds to last year's total.

Dr. Lambert's statement puts the thing most concisely—that *We Import Through Our Customs Houses About Ten Times the Amount of Opium Our Doctors Require.*

BEYOND and above all this, so the 1919 report concludes, "*There Is the So-called Underground Traffic Which Is Estimated to Be Equal in Magnitude to That Carried On Through Legitimate Channels,*" which is the affair of "the so-called dope pedlers who appear to have a national organization for procuring and disposing of their supplies," which has developed "to enormous proportions in recent years and is a serious menace at the present time."

Further, the amount of cocain manufactured from the coca leaves imported annually is sufficient to give every one of us, able-bodied or sick, two and a half sizable doses each year. The government estimates that *Only About Twenty-five Percent of This Manufactured Total Reaches Legitimate Medical or Dental Practice.* And thirty-six grains of opium per capita annually for a people the great majority of whom do not take a single dose of either cocain or opium from one year's end to another!

Of cocain, "seventy-five percent or 112,500 ounces manufactured annually in this country is used for illicit purposes and this does not include that quantity which is smuggled into the country of which no estimate can be made."

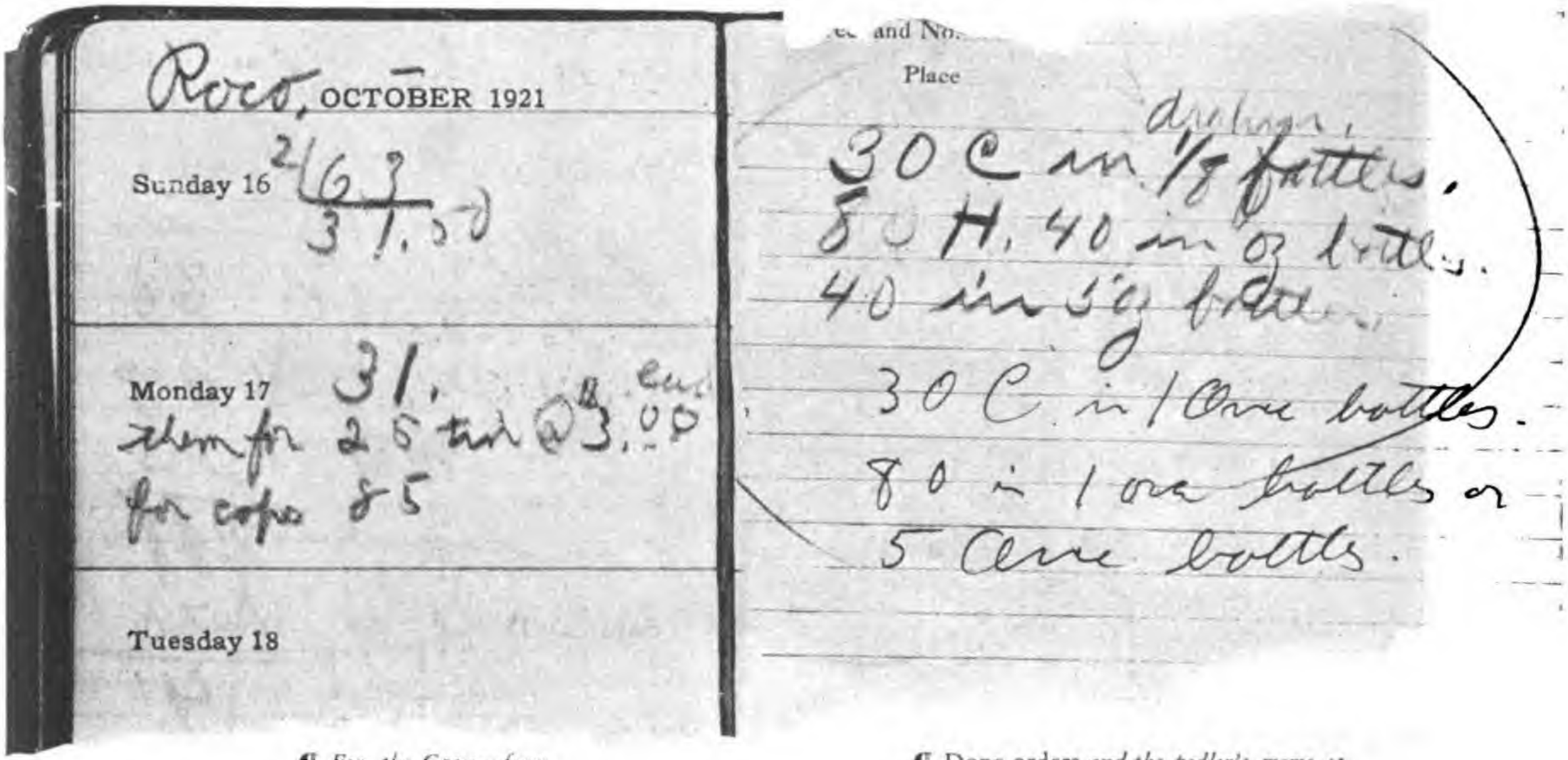
The thing takes a sudden turn. The importation of manufactured cocain, heroin and morphin falls in 1922 more than four million ounces below the 1921 figure. Exportation and domestic sales also decrease. This would be puzzling did not Commissioner Blair solve the puzzle himself in his report for 1922. "The quantity of drugs smuggled into the United States during the past year," he says, "was largely in excess of the illegal importation of the previous year." He gives this as "the unanimous opinion" of the Federal Narcotic agents. The Federal office in New York estimates that, in the last year, smuggling has quadrupled.

So the whole matter becomes clear. Regulations have so successfully restricted the legitimate trade as to put a premium upon the dope underground. They have done their work admirably, but, like all restrictive regulations, they have also served to create their own criminal come-back. The dope smugglers have got so busy, in fact, that they have flooded their market. They are not even able to keep their prices up. Dope peddled in American packages under the labels of American firms is now usually of foreign manufacture.



¶ Dope *from* Japan, Germany, *Italy, France and Switzerland which* has been seized.

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¶ *For the* Cops—*from a pedler's* notebook.

¶ Dope orders *and the pedler's memo of* stock available—*value about $3,500.*

It is alleged that Americans are becoming a race of drug addicts. That is obviously not true. It is alleged that drug addiction is increasing enormously amongst our youth. That remains to be seen.

But that we have no adequate machinery to combat the drug evil is unhappily self-evident.

SOMERSET is a town in Kentucky, in the hills, about one hundred and fifty miles from Louisville. It is one of those towns of the nestling type, a lovely, lovable place—shaded streets, white houses with green shutters on them and broad lawns encircling them, plenty of horse troughs and hitching posts, plenty of Fords, too; still a bit of wartalk being done: a local ball team. Five thousand and some people live there, farmers and retired farmers, tradesmen, oldest residents. Altogether as decent and regular and hundred percent a community as you could ask to find, the center of a prosperous farming countryside, the home of the governor.

No underworld in such a town as Somerset, no slums. Just old residents, marrying, bearing children, dying off.

An entry in the books of a wholesale drug concern, George J. Gould and Son of Louisville, sent one of our investigators lately to Somerset to inspect the affairs of Stigall, the local druggist. This gentleman had, in the eighteen months preceding our investigation, filled a matter of five thousand prescriptions for morphin, making up, in bulk, a matter of two hundred ounces.

Two hundred ounces of morphin, you see, is a large amount. A surgeon administers one-eighth of a grain before a major operation. A quarter of a grain will put the average individual to sleep. An ounce contains four hundred and thirty-seven grains.

This druggist of Somerset paid $1757.00 for his morphin bought it in ten-ounce monthly lots and sold it, in the aggregate for $6726.08.

Doctors wrote the prescriptions which the drug store filled. One of them, named Bolin, wrote 1197 prescriptions during these eighteen months. Another, Jasper, did not even require the shelter of an office for his prescribing. A third named Cain prescribed morphin to five hundred different persons.

Our investigators examined addicts in Somerset. Among others who made casual, broken statements, was a woman of forty.

"The doctor"—so she confessed—"started giving it to me for rheumatism . . . a dram at a time, now . . . I could quit it, but, if I did, I could not work. . . . When I work hard I take more than when I don't. I pay three dollars and



¶ *The* House that Dope built—*The Neal Institute* of Portland, *Maine, where Dr. Tozer conducted as* wicked a den *as dope has* ever produced.

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(1 Ford)(2 Packard)(3 National)(4 Stutz)(5 Studebaker)
(6 Reo)(7 Lozier)(8 Cadillac)(9 Peerless)(0 Overland)
(00 double deal)

Sunday = Savannah
Monday = Mobile
Tuesday = Tampa
Wednesday = Wisconsin
Thursday = Thorndale
Friday = Darmstadt
Saturday = St. Joe

Horse = Curb.
Oh! C. Canadian = Unlisted
Oh Lf Ge. Barn = Profound
Money = Security
Sick " = interest
Connection = Bond
Price = Issue

What is in demand = Requests
Action me guarantee price of delivery = Uncle
When will stock arrive positively = Corporation
Send me date & time = Going East through = Visit
" " " " " " " " West " " " "
Wire S. to expect a friend & arrange birth = Friend
Stop shipment important & await further orders visitors will write and explain } Northern
much trouble can't explain get on your guard act accordingly & protect yourself } much discord
arrangements quantity & price agreeable all OK. ship the stock } Bocher

¶ *This is the* shipping code *of a Montreal* dope smuggler.

thirty-five cents the dram. . . . About half the town is using it."

No epidemic. Only a community of five thousand normal people, farmers of the Kentucky hills, who used 110,044 grains of morphin in eighteen months.

Two hundred and two ounces of morphin sold by a Main Street druggist in a town of five thousand inhabitants. In 1921 the Roosevelt Hospital in New York used eight ounces of morphin for the treatment of 5832 patients. The people of Somerset weren't sick. In 1921 the Bellevue and allied hospitals, to which all of New York's accident and emergency cases go, used only ninety-two and a half ounces for the treatment of 64,103 patients and the twenty-seven principal hospitals of Philadelphia absorbed only ninety ounces of morphin. That is less than half of the amount absorbed by the men, women and children of Somerset, Kentucky.

And You Can Match the Story of Somerset In Every State In The Union. We have found dozens of villages similarly stricken by this thing. We have examined them in California, New York, Wisconsin and Maine. Each one has gone the same way through doctor and druggist. *Main Street Has Gone Wrong.*

TO MEET such conditions, the Federal Government, operating under the Harrison Act and the amending Jones-Miller Bill, employs one hundred and seventy-three Narcotic Enforcement Agents. For their year's labors Congress appropriates the sum of $750,000. The country is divided into thirteen districts under as many district chiefs, and their agents must cover the country. It is a feeble appropriation and a wofully light brigade. The Boston office musters six men to discipline New England. One agent's territory includes the three Pacific Coast States and Nevada.

On June 30, 1922, 516 persons were legally registered as importers and manufacturers of cocaine and opiate drugs. 2467 were registered as wholesale narcotic dealers. 42,042 druggists and retailers and 117,657 doctors had [*Continued on page* 140]

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¶ *Corinna* imagined *Lonny with* lace ruffles *in his sleeves,* fighting duels *in palace gardens. He was that kind of a man—mysterious and fearsomely exciting. He was the sort of person everybody liked. He was, people said, no earthly good, but they liked him.*

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A Charming Love Story

¶ *There was* something special *about little* Corinna. *It wasn't only* her beauty. *It was something* else—*something* apart.

The Path of *Gold*

By Grace H. F*landrau*

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

TWENTY or thirty of the strange bipeds of our species, dressed alternatively in broadcloth and starch, in spangles and tulle, sat about the long table. It was a sumptuous table, frosted with lace and shining with silver. A tropical garden bloomed in the center, fairy-like with flowers and delicate green, starred with the suave, small flames of candles.

Alien beings moved about in the shadows back of the diners—apart from them, attending to their wants. The room smelled of lilies, melting wax, perfumes, and very faintly of food. It was filled with the curious uproar of human voices talking industriously.

The Ludlows were giving a dinner to announce the engagement of their daughter Corinna. The guests, with the exception of a vague little man at one end of the table, and the blooming authoritative woman at the other, were young. Perhaps it would be more accurate not to make the exception, but to say they were all young. Mr. Ludlow, at the age of ninety, would be what he was now, guileless, hopeful and bewildered as a little boy at a pantomime; Mrs. Ludlow as vital, determined and greedy as a healthy little girl before a candy counter.

Big Corinna, as she was called to distinguish her from little Corinna, had to have what she wanted. She had to have diamonds and pearls and no one knew how the Ludlows paid for them. She had to have a big house, motorcars, men servants, flowers and small dogs. She had had, just recently, to have a refectory table, straight from a Fourth Avenue monastery, hand carved and stupidly expensive, which she would discard when the latest fashion called for a round dinner table or a triangular one.

The Ludlows were always fabulously in debt. But somehow they managed. Something always happened. Ludlow luck, it was called. Just now what had happened was a rich son-in-law.

LITTLE CORINNA'S engagement to Winter Hale had been somewhat of a surprise. No one could say just why it was a surprise. People do not as a rule analyze other people. They feel things. They had not analyzed little Corinna—or Winter Hale—but somehow they had not felt it would happen. He was a nice enough chap but there was something special about little Corinna. It wasn't only her beauty. It was something else. People felt it, something apart. Then they decided that Big Corinna had made the match, and let it go at that. It was, when you thought of it reasonably, an admirable match. As has been said, he was a decent chap and the Ludlows needed the money.

Corinna's eyes were as blue as the Italian lakes, her eyebrows delicate and firm as the eyebrows of a preraphaelite Madonna.

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¶ *"We picked the* West Indies," *Lonny said. "Winston was going to* buy the site. *A sugar Add to that* one bungalow *with* Lonny *on the front porch,* a scarlet flamingo *in the buttonhole*

Her nose was wistfully perfect, her sweet mouth evoked lovely and evanescent dreams.

Corinna was sitting across from the man she had promised to marry and next to the man she loved. Perhaps she did not yet know that she loved him. Probably not. The man beside her was Lonny Frick. He had been away five years. From the time she was twelve until he went away, Corinna had been in love with him. But that did not count. Nursery passions do not count. Not that Lonny was in the nursery; he was ten years older than Corinna, grown up, mysterious, and fearsomely exciting.

LONNY was the sort of person everybody liked. He was, people said, no earthly good, but they liked him. It is a handicap, in the heavy matter of making good, at least of making good in the matter of dollars and cents. When a man is too agreeable people will not let him alone.

Moreover, he was not an egoist. He did not seem to feel that implanting his mark upon the world would be of any especial value to it. Nor was he greedy. His parents, who were a good deal like Lonny, had not left him well provided for as to dollars and cents, but he could not seem to take much interest in acquiring any for himself.

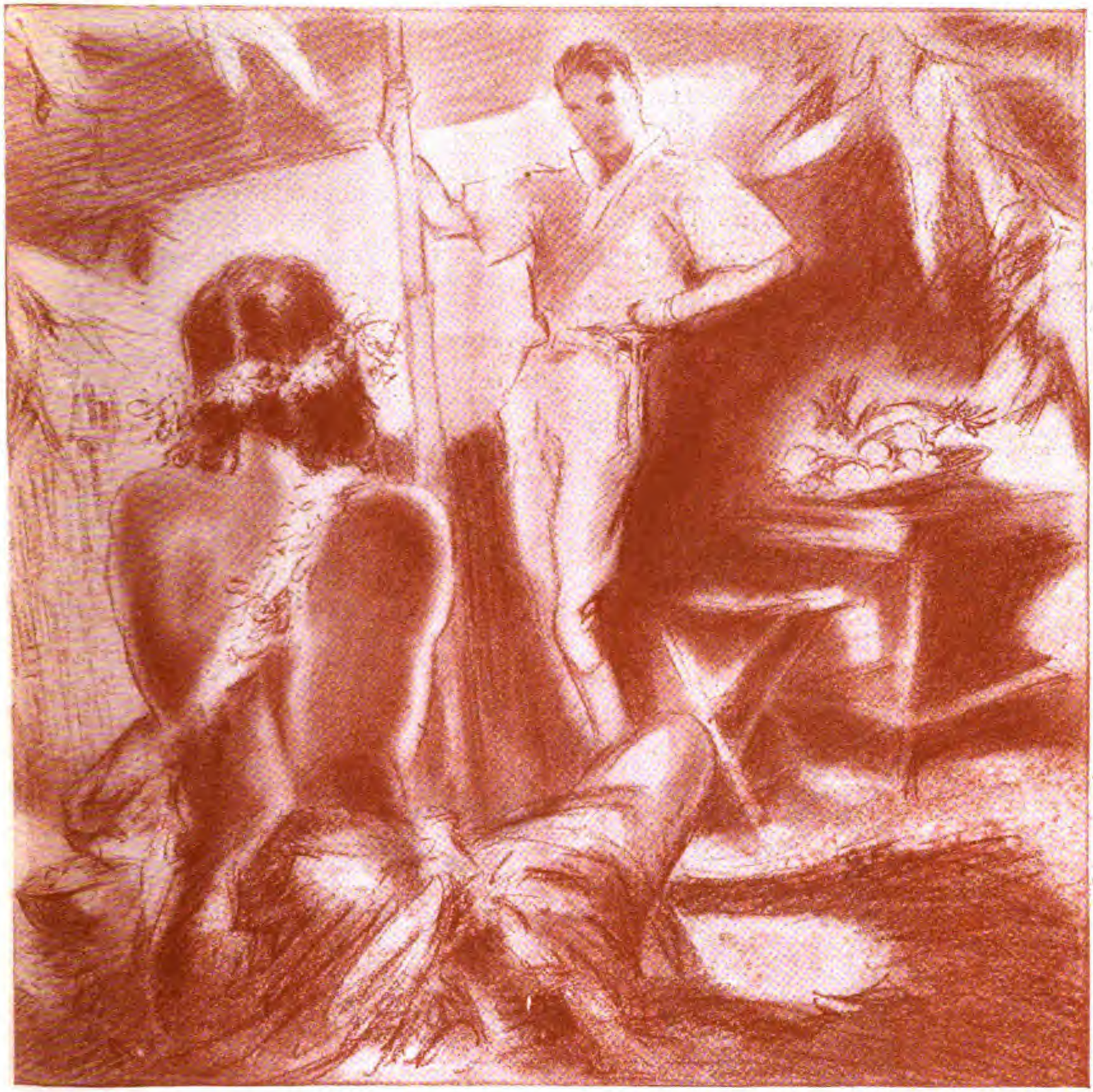
He had something of a taste for chemistry, but he was far too inclined to leave the laboratory for a partridge shoot or, when in the laboratory, to delve into matters whose commercial possibilities were not apparent. All of which may not be admirable but must be set down in defense—or explanation—of Lonny.

When he went away, mothers in general were relieved. They hoped he would not come back. After five years it seemed reasonable to believe he would not come back. Yet here he was. The impression was that the interval had been spent by Lonny in wasting his time. He was heard of cruising in yachts, shooting in remote wildernesses, frivoling in country places, playing while the world worked. He had also fought a little, but people were already forgetting the war.

Little Corinna, meeting him the night before, had asked him to dinner. Mrs. Ludlow disapproved very particularly of Lonny. He was, she felt, a menace. Corinna, fortunately, was engaged. She did not say all this to Corinna, being a woman of sense in some directions. She merely said he would make an odd number and spoil the table. Corinna, however, had an answer. Sally Smythe, it appeared, had a toothache, and would be laid up for several days. Lonny could take her place. Besides, they could put him next to Sally's husband, Harold Smythe, who was kin and had to be asked.

It was always a problem whom to put next to Harold Smythe. Nobody wanted to be anywhere near him. Harold Smythe was a bore, a devastating, soul-wracking bore. He pinned people down, he brought them up sharply. He measured their words

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plantation to the right and a herbaceous border *of guavas running* round the yard. *and* dusky handmaidens *serving* pineapple penudelums—*iced—every ten minutes.*"

and took an ungodly interest in their affairs. He was relentless, and, like all solemn people, stupid.

Corinna put Lonny between herself and Harold Smythe. Harold, like most of the people at the table, had not seen Lonny for five years. This afforded him a vast opportunity. He fixed his round accusatory eyes—one always imagined Harold's eyes to be accusatory—upon Lonny and asked him what he had been doing all this time.

Lonny had a short, nice nose and black hair. His eyebrows were very black and his eyes dark blue and humorous. He was almost too thin. He smiled at Harold.

"Getting rid of my slice," he replied. Someone laughed.

"But, my dear fellow," protested Smythe, looking at him his small eyes rounder than before, "five years!"

"Oh, it takes a long time. It's a great work, too. I haven't shot a crooked ball since——"

"But you were wounded in the arm, weren't you?" a girl inquired tenderly.

"Yes, luckily. Nothing like it to stiffen them. There's a lot in that stuff about stiffening the old left arm, Harold. Try it."

"I don't slice," said Harold, picking the pecan nuts from among the salted almonds before him. "But come now, Lonny, you don't want me to think you've been just golfing for five years!"

"I wouldn't have you think it for the world."

"Well, what did you do?"

Several people were listening to them. A refectory table being narrow, makes it possible to poach on several conversations when hard up for talk. The wrinkles around Lonny's humorous eyes deepened.

"The rest of the time I devoted to an Idea. An idea takes a lot of time, Smythe. Did you ever have one?"

"No. That is, yes—of course. But I don't let them interfere with my work."

Harold Smythe was a little nettled, he didn't know quite why. "I don't suppose you did any work?"

"Well, no. I think I may say I didn't. My idea didn't work, you see."

Smythe was triumphant. He withered the assembly with a mute I told you so. He said, "What was the famous idea, if I may ask?"

"Glass. I'm interested in glass. Glass is an interesting thing when you come to think about it. I thought of it quite a lot one spring when the fishing wasn't good."

Corinna was finding it very pleasant to be next to Lonny She felt something she had not felt for five years, or perhaps

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something she had never felt before. She was satisfied and at rest. She felt at home. There was something different about him from all the rest, she did not know what it was. She wished Harold Smythe would let him alone so that she could talk to him.

"It occurred to me there might be better ways of making it. Why not? There are always better ways of making things. As I said, I thought about it a good deal, on the whole."

"Imagine Lonny thinking about glass," Mrs. Ludlow vaguely murmured, regretting intensely that he had been asked.

"Of course it's only a step from glass to jam. Where there's jam there's glass—inevitably."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," Smythe was triumphant, "tin is being more and——"

"Not for the right kind of jam, Smythe—the kind of jam you would meet in the best houses. Never. In civilized life glass goes with jam and jam with glass. You see what I'm getting at, Smythe?"

"No."

"You will in a moment. You see, it occurred to me that if you could find a nice sandy spot and put up a glass factory according to my improved method, and then planted fruit trees on one side and sugar-cane on the other, you could pick the sugar with one hand, the fruit with the other and run the glasses right out of the factory into the jelly kitchen, thereby saving nineteen re-handlings."

"Nineteen?" Harold pounced on the number suspiciously.

"My computations come to just nineteen. In that way you'd turn out a product nineteen times cheaper than any other of its kind. As it is, the glass is made, say, in Connecticut, the sugar grown in Cuba, the fruit in California. You see for yourself——"

"Hold on. Why California? There are other places where fruit——"

"I admit that California was a figure of speech. However, the principle is the same."

"Craziest idea I ever heard of."

"So it proved to be when we tried it."

"You don't mean to tell me you tried it?"

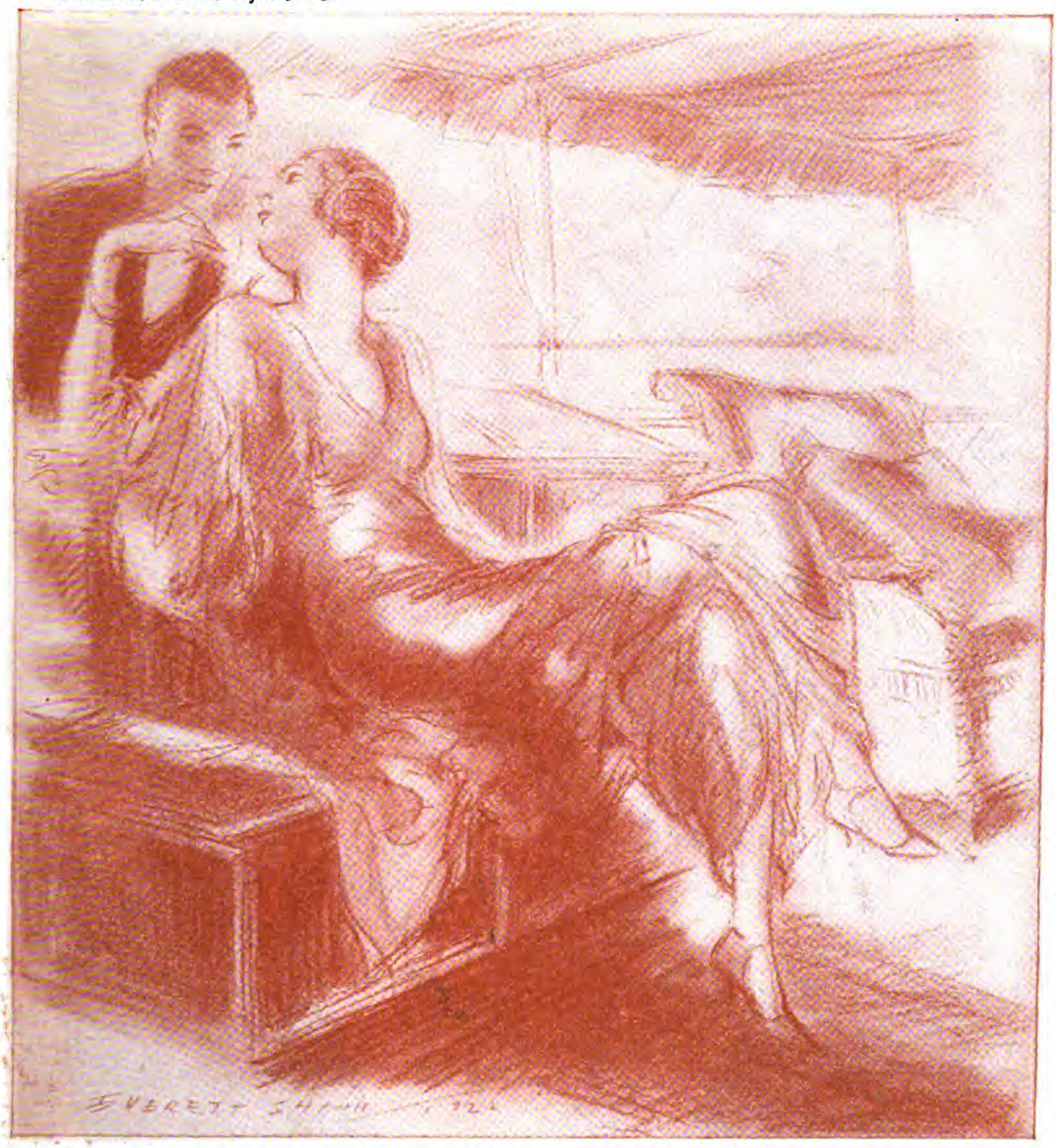
"Oh, yes. Bertie Winston wanted to cruise that winter in the tropics. On that account I decided on pineapples. I love pineapple—pineapple sundaes, pineapple cheese, pineapple linen——"

"What rot."



¶ Corinna *was with the huntsman's daughter* drinking milk. *The air was* cool *and the blue of the sky* softened to gray *at the* horizon. *"Nothing was ever* so beautiful," *thought Corinna. "It is* sweet to live."

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¶ "Monster!" *said Corinna.* "*So you* married me *for five thousand dollars.*" "*You are* worth it," *Lonny answered* bending over her *with a look that had* nothing to do *with* glass factories *and* bets.

"——and guavas. At any rate, we picked out the West Indies. Winston was going to buy the site. A stretch of sandy beach for the glass plant. Back of it rich loam for the pineapples. A sugar plantation to the right, and a herbaceous border of guavas running round the yard and right into the front door of the preserve factory. Add to that, one bungalow looking over the purple wave and Lonny on the front porch with a scarlet flamingo in the buttonhole and dusky handmaidens serving pineapple penudelums—iced—every ten minutes——"

"Snappy work, Lon!" somebody exclaimed, "I'm all for the pineapple penudelums——"

Everybody laughed and in the general uproar nobody listened to Harold Smythe protesting that the flamingo wasn't a flower.

THERE was dancing later at the Lakeside Club. Lonny didn't dance and somehow Corinna felt that her lifelong devotion to the pastime had been a mistake. Outside, the moonlight lay soft and pale on the lawn and shrubbery. A wide highway of gold swept over the faintly rippling water.

They strolled along the path by the lake under the dark shadows of the elms.

"By Jove, Corinna, isn't this great? I feel, what do you call it—happy. This is the best moment I ever had."

Corinna felt, somehow, hurt. "Even though I'm engaged, Lonny?" she said unreasonably.

He laughed a little.

"Lonny, you're a brute."

"I wouldn't say so." He stooped, looking out over the water. "'And straight was a path of gold——'"

"Don't look at the lake, Lonny, look at me!" She put herself before him, raising her face.

"I—I don't think I can," he answered a little dizzily. But he looked nevertheless.

Her eyelids sank over her eyes, her lips parted, her breath failed. He put his hand lightly under her chin and raised it a little, looking down. A ray of moonlight, stabbing through the branches, fell on her, and its gossamer light heightened the sculptural purity of her face.

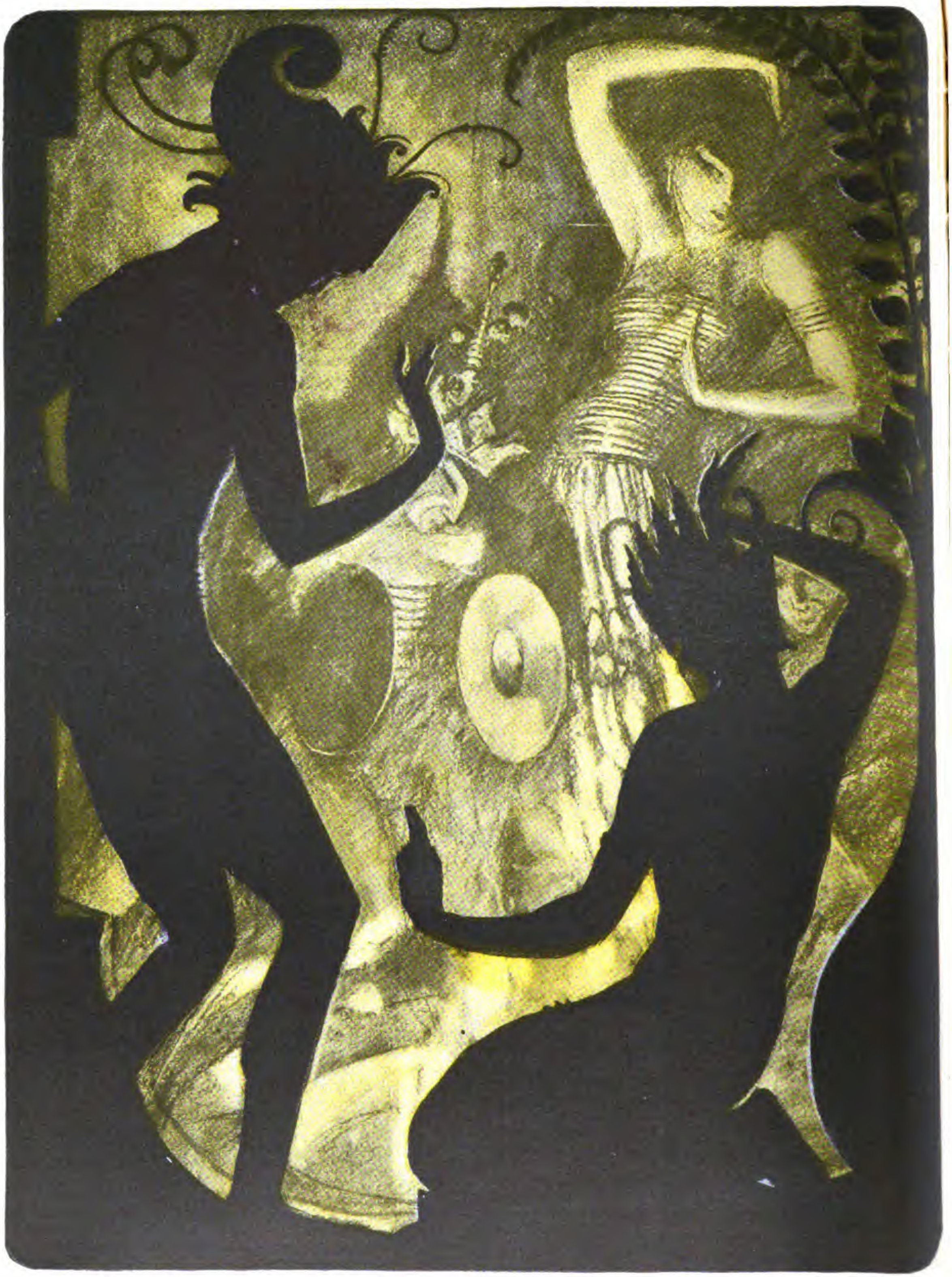
"It *is* the best moment, little Corinna."

His hand dropped. They walked slowly, close but not touching. Irrational ecstasy possessed her. She felt light as moonlight, lifted to some state of more than earthly serenity. Presently they found themselves before the club. On the steps bulked the solid form of Harold Smythe.

"Oh, there you are. I've been looking for you. I looked it up, you know. I knew I was right."

"Harold Smythe, you are such an idiot!" Corinna spoke with malignant sincerity. [*Continued on page 120*]

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¶ *"I've seen a man done to death," Pryce said, "by the spell some woman casts over 'im, and I've seen a man dragged from the jaws of death when a witch-doctor did 'is little tricks."*

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¶ *The woman* of the East *had cast* her spell *upon Gallaher as he left her. "When the land* sinks into the sea, death *will come upon you," she told* him.

¶ *A Jealous Woman and the* Magic *of the* East

Bewitched

By W. Somerset Maugham

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

MRS. HAMLYN lay on her long chair and lazily watched the passengers come along the gangway. The ship had reached Singapore in the night and since dawn had been taking on cargo; but by now her ears were accustomed to the insistent clamor of the donkey-engines. She had lunched at the Europe and for lack of anything better to do had driven in a rickshaw through the gay, multitudinous streets of the city.

Singapore is the meeting-place of many races. The Chinese are no less numerous than the Malays who are natives of the soil; the dark-skinned Tamils walk on their silent, naked feet as though they were but brief sojourners in a strange land, but the Bengalis, sleek and prosperous, are very much at home; the sly Japanese seem to be busy with pressing and secret affairs; and the English in their topees and white ducks, speeding past in motorcars or at leisure in their rickshaws, wear a nonchalant and careless air.

The rulers of those teeming peoples take their authority with a smiling indifference. And now, tired and hot, Mrs. Hamlyn waited for the ship to set out again on her journey across the Indian Ocean.

She waved a rather large hand, for she was a big woman, to the doctor and Mrs. Linsell as they came on board. She had been on the ship since she left Yokohama and had watched with acid amusement the intimacy which had sprung up between the two. Linsell was a naval officer who had been attached to the British Legation at Tokio, and she had wondered at the unconcern with which he took the attentions that the doctor paid his wife. Two men came along the gangway, new passengers, and she amused herself trying to discover from their demeanor whether they were married or single.

Close by a group of men were sitting on rattan chairs—planters she judged by their khaki suits and wide-brimmed, double felt hats—and they kept the deck-steward busy with their orders. They had all drunk enough to make them somewhat foolishly hilarious, and they were evidently giving one of their number a send-off; but Mrs. Hamlyn could not tell which it was that was to be a fellow-passenger.

The time was growing short. More passengers arrived and then Mr. Jephson with dignity strolled up the gangway. He was a consul and was going home on leave. He had joined the ship at Shanghai and had immediately set about making himself agreeable to Mrs. Hamlyn. She liked his perky facetiousness.

But just then she was disinclined for anything in the nature of a flirtation: she frowned as she thought of the reason that was taking her back to England. She would be spending Christmas at sea, far from anyone who cared two straws for her, and for a

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moment she felt a little twist at her heartstrings; it vexed her that a subject which she was so resolute to put away from her should so constantly recur to her unwilling mind.

But a warning bell clanged loudly and there was a general movement among the men who sat beside her.

"Well, if we don't want to be taken on we'd better be toddling," said one of them.

THEY ROSE and walked toward the gangway. Now that they were all shaking hands she saw who it was that they had come to see the last of. There was nothing very interesting about the man on whom Mrs. Hamlyn's eyes rested curiously. He was a big fellow, well over six feet high, broad and stout; he was dressed in a bedraggled suit of khaki drill and his hat was battered and shabby. His friends left him, but they bandied chaff from the quay and Mrs. Hamlyn heard that he had a strong Irish brogue. His voice was full, loud and hearty.

Mrs. Linsell had gone into her cabin and the doctor came and sat down beside Mrs. Hamlyn. They told one another their small adventures of the day. The bell sounded again and presently the ship slid away from the wharf. The Irishman waved a last farewell to his friends and then sauntered toward the chair on which he had left papers and magazines. He nodded to the doctor.

"Is that someone you know?" asked Mrs. Hamlyn.

"I was introduced to him at the club before tiffin. His name is Gallaher. He's a planter."

After the hubbub of the port and the noisy bustle of the donkey-engines, the silence of the ship was marked and grateful. They steamed slowly past green-clad, rocky cliffs (the P. & O. anchorage was in an oddly secluded cove) and came out into the main harbor. Ships of all nations lay at anchor, passenger boats and tramps, and beyond, behind the breakwater, you saw the crowded masts, a bare, straight forest of the native junks. In the soft light of the evening the busy scene was strangely touched with mystery, and you felt that all those vessels, their activity for the moment suspended, waited for some event of a peculiar significance.

MRS. HAMLYN was a bad sleeper and when the dawn broke she was in the habit of going on deck. The light was wan, and there was a pleasant shiver in the air.

On the morrow of their departure from Singapore when she went to the end of the promenade deck she found Gallaher. He was watching the low coast of Sumatra which the sunrise, like a magician, seemed to call forth from the dark sea. She was startled and a little vexed. She would have preferred to have the deck as usual to herself. Before she could turn away he had seen her and nodded.

"Up early," he said. "Have a cigarette?"

He was in pajamas and slippers. He took his case out of his coat-pocket and handed it to her. She hesitated. She had nothing on but a dressing-gown and a little lace cap which she had hastily put over her tousled hair. She knew that she must look an awful sight.

"I suppose a woman of forty has no right to mind how she looks," she smiled, as though he must know what vain thoughts occupied her. She took the cigarette. "But you're up early too, aren't you."

"I'm a planter. I've had to get up at five in the morning for so many years that I don't know how I'm going to get out of the habit."

"You'll not find it will make you very popular at home."

She saw his face better now that it was not shadowed by a hat. It was agreeable without being handsome. He was, of course, much too fat and his features which must have been good enough when he was a young man were blunted. His skin was very red. His eyes were dark and merry; and though he could not have been less than five and forty his hair was black and thick. He was a heavy, ungraceful, commonplace man, Mrs. Hamlyn, except for the promiscuity of shipboard, would never have thought it worth her while to talk to him.

"Are you going home on leave?" she hazarded.

"No, I'm going home for good."

HIS BLACK EYES twinkled. He was of a communicative turn and before it was time for Mrs. Hamlyn to go below in order to have her bath he had told her a good deal about himself. He had been in the Federated Malay States for twenty-five years and for the last ten had managed an estate in Kedah. It was a hundred miles from anything that could be described as civilization and the life had been lonely; but he had made money: during the rubber boom he had done very well and with an astuteness which was unexpected in a man who looked so happy-go-lucky he had invested his savings in government stock. Now that the slump had come he was prepared to retire.

"What part of Ireland do you come from?" asked Mrs. Hamlyn.

"Galway."

"Does your family live there?" she asked.

"I've got no family. My mother and father are dead. So far as I know I haven't a relation in the world."

He had made all his plans, he had been making them for twenty years, and he was pleased to have someone to talk to of all these things. He meant to buy a house and he would keep a motor. He was going to breed horses. He didn't much care about shooting; he had shot a lot of big game during his first years in Kedah; but now he had lost his zest. He didn't see why the beasts of the jungle should be killed; he had lived in the jungle so long. But he could hunt.

"Do you think I'm too heavy?" he asked.

Mrs. Hamlyn, smiling, looked him up and down with appraising eyes.

"You must weigh a ton," she said.

HE LAUGHED. The Irish horses were the best in the world, and he'd always kept pretty fit. You had a deuce of a lot of walking exercise on a rubber estate and he'd played a good deal of tennis. He'd soon get thin in Ireland. Then he'd marry. Mrs. Hamlyn looked silently at the sea colored now with the tenderness of the sunrise. She sighed.

"Was it easy to drag up all your roots? Is there no one you regret leaving behind?"

"I was glad to get out. I was fed up. I never want to see the country again or anyone in it."

One or two early passengers now began to walk round the deck and Mrs. Hamlyn, remembering that she was scantily clad, went below.

She saw little of Mr. Gallaher during the next day or two. He passed his time in the smoking-room. The ship was not stopping at Colombo on account of a strike and the passengers settled down to the long journey across the Indian Ocean. They played deck-games, they gossiped about one another, they flirted. The approach of Christmas gave them an occupation, for someone had suggested that there should be a fancy-dress dance on Christmas Day, and the ladies set about making their dresses.

A meeting was held of the first-class passengers to decide whether the second-class passengers should be invited, and notwithstanding the heat the discussion was animated. The ladies said that the second-class passengers would only feel ill at ease.

Every one who spoke insisted that there was in his (or her) mind no idea of class distinction, no one would be so snobbish as to think that there was any difference between first and second-class passengers as far as that went, but it would really be kinder to the second-class passengers not to put them in a false position. They would enjoy themselves much more if they had a party of their own in the second-class cabin.

Mr. Gallaher, dragged unwillingly from the card-table, because

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it had been foreseen that the voting would be close, was asked his opinion by the consul. He was taking home in the second-class a man who had been employed on his estate.

"As far as I'm concerned, I've only got this to say: I've got the man who was looking after our engines with me. He's a rattling good fellow and he's just as fit to come to your party as I am. But he won't come because I'm going to make him so drunk on Christmas day that by six o'clock he'll be fit for nothing but to be put to bed."

Mr. Jephson, the consul, gave a distorted smile. On account of his official position he had been chosen to preside at the meeting and he wished the matter to be taken seriously.

The scheme was at last devised to invite the second-class passengers, but to go to the Captain privily and point out to him the advisability of withholding his consent to their coming into the first-class saloon. It was on the evening of the day on which this happened that Mrs. Hamlyn, having dressed for dinner, came on deck at the same time as Mr. Gallaher.

"Just in time for a cocktail, Mrs. Hamlyn," he said jovially.

"I'd like one. To tell you the truth I need cheering up."

"Why?" he smiled.

Mrs. Hamlyn thought his smile attractive, but she did not want to answer his question, so she turned it aside.

"I told you the other morning," she answered cheerfully. "I'm forty."

"I never met a woman who insisted on the fact so much."

They went into the smoking-room and the Irishman ordered a dry martini for her and gin pahit for himself. He had lived too long in the East to drink anything else.

"You've got hiccups," said Mrs. Hamlyn.

"Yes, I've had them all the afternoon," he answered carelessly. "It's rather funny, they came on just as we got out of sight of land."

"I daresay they'll pass off after dinner."

They drank, and then they went into the dining-room.

Mrs. Hamlyn did not notice that she saw nothing of Gallaher for two or three days. She was occupied with her own thoughts. They crowded upon her when she was sewing; they came between her and the novel with which she sought to cheat their insistence. She had hoped that as the ship took her farther away from the scene of her unhappiness the torment of her mind would be eased, but contrariwise, each day that brought her nearer England increased her distress.

She looked forward with dismay to the bleak emptiness of the



¶ *Mrs. Hamlyn saw* a little fire *and* crouched *around it the* naked backs *of men. Suddenly,* rending the sultry silence, *came the crow of a cock. The woman* almost shrieked.

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¶ *"I thought* Gallaher *was going* to pass out," *said the doctor. "Suddenly he started up* in his bed *and began to talk* in Malay. *He wanted to get out of bed. He* seemed *to think* someone was calling him."

life that awaited her. And then, turning her exhausted wits from a prospect that made her flinch, she considered as she had done she knew not how many times before the situation from which she had fled. She had been married for twenty years. It was a long time and of course she could not expect her husband to be still madly in love with her. She was not madly in love with him. But they were good friends and they understood one another. Their marriage, as marriages go, might very well have been looked upon as a success. They had the same interests. Suddenly she had discovered that he had fallen in love. She would not have objected to a flirtation, he had had those before and she had chaffed him about them; he had not minded that, it somewhat flattered him, and they had laughed together at an inclination which was neither deep nor serious.

But this was different. He was in love as passionately as a boy of eighteen. He was fifty-two. It was ridiculous. It was indecent. And he loved without sense or prudence: by the time the hideous fact was forced upon her all the foreigners in Yokohama knew it.

Dorothy Malcolm was forty-eight. He had known her for eighteen years, for Malcolm, like her own husband, was a silk merchant in Yokohama. But not till a year ago had there been anything between them but a chaffing friendship.

Of course Dorothy was a handsome woman; she had a good figure, overdeveloped, perhaps, but still comely; she had bold black eyes and a red mouth and lovely hair; but all that she had had years before. And now she was forty-eight.

Mrs. Hamlyn tackled her husband at once. At first he denied that there was any truth in what she accused him of; but she had her proofs; he grew sulky, and at last he admitted what he could no longer refute. Then he said an astounding thing.

"Why should you care?" he asked.

It maddened her. She answered him with angry scorn. She was voluble, finding in the bitterness of her heart wounding things to say. He listened to her quietly.

"I've not been such a bad husband to you for the twenty years we've been married. For a long time now we've only been friends. I have a great affection for you and this hasn't altered it in the very smallest degree."

"How can you say that when you have the heart to treat me so cruelly?"

He did not answer. She did not know what emotions seethed in her heart. Was it jealousy that seemed to clutch at her throat, anger, or was it merely wounded pride?

"I'm not going to let it go on. If only you and she were concerned I would divorce you, but there's her husband and there are the children. Good heavens, does it occur to you that she could be a grandmother by now?"

"Easily."

"You've made me the laughing stock of all my friends. For all our sakes I'm willing to hold my tongue, but only on the condition that everything stops now, at once, and forever," she told him with great seriousness.

"I'll tell Dorothy what you say," he replied at last.

She gave him a little bow, silently, and walked past him out of the room. She was too angry to think that she was somewhat melodramatic.

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¶ "*When it come* time to go," *Pryce told Mrs. Hamlyn, "Mr. Gallaher wanted* to say good-by *to the* Malay *woman, but she never* moved. *'You go,' she says to 'im, 'but* you *will* never *come to your* own country.'"

She waited for him to tell her the result of his interview with Dorothy Malcolm, but he made no further reference to the scene. He was quiet, polite, and taciturn. At last she was obliged to ask him.

"Have you forgotten what I said to you the other day?" she inquired frigidly.

"No. I talked to Dorothy. She wishes me to tell you that she is desperately sorry that she has caused you so much pain. She would like to come and see you, but she is afraid you wouldn't like it. I'm afraid there's no use in our making a promise that we shouldn't be able to keep."

"That settles it then," she answered.

"I think I should tell you that if you brought an action for divorce we should have to contest it."

"I wasn't thinking of doing that. I shall go back to England and consult a lawyer. Nowadays these things can be managed fairly easily, and I shall throw myself on your generosity."

"I'm desperately sorry to put you in a humiliating position." He looked at her with harassed eyes. "I'm quite sure we didn't want to fall in love with one another."

His voice was low and rueful. It was as though before his mind's eye he saw the sadness of autumn and the leaves falling from the trees. He looked at her gravely.

"And at our age we feel that we can't afford to throw away the chance of happiness that a freakish destiny has given us. In five years it will certainly be over."

It gave Mrs. Hamlyn a bitter sensation of pain to hear her husband, a matter of fact and practical man, speak in a strain which was quite new to her. He had gained on a sudden a wistful and tragic personality of which she knew nothing. The twenty years during which they had lived together had no power on him and she was helpless in face of his determination.

The smooth sea upon which the sun beat down so that it shone like a sheet of glass was as empty and hostile as life in which there was no place for her. The heat was so great that even the most energetic of the passengers had given up deck-games and now (it was after luncheon) such as were not resting in their cabins lay about on chairs. Linsell strolled toward her and sat down.

"Where's Mrs. Linsell?" asked Mrs. Hamlyn.

"Oh, I don't know. She's about somewhere."

His indifference exasperated her. Was it possible that he did not see that his wife and the surgeon were falling in love with one another?

"I suppose you're going to live in London when you get home?" asked Linsell lazily, for something to say.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Hamlyn.

It was hard to reconcile herself to the fact that she had nowhere to go and where she lived mattered not in the least to anyone alive. Some association of ideas made her think of Gallaher. She envied the eagerness with which he was returning to his native land, and she was touched, and at the same time amused, when she remembered the exuberant imagination he showed in describing the house he meant to live in and the wife he meant to marry.

"Where is Mr. Gallaher?" she asked the submissive Linsell. "I haven't seen him for the last day or two."

"Didn't you know? He's ill."

[*Continued on page 112*]

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ZAHAROFF
The Richest Man in EUROPE

By Charles Merz

I WENT five thousand miles to get the story of Sir Basil Zaharoff.

He is the richest man in Europe—and the chances are you've never heard his name.

Here's a man who never once appeared in public in the war—and yet in some mysterious fashion won every famous decoration conferred on Foch and Joffre.

Here's a man who has controlled one government of Europe—and played a game with half a dozen others as if he were a king.

Here's the real man "behind Lloyd George," say half the journalists of Europe; and not one of them has ever managed to talk with him.

Here's a man whose name is whispered like a secret password in the drawing-rooms of Paris and the alleys of Stamboul.

Zaharoff?

Touch the life of Europe anywhere, and you touch the life of Zaharoff. Nothing is too far away to be a part of it. Westminster Abbey and the Golden Horn, a Spanish Señorita and the Bank of France, Venizelos and a palace just around the corner from the Arch of Triumph, a degree from Oxford, the Olympic games, a ragamuffin on the Street of Steps, a corpse in Athens, the swift-spinning wheel at Monte Carlo.

At some restaurant in New York, not far from Union Square, Norman Hapgood and I were having dinner. Hapgood took a clipping from his pocket. It was from a well-known British weekly. Just how the words ran I've forgotten; but this clipping talked about that hot corner of the world, with oil and mosques and harems, we call Asia Minor. The statesmen of Europe were debating what they'd better do with it. "Let's have all the programs on the table," said this clipping. "*All* of them: England's, France's, Italy's, and Sir Basil Zaharoff's."

"That interests me," said the editor. "'England's, France's, Italy's and Sir Basil Zaharoff's.' Here's a single man put on a basis of equality with three great European Powers. It's like saying 'America, China, Japan, and William Smith'. . . . Keep your eyes open when you go to Europe and see what you can learn."

IN LONDON, a few weeks later, I was talking with a well-known British writer who is supposed to be an authority on almost everything.

"By the way," I asked him, "did you ever hear of a man named Zaharoff?"

"Sir Basil Zaharoff? Certainly."

"What do you know about him?"

"Well, he eats dinner every evening on plates of solid gold, and has bananas iced twenty-four hours ahead of time, for breakfast.'

"Anything else?"

"Well—no. Except that whenever he speaks, all the bankers and the politicians stop arguing—and listen."

I was told that Sir Basil always wore a red carnation in his buttonhole—that he was the man behind the efforts of the late ex-Emperor Karl to regain the throne of Austria—that he refused to ride in an automobile and always used a three-horse troika—that he backed the Fascisti in their struggle for control of Italy—that he abhorred typewriters, and had his letters written out in longhand—that he hated women—and that, very obviously, he did *not* hate women. I heard some rumors of this sort. And I heard something, too, about Sir Basil's houses.

There is one of them in Paris. It's on Avenue Hoche, number fifty-three—a taxi takes you there, simply by turning off the Champs Élysées a block or two before you reach the Arch of Triumph. It's the place the midinettes of Paris call "that house with flowers"—a huge four-story place with dormer windows, a narrow balcony, glass cases filled with dahlias like a florist's, and a heavy iron grille across the door, with "Z. Z." stamped above it in wrought iron. Not "B. Z.," you will notice—with a "B" for Basil—but "Z. Z."

It's a handsome house, this number fifty-three, one of the show places of Paris. And inside it's said to harbor, among other celebrated treasures, a very famous set of Louis XIV furniture for which Sir Basil outbid the Louvre,

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with a million francs or more. I cannot testify to that. I've never passed beneath that "Z. Z." on the iron grating. I have tried. Upon as many pretexts as I could summon, I have knocked repeatedly at number fifty-three. In each instance I've been told that Sir Basil Zaharoff was "in the country"—that it was impossible to divulge his whereabouts—futile to request an appointment—strictly against orders even to accept a message.

He has a gesture about him. When Elizabeth Asquith, now Princess Bibesco, was engaged, she received a box of white lilacs from Sir Basil Zaharoff. She was pleased with the lilacs. Accompanying them she discovered a check for one thousand pounds.

I BEGAN to get my first solid facts in the story of Sir Basil when I began to put my fingers on the wide range of his business interests. In search of some light on the man, I have visited banks and business houses in many different European cities. I found some men, presumably hard-headed enough in their own business, whose imaginations bolted like a firehorse at the mere mention of the magic name of Zaharoff; they credited him with owning almost everything except the degrees of longitude and latitude.

The king-pin of Sir Basil's structure is the firm of Vickers.

Now for a British audience that one word would be enough. To the average Englishman "Vickers" is as familiar as "Henry Ford" or "Standard Oil" or "Tammany" would be to any one of us. For Vickers is the greatest of all munitions-makers in the British Isles. During the war it made shells for the government. It made more shells than any other corporation in the world. Sir Basil is the chief stockholder in the great firm of Vickers.

That was Vickers, in the war. Since the armistice the firm has expanded energetically into other lines of trade. It still makes shells. It still reaps enormous profits when anyone obliges with a war. But it is making engines, now, and dynamos and motorcars and a thousand other articles of trade. It competes, with its vast organization, in every market on the Continent. It controls a dozen subsidiary companies on both sides of the Channel. At the Golden Horn it has taken over the dockyards and repair shops of the defunct Turkish Navy—with rights to develop Ishmid, the great gate to Asia Minor.

The biggest single basis of his power is the great firm of Vickers. . . . What comes next?

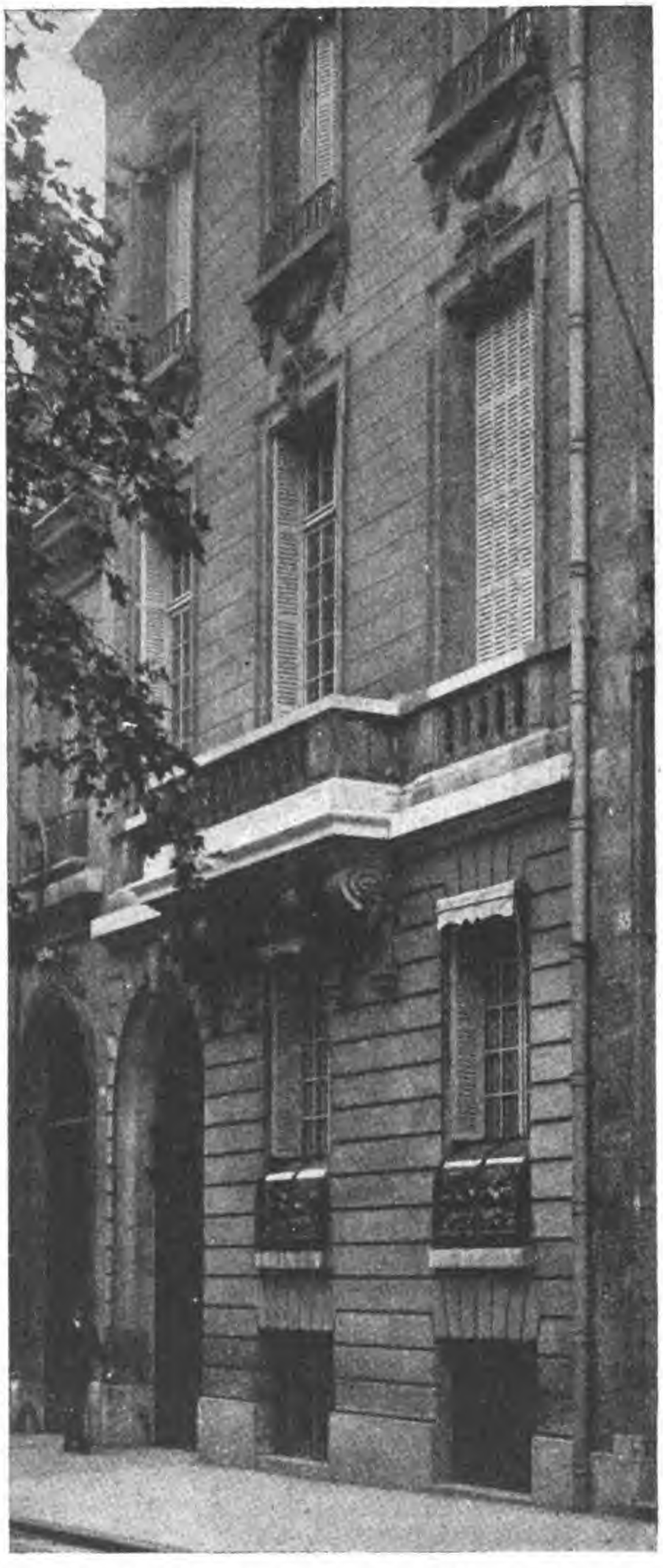
There's a bank or two. Barclay's, for example, is one of the most popular banks in England. Sir Basil is one of its directors. There is a very powerful bank across the Channel, founded by the Rothschilds, and known as the Société Universelle du Nickle. Sir Basil is a councillor. There are other well-known banks in Paris known as the Crédit Lyonnais, the Banque de la Seine, and the Banque de France; in each of them Sir Basil is either a director or the largest individual depositor. There is also a certain British-French-Greek institution called the Mediterranean Bank, founded to exploit the fruits of Allied victory over Turkey—assuming there will be some. In Constantinople I was told Sir Basil, always on the spot, was the largest stockholder in that new bank.

He has substantial interests in various steamship lines, operating chiefly in the Mediterranean—interests in mines and railways in the Near East—control over all manner of isolated ventures throughout Europe, varying all the way from railway terminals to theaters. And then we come to oil.

OIL is one of the touchstones in the modern world of finance. It is the hidden cause of more real international rivalries than "freedom of the seas" or "rights of self-determination." The world, in 1923, can be divided in two camps. Those who have oil, and those who want it.

Europe boasts various small companies with holdings in petroleum. But there is just one real competitor of our own majestic Standard. It is called the Royal Dutch. And in Paris, London and Berlin you often hear it whispered that the Royal Dutch is Zaharoff.

This is one time, I think, that the unofficial Boswells of Sir Basil do him too much credit. It is more than likely that he owns stock in the Royal Dutch. But certainly his interests do not dominate the company. It is quite possible, in fact, that in the long run he may turn out to be an active competitor of Royal Dutch—matching his own strength against two of the greatest giants in the world, the Royal and the Standard. Oil men have told me that it is Sir Basil's capital which has just built huge storage plants and refineries in French ports, in preparation for some exploitation on a mammoth scale. And



¶ *Zaharoff has* a house in Paris *one of the* show places. *It has a heavy* iron grille *across the door and above it is* stamped "Z. Z." *Within are many* celebrated treasures.

there are rumors of new concessions just now being granted him.

Zaharoff is everywhere. He even owns a half interest in the Casino of Monte Carlo—something he is supposed to have acquired during the war, when a certain Camille Blanc was hard pressed for funds.

Mr. Aubrey Herbert rises in the British Parliament to call Sir Basil Zaharoff "the richest man in the world." Certainly he is the richest man in Europe.

Inseparable from this array of business interests is his formidable influence in politics. His influence is aimed at certain very definite results. He is like a pincers [*Continued on page 128*]

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Read this sincere story of Minnesota farm life by a young writer who is destined to rank high



April Floods

By Bernice Brown

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

ACROSS the rusted-looking Minnesota prairie, where it seemed only yesterday the snow had lain, slanted the first warm rain of April. There had been other rains already that had eaten away even the ice drifts in the shadow of the river banks, but they had been as cold and as bleak as November. Today's rain was fragrant and whimsical. Gustaf Franzen, trudging head down along the muddy path above the river, shut his eyes and breathed deep.

He thought suddenly of the little flower shops in Stockholm filled with rose trees for the Easter festival. He thought of the city pavements on a wet spring night, dappled with shifting pools of silver from the street lamps and from the lamps of cabs.

He thought of himself in one of those hansoms. He had been to the opera and he was on his way to the Tegners' or to the Djursens' to smoke, to gossip, to rejoice indolently in a sense of deserved well being. Waldeman Tegner's library was charming. The tapestries had come from Italy, the great bronze candlesticks from Innsbruck. All of Stockholm foregathered there, professors, journalists, editors, scientists. How long ago it all seemed and how mercilessly clearly he could remember it.

He opened his eyes again and stared dully across the acres of Minnesota. Some of those acres belonged to him. If he worked very hard there might some day be more of them. Abrupt as a wart on a chin stood his wooden box of a house. It was bleakly ugly and still unpainted but it boasted storm windows and the flue in his stove was a good one.

To the south lay a wide brown stretch sown to winter wheat, across which trembled a veil of green. West was his pasture, east the red painted barn, more pretentious than his house, the fenced in barnyard. North was the river and the mill Olaf Nelson had started when he thought the railroad was coming that way.

Nothing was left now but the dam and the race. The water was black and very deep in the flume where no wheel had ever turned. Gustaf Franzen had used the remnants of lumber from the mill for his sheds and fences. Gustaf owned land across the river, too, but it was hard to get at, for the section bridge lay a half a mile down stream. When the water was low he could cross on the dam. Even now anyone with steady nerves—and good luck—could effect a passage. In two weeks, even in one, the sluggish stream would have become a torrent plunging wrecklessly westward.

With the apathetic interest of a man dull with loneliness Gustaf looked across the river, then at once his eyes focused. Someone was crossing on the dam. It was a woman, her short full skirt swirled around her by the wind. Her head was bare and she was bent forward to counterbalance the weight of something heavy in a bag she bore upon her back. Stooped as she was, Gustaf knew even at that distance she was young. Her shoes and stockings were off and she was making her way carefully but rapidly across the wet boards.

The stream as yet carried little current. She would be safe enough until she reached the narrow, rotted plank above the flume. One false step there and she would be sucked down hopelessly into the black water. He was too far to shout to her, nor did he wish to startle her. With eyes narrowed to slits with intensity he waited.

She had reached the middle of the flume now, then she stopped and looked down into the pool of black water as innocent of danger as a child leaning over a garden fountain. Fear

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in Gustaf changed at once to anger. What a fool she was to take a chance like that. What was she doing there anyway? Who was she?

Slipping along the mud of the path he raced to meet her. She had reached the bank now and stood, gravely regarding her bare feet, wet and streaked with mud. The bag on her back jerked and emitted shrill screams of terror. In spite of his anger Gustaf smiled. Suddenly she looked up into his eyes and a scarlet flush swept from her throat up to her temples. She was like a solemn child that has been caught at a boisterous game.

"Gee whiz," she said, "you come too damn' quick." Gingerly she lowered the shrill burden to the ground. She was embarrassed but not awkward. It was only her eyes that pleaded for mercy.

Gustaf Franzen was no longer angry but he managed a show of severity. "You were a foolish woman to come across on the dam." He was speaking to her in Swedish and his eyes never left her face. "It is very unsafe—do you understand me?—very unsafe. I forbid it."

Again she smiled up at him. She knew now that she had frightened him and that this severity was only the reaction from apprehension. "I am strong," she said, "and sure-footed like a goat." Then after a moment of silence. "I am from Walli Lennings—with the pig you buy yesterday." Again she smiled up at him, shyly. "He is a very good pig," she spoke deliberately, "but too damn' frisky to carry long way."

Gustaf watched her intently. She was probably younger than she looked, seventeen perhaps, for the peasant type develops early. Her shoulders were broad, her breasts low and her arms looked strong. He liked her low forehead, the gray eyes set far apart and the dark, straight brows that grew close above them.

Gustaf had been born an aristocrat but he resented suddenly the fact that this girl had been sent five miles across country afoot to deliver his pig. Walli Lenning was a swine himself to do such a thing. Because Gustaf Franzen was angry with Sina's uncle, he was brusque with Sina.

"Come into the house," he said, "and get warm. You're wet as an otter." She made a motion to resume her burden but he pushed her aside and swung the bag to his shoulder.

"Let me," she protested. "I am used to carry things."

He started to speak, then checked himself and walked on up the slippery bank. At the kitchen door he stopped. "Take off your jacket here and dry it," he ordered, "and dry out your shoes before you put them back on. I shall take the pig around to the sty." He hesitated a moment and when he spoke again he did not look at her. "I shall drive you home."

For a second Sina stood motionless in the kitchen. It was a bare room, furnished as a room is only when a man is its sole occupant. The walls were still unceiled and the floor unpainted. In one corner stood the stove and piled at one end of it and thrust into the opened oven door were the utensils he used to cook with.

A rough deal table stood against the wall. Beside the stove stood a rocking-chair low hung and upholstered in carpet. Unlike most homesteaders he did not sleep in his kitchen. Sina noticed that the door into the other room was closed.

SHE TOOK off her coat and hung it on a nail near the stove, then she sat down in the rocking-chair. Her feet were muddy and she would have preferred to wash them before she drew on the coarse wool stockings. But Gustaf Franzen might return any moment and she was embarrassed to be found barefooted. Many times in the old country she had worked barefooted in the fields with the men. Over here even she had taken her shoes off when she scrubbed the floors and she had never minded who



¶ *Spring* had come *when* Gustaf *drove* Sina *home* from their wedding. *He bent his cheek* against her hair, *which was soft* to his skin. *Sina did not* move *but her eyelids* lowered slowly. *No matter what* the future brought *her, there would* always *be this* moment.

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¶ *The girl* from Minneapolis *was* behind Gustaf. *He supposed* she knew *by this time that he* was married.

saw her. Gustaf Franzen was different. His house, to be sure, was no better than the Lennings' or the Nelsons' or Swansons' and not nearly so gay inside. She even felt sorry for him, and then at once she smiled at her presumption. Who was she to pity a person like Gustaf Franzen?

Then she heard his foosteps at the doorway and she stood up, shy and startled. An instant he looked at her.

Gustaf Franzen replenished the fire. "You can't go before you are dry again." Then he drew up the other chair, filled his pipe and lit it. For a long moment there was silence.

At last he cast a quick glance at the woman beside him. Her head lay against the back of the chair and her body was relaxed. Without being observed he could look at her profile. There was a beautiful quietness about her.

At last she sat forward. "Gee whiz, it is late. I must get back for the milking."

Gustaf Franzen stood up. "Put on your shoes while I hitch up."

Spring had come in earnest when he drove her home the evening of their wedding and the west was still warm with a reluctant, gold-pink sunset.

As they rode on toward the sunset he looked at her curiously. She still had on her wedding dress of white percale. Her hair had been ruthlessly crimped for the occasion but it hung now in straight, thin strands against her warm forehead. She sat very

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¶ *Gustaf and Sina* went to church *in Black Cloud. Sina wore* a hat *that had been* to Gustaf *the* first time *he* saw *it, like* a blow *in the face.*

quiet beside him, her eyes far ahead and her hands in her lap.

"Sina——"

She looked up at him suddenly and her lips parted in a smile of pleasure because he had spoken. With timid persistence her eyes fastened his until he should finish.

"Did you have a good time," he went on, "at the wedding?"

Her whole face lighted up like a child's. "Oh, gee, yes."

With a kindly gesture he put his arm around her and drew her face against his shoulder.

Sina Franzen did not move but her eyelids lowered slowly over her gray-blue eyes. It was cramped to lie there with her head drawn sharply against his shoulder but it was a torture she would wish to endure through the eternity of a Swedish Lutheran heaven. The touch of his hand held a magic that left sensitized all of her body. No matter what the future brought there would always be this moment.

With a swerve the mare turned in at the farmhouse.

"Gustaf——" She stopped on the step outside the kitchen "This is our house."

He smiled at her gravity. "Not as good even as your Uncle Walli's. After a while," he grinned again, "you will grow accustomed to these frontier hardships."

"Oh, gee," she said, "aren't you the fun maker?" She had wanted to retort in kind—but this was all she could muster.

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"Jeanne," Gustaf cried, "why, why do you say these things? Don't you know they cut like a lash?" And the girl told him, "Yes, I know it—because I love you."

Gustaf lighted the kerosene lamp on the table and she noticed his eyes were grave.

An instant they faced each other in the gloomy kitchen. There was so much she could do here. She could make it as gay as her uncle's, as the Swansons'. "What did you do with my box?" she said finally

"In there." He pointed to the closed door.

"Our bedroom?"

She threw back the door and he stood behind her with the lamp. It seemed empty at first, except for her box, a cheap bed of pine and a washstand. Then she noticed the walls of the room. They were lined with books, hundreds and hundreds of them in orderly rows. Uncle Walli had had a Bible and an almanac and a book about dreams.

Curiously she crossed the room and drew a book out from the shelf. For a second she puzzled over it, turning the pages slowly. Finally she came back to the center of the room. "It is too dark to see the words there. I can't quite make it out." Again she studied the pages, turning them at first slowly and then in a frenzy of haste. "Gustaf," she said at last, "I can't read it. None. Not one damn' word." She looked up at him with eyes of terror.

Gustaf Franzen smiled. "It is French."

A long moment she stared at him. "French," she repeated. "Oh, not Swedish or English."

He nodded.

"Can you read it?" she asked.

Again he nodded.

Slowly she looked away from him around the room. "And the other books?"

"German and Swedish," he said, "a little English. I am sorry now there are not more. I had never supposed I would have the same occasion to use English." He smiled again, grimly. "In those days I had never anticipated this departure for the States."

Very slowly again Sina's eyes came back to his face. "Where did you get those books?"

"Here and there." He shrugged his shoulders. "Most of them while I was at the university." He put the lamp down on the washstand and drew a volume from the shelf above it.

"Gustaf——"

Instantly he turned around and looked down into her face.

"Gustaf, Gustaf——" Her arms were around him and she held him with a strength he had never suspected. At once their lips found each other and she kissed him with a desperate passion that knows neither fear nor embarrassment. His response to her was at once as reckless as hers. He did not suppose she could arouse in him, even for a moment, this strangling, primitive emotion.

"You do care. You love me." She spoke this time in Swedish, slurring her words together in the manner of her province. "Care for me—more than for these." Her arms were flung out in a gesture.

Again he seized her to him. It seemed to him she must cry out with the strength of his arms, with the hurt of his lips against hers. "I do." It was almost a sob. "I do."

The summers of the North are tropical and fierce and farmers have to labor with the frenzy of soldiers during an attack to keep abreast of nature. All in a day everything has burst into life. All in a day, too, comes the harvest with its anxiety of rains that rot the hay, of vicious thunder-storms, following hot noons, that turn the wheat sour, of early frosts that can bring to naught all the heart-breaking labor of the summer.

Sina was right when she said Walli Lenning would miss her. But never had she worked on Walli Lenning's farm as she did on Gustaf Franzen's. Up every morning before sunrise she baked and scoured before it was time for the milking and the long labor in the fields. The kitchen was a different place now, bright with curtains of red calico and a scarlet cover for the rude deal table. She was happy in the kitchen. The room with the books she never entered except when she had to.

All day she was silent and contented. Evenings sometimes she and Gustaf discussed the farm. But they were too tired to talk much. Mostly they sat on the kitchen step in silence, watching the twilight change the bleakness into gentleness

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and mystery. Always, as soon as the twilight had faded they went to bed.

One Friday in October Gustaf drove into Black Cloud. He told Sina there were things he must buy, wire, new tugs for the wagon, and she ordered him to bring back sugar and coffee and flour. It was all bought at one store and not until after he had fulfilled every duty did he go back to the partitioned-off cubby-hole that was labeled post-office.

"Is there anything for me?" he asked finally.

"A package." Luke Weller stooped down and lifted something heavy on to the shelf before him. "Looks like it come all the way from 'Scandahoovia,'" he gossiped. "Thirty-nine cents due."

GUSTAF FRANZEN paid it and loaded all his bundles into the wagon. The package he placed on the driver's seat beside him and he glanced at it often. What a fool he was to go on caring! Why couldn't he sever every emotional tie that bound him to the old life as he had every physical one?

He could never go back—anyway not for years and years. He was poor. He was married and the woman who bore his name was a farmer and the daughter of peasant farmers. He had bolted a door behind him and thrown away the key. Why should he go on dreaming he should one day find the same door open? It was unintelligent to torment himself longer with memories. He was a fool and a coward. He would stop.

And, at once, he dreamed back to the old days at the university when he had planned to become a writer, when his first story had been accepted. How young the world had been then and how credible every miracle!

As he rounded the turn below Christian Bridge the mare started at something and swerved to one side of the road. Gustaf was startled into ill-temper.

Then he noticed the woman who stood by the roadside. She wore a suit of dark blue, too warm for the day, and her shoes were covered with dust. She was carrying a small black bag which was also dust covered. He saw that her face was pale and oval, the forehead narrow and the chin small and rounded. She made him think of an old picture he had seen once in Florence. The paint had faded and the canvas had been maltreated—but the eyes persisted.

A long moment they stared at each other.

"I'm sorry I startled you," she said finally. "After all, is it such an anomaly to walk in this country?"

A red flush mounted under his bronzed skin. "I think it is rather." He was speaking in diffident English. "But more of an *anomaly* that you should use that word.

She smiled. "I don't know why I did. I was sorry the moment I said it." She shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps I thought that you wouldn't understand English and that it wouldn't matter."

Gustaf Franzen hesitated a moment. "Let me take you the rest of the way. It is still too hot for walking."

She sensed at once the eagerness that lay behind his reserve. "You are very kind." He was beside her in a moment, he lifted in the little black bag and then he helped her over the dusty wheel.

"It's affectation to treat this costume with so much respect," she said. "Look at it. I've come all the way from Minneapolis today on the day coach." Then after a moment, "I'm Jeanne de Royer, the new country school-teacher."

AGAIN HE LOOKED at her speculatingly. He felt no longer shy, but he was curious. "Oh yes, this democracy prides itself on its rural schools," he said, dryly. "It is so stated in the geographies back in my country."

She smiled at his raillery. "You are a man of great reading." Then she looked at him with the same intentness with which he had studied her. "I am going out to Olaf Swanson's," she said. "I'm to be boarded there, it seems."

"Olaf Swanson's is not out of my way," he said. And then he wondered at once why he had lied [*Continued on page 134*]



IF Sina *stood by the* edge of the river *near the dam.* *The water* looked black *as night.* *No one* but a fool *would think of trying* to cross now *by the dam.* *No one* but a fool, *and* yet——

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¶ *The Last Age of* Confusion

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Men Like GODS

By H. G. *Wells*

Illustrations by George W. Bellows

¶ *The Utopians Knew Better.*

UTOPIA has no parliament, no politics, no private wealth, no business competition, no police or prisons, no lunatics, no defectives or cripples, and it has none of these things because it has schools and teachers who are all that schools and teachers can be. Politics, trade and competition are the methods of adjustment of a crude society.

¶ *In the World of Men it was "the Last Age of Confusion."*

MR. BURLEIGH was giving Utopia a brief account of the world of men, telling them of states and empires, of wars, and the Great War, of economic organization and disorganization, of revolutions and Bolshevism, of all the dark and troubled spectacle of human life. Serpentine had used the term, "the Last Age of Confusion," and Mr. Burleigh had seized upon the phrase and made much of it.

¶ *A Résumé of the First Instalments*

IF MR. BARNSTAPLE hadn't taken a vacation he would never have found Utopia. He had left his noisy family and the gloomy newspaper office behind him. He wasn't going to write he told his wife. No news would be good news. Driving along in his little yellow car toward London he was just outside of Slough when he was passed by two big cars, both of which after turning a curve directly ahead, had disappeared, leaving the straight road before Mr. Barnstaple entirely clear. Then his car seemed to skid violently and when he finally got it in hand he was bewildered to find himself in an entirely strange place—but there just ahead stood one of the big cars. After a few words with one of the men of this party (whom he recognized as Mr. Cecil Burleigh the great Conservative leader) he learned that they were as puzzled as he.

Close by the roadway they discovered the dead bodies of a man and a woman—surrounded by the wreckage of scientific apparatus. Both were naked and of great beauty.

"These are no earthly people," said Mr. Burleigh. "We are not on earth. It is Utopia. But it must be related to our world or maybe we are in some dimension of space from those we wot of."

Suddenly two Apollo-like men appeared and asked who they were. After Mr. Burleigh told all he knew of their strange adventure, the Earthlings were given refreshment, and a conference was arranged to talk over the strange arrival of these people into Utopia and to decide their fate.

Serpentine, a Utopian, gave an outline of Utopian history from their Age of Confusion to their present ideal state. Mr. Burleigh then told these God-like people about the world of men; of wars and famine and of all the troubled spectacle of human life. The Utopians nodded: "Very like our own Age of Confusion." Then they explained that they had no need now for laws or bonds of any kind. At this Father Amerton, a member of Mr. Burleigh's party, delivered a fiery tirade against the Utopians. Following this unfortunate incident came the news that the Earthling party in the second big car had killed a Utopian and then made off.

Later the members of this second party were brought to the conference hall—the Utopians deciding it was best to keep all the Earthlings together.

The next morning, Lady Stella, another member of Mr. Burleigh's party, confided her doubts and fears to Mr. Barnstaple. The Utopians, she said, did not feel friendly toward the Earthlings—strangers from another world whose minds and customs were so far behind their own.

Mr. Barnstaple had been so happy since his arrival in Utopia—so in harmony with everything and everyone—he confessed he hadn't noticed this. Then, as if to reassure them they heard voices calling them to come in to breakfast.

¶ *The Story Continues:*

THE SHADOW of the great epidemic in Utopia fell upon our little band of Earthlings on the second day after their irruption. For more than twenty centuries the Utopians had had the completest freedom from infectious and contagious disease of all sorts. Not only had the graver epidemic fevers and all sorts of skin diseases gone out of the lives of animals and men, but all the minor infections of colds, coughs, influenzas and the like had also been mastered and ended.

By isolation, by the control of carriers and so forth, the fatal germs had been cornered and obliged to die out. And there had followed a corresponding change in the Utopian physiology. Secretions and reactions that had given the body resisting power to infection had diminished; the energy that produced them had been withdrawn to other more serviceable applications.

The Utopian physiology relieved of these merely defensive necessities had simplified itself and become more direct and efficient. This cleaning up of infections was such ancient history in Utopia that only those who specialized in the history of pathology understood anything of the former miseries mankind had suffered under from this source, and even these specialists do not seem to have had any idea of how far the race had lost its former resistance to infection. The first person to think of this lost resisting power seems to have been Mr. Rupert Catskill. Mr. Barnstaple recalled that when they had met early on the first morning of their stay in the Conference Gardens, he had been hinting that Nature was in some unexplained way on the side of the Earthlings.

If making them obnoxious was being on their side then certainly Nature was on their side. By the evening of the second day after their arrival nearly everybody who had been in contact with the Earthlings, with the exception of Lychnis, Serpentine and three or four others who had retained something of their ancestral anti-toxins, was in a fever with cough, sore throat, aching bones, headache and such physical depression and misery as Utopia had not known for twenty centuries. The first inhabitant of Utopia to die was that leopard which had sniffed at Mr. Rupert Catskill on his first arrival. It was found unaccountably dead on the second morning after that encounter. In the afternoon of the same day one of the girls who had helped Lady Stella to unpack her bags, sickened suddenly and died.

Utopia was even less prepared for the coming of these disease germs than for the coming of the Earthlings who brought them. The monstrous multitude of general and fever hospitals, doctors, drug shops and so forth that had existed in the last Age of Confusion had long since passed out of memory; there was a surgical service for accidents and a watch kept upon the health of the young and there were places of rest at which those who were extremely old were assisted, but there remained scarcely anything of the hygienic organization that had formerly struggled against disease.

Abruptly the Utopian intelligence had to take up again a tangle of problems long since solved and set aside, to improvise forgotten apparatus and organizations for disinfection and treatment, and to return to all the disciplines of the war against diseases that had marked an epoch in its history twenty centuries

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before. In one respect indeed that war had left Utopia with certain permanent advantages. Nearly all the insect disease carriers had been exterminated and rats and mice and the untidier sorts of small bird had passed out of the problem of sanitation.

That set very definite limits to the spread of the new infections and the nature of the infections that could be spread. It enabled the Earthlings only to communicate such ailments as could be breathed across an interval, or conveyed by a contaminating touch. Though not one of them was ailing at all, it became clear that someone among them had brought latent measles into the Utopian universe and that three or four of them had liberated a long suppressed influenza. Themselves too tough to suffer, they remained at the focus of these two epidemics, while their victims coughed and sneezed and kissed and whispered them about the Utopian planet. It was not until the afternoon of the second day after the irruption that Utopia realized what had happened and set itself to deal with this relapse into barbaric solicitudes.

MR. BARNSTAPLE was probably the last of the Earthlings to hear of the epidemic. He was away from the rest of the party upon an expedition of his own.

It was early clear to him that the Utopians did not intend to devote any considerable amount of time or energy to the edification of their Earthling visitors. After the éclaircissement of the afternoon of the irruption there were no further attempts to lecture to the visitors upon the constitution and methods of Utopia and only some very brief questioning upon the earthly state of affairs. The Earthlings were left very much together to talk things out among themselves.

Several Utopians were evidently entrusted with their comfort and well being, but they did not seem to think that their functions extended to edification. Mr. Barnstaple found much to irritate him in the ideas and comments of several of his associates, and so he obeyed his natural inclination to explore Utopia for himself. There was something that stirred his imagination in the vast plain below the lake that he had glimpsed before his airplane descended into the valley of the Conference, and on his second morning he had taken a little boat and rowed out across the lake to examine the dam that retained its waters and to get a view of the great plain from the parapet of the dam.

The lake was much wider than he had thought it and the dam much larger. The water was crystalline clear and very cold and there were but few fish in it. He had come out immediately after his breakfast, but it was near midday before he had got to the parapet of the great dam and could look down the lower valley to the great plain. The dam was built of huge blocks of red and gold veined rock, but steps at intervals gave access to the roadway along its crest. The great seated figures which brooded over the distant plain had been put there it would seem in a mood of artistic light-heartedness.

Mr. Barnstaple guessed them to be perhaps two hundred feet high, by pacing the distance between two of them and afterwards counting the number of them, he came to the conclusion that the dam was between seven and ten miles long. On the far side, it dropped sheerly for perhaps five hundred feet, and it was sustained by a series of enormous buttresses that passed almost insensibly into native rock. In the bays between these buttresses hummed great batteries of water turbines, and then, its first task done, the water dropped foaming and disheveled and gathered in another broad lake retained by a second great dam two miles or so away and perhaps a thousand feet lower. Far away was a third lake and a third dam and then the plain. Only three or four minute looking Utopians were visible amidst all this Titanic engineering.

Mr. Barnstaple stood, the smallest of objects, in the shadow of a brooding Colossus, and peered over these nearer things at the hazy levels of the plain beyond.

What sort of life was going on there? The relationship of plain to mountain reminded him very strongly of the Alps and the great plain of Northern Italy, down into which he had walked as the climax of many a summer holiday in his youth. In Italy he knew that those distant levels would be covered with clustering towns and villages and carefully irrigated and closely cultivated fields.

A dense population would be toiling with an ant-like industry in the production of food; forever increasing its numbers until those inevitable consequences of overcrowding, disease and pestilence, established a sort of balance between the area of the land and the number of families scraping at it for nourishment. As a toiling man can grow more food than he can actually eat, and as virtuous women can bear more children than the land can possibly employ, a surplus of landless population would be gathered in wen-like towns and cities, engaged there in legal and financial operations against the agriculturalist or in the manufacture of just plausible articles for sale.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of this population would be concentrated from childhood to old age upon the difficult task which is known as "getting a living." Amidst it, sustained by a pretense of magical propitiations, would rise shrines and temples, supporting a parasitic host of priests and monks and nuns. Eating and breeding, the simple routines of the common life since human societies began, complications of food getting, elaborations of acquisitiveness and a tribute paid to fear; such would be the spectacle that any warm and fertile stretch of earth would still display. There would be gleams of laughter and humor there, brief interludes of holiday, flashes of youth before its extinction in adult toil, but a driven labor, the spites and hates of overcrowding, the eternal uncertainty of destitution, would dominate the scene.

But this Utopian plain below, sunlit and fertile though it was, was under another law. Here that common life of mankind, its ancient traditions, its hoary jests and tales repeated generation after generation, its seasonal festivals, its pious fears and spasmodic indulgences, its limited yet incessant and pitifully childish hoping, and its abounding misery and tragic futility, had come to an end. It had passed forever out of this older world. That high tide of common living had receded and vanished while the soil was still productive and the sun shone.

It was with something like awe that Mr. Barnstaple realized how clean a sweep had been made of the common life in a mere score of centuries, how boldly and dreadfully the mind of man had taken hold, soul and body, of the life and destiny of the race. He knew himself now for the creature of transition he was, so deep in the habits of the old, so sympathetic with the idea of the new that has still but scarcely dawned on earth. For long he had known how intensely he loathed and despised that reeking peasant life which is our past; he realized now for the first time how profoundly he feared the high austere Utopian life which lies before us. This world he looked out upon seemed very clean and dreadful to him. What were they doing upon those distant plains? What daily life did they lead there?

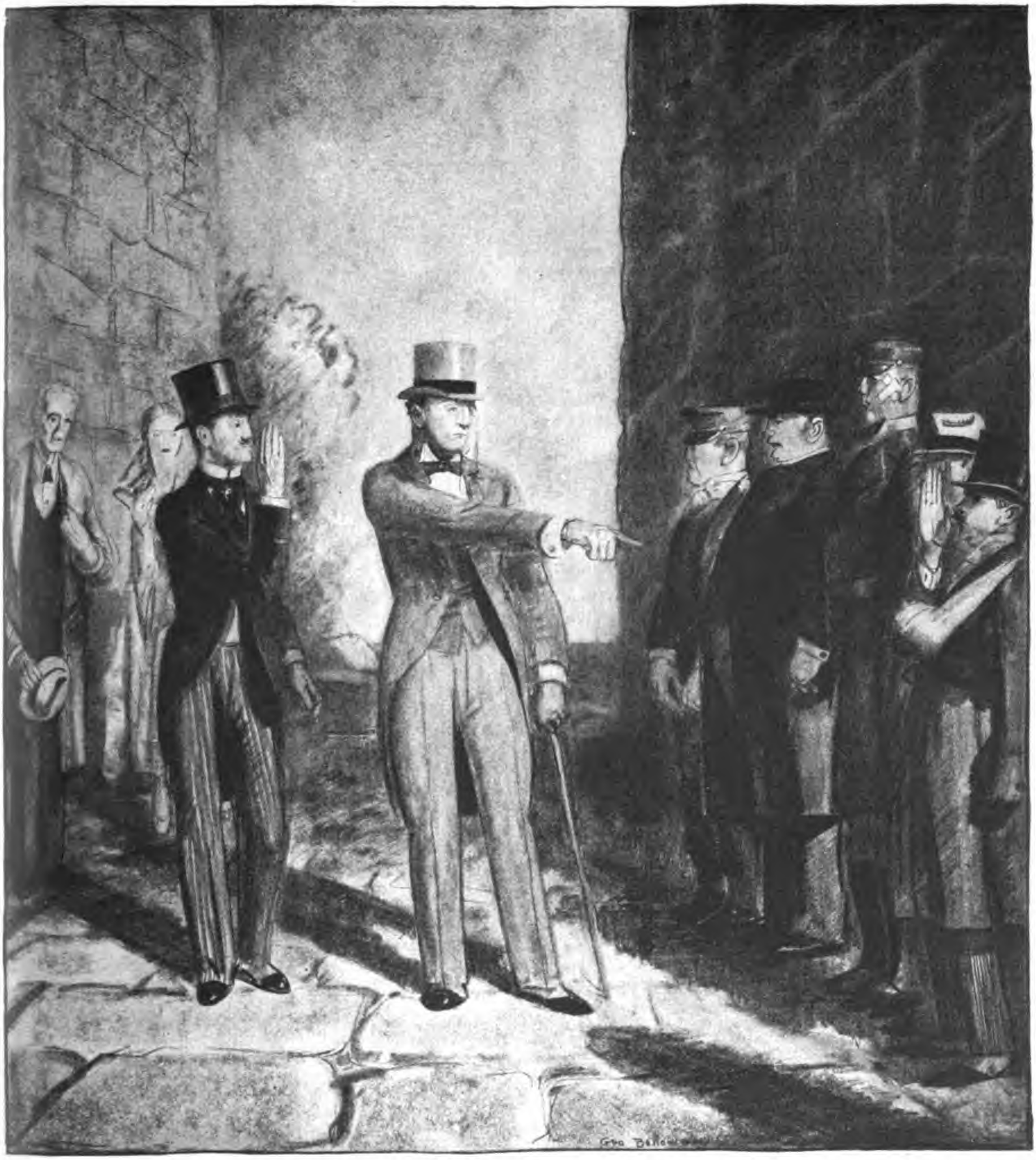
He knew enough of Utopia now to know that the whole land would be like a garden, with every natural tendency to beauty seized on and developed and every innate ugliness corrected and overcome. These people could work and struggle for loveliness he knew, for his two rose growers had taught him as much. And to and fro the food folk and the housing people and those who ordered the general life went, keeping the economic machine running so smoothly that one heard nothing of the jangling and jarring and internal breakages that constitute the dominant melody in our Earth's affairs.

THE AGES of economic disputes and experiments had come to an end; the right way to do things had been found. There seemed to be no money now in this world. There had been money of gold and silver and it had given way to paper and paper again to a system of acknowledgment for work, that had not so much been superseded as passed out of use. It had been found more economical and convenient to supply enough of everything where it was needed than to exact checks and acknowledgments for every service done and everything consumed.

There had been punishments for wasting and spoiling but these laws, still unrepealed, were a dead letter now because there was no need of them. These laws were as dead as the laws against usury and hoarding and speculation. And the population of this Utopia, which had shrunken at one time to only two hundred million, was now increasing again to keep pace with the constant increase in human resources. Having freed itself from a thousand evils that would otherwise have grown with its growth, the race could grow indeed.

And down there under the blue haze of the great plain almost all those who were not engaged in the affairs of food and architecture, health, education and the correlation of activities were busied upon creative work; they were continually exploring the world without or the world within, through scientific research and artistic creation. They were continually adding to their collective power over life or to the realized worth of life. Mr. Barnstaple was accustomed to think of our own world as a wild rush of inventions and knowledge, but all the progress

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"Pizarro" *Reviews His Army*

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of earth for a hundred years could not compare, he knew, with the forward swing of these millions of associated intelligences in one single year.

Knowledge swept forward here and darkness passed as the shadow of a cloud passes on a windy day. Down there they were assaying the minerals that lie in the heart of their planet, and weaving a web to capture the sun and the stars. Life marched here; it was terrifying to think with what strides. Terrifying—because at the back of Mr. Barnstaple's mind, as at the back of so many intelligent minds in our world still, had been the persuasion that presently everything would be known and the scientific process come to an end. And then we should be happy forever after. He was not really acclimatized to progress.

Mr. Barnstaple had always thought of Utopia as a tranquillity with everything settled for good Even today it seemed tranquil under that level haze, but he knew that this quiet was but the steadiness of a mill race, which seems almost motionless in its quiet onrush until a bubble or a fleck of foam or some stick or leaf shoots along it and reveals its velocity.

And how did it feel to be living in Utopia? The lives of the people must be like the lives of very successful artists or scientific workers in this world, a continual refreshing discovery of new things, a constant adventure into the unknown and untried. For recreation they went about their planet, and there was much love and laughter and friendship in Utopia and an abundant easy informal social life. Games that did not involve bodily exercise, those substitutes of the half-witted for research and mental effort, had gone entirely out of life, but many active games were played for the sake of fun and bodily vigor. . . . It must be a good life for those who had been educated to live it, indeed a most enviable life.

And pervading it all must be the happy sense that it mattered; it went on to endless consequences. And they loved no doubt—subtly and deliciously—but perhaps a little hardly. Perhaps, in those distant plains there was not much pity nor tenderness. Bright and lovely beings they were—in no way pitiful. There would be no need for those qualities.

Yet the woman Lychnis looked kind. . . .

Did they keep faith or need to keep faith as earthly lovers do? What was love like in Utopia? Lovers still whispered in the dusk. . . . What was the essence of love? A preference, a sweet pride, a delightful gift won, the most exquisite reassurance of body and mind. . . .

What could it be like to love and be loved by one of these Utopian women?—to have her glowing face close to one's own—to be quickened into life by her kiss? . . .

MR. BARNSTAPLE sat in his flannels, barefooted, in the shadows of a stone Colossus. He felt like some minute stray insect perched upon the big dam. It seemed to him that it was impossible that this triumphant Utopian race could ever fall back again from its magnificent attack upon the dominion of all things. High and tremendously this world had clambered and was still clambering. Surely it was safe now in its attainment. Yet all the stupendous security and mastery of nature had come about in the little space of three thousand years.

The race could not have altered fundamentally in that brief interval. Essentially it was still a stone age race, it was not twenty thousand years away from the days when it knew nothing of metals and could not read nor write. Deep in its nature, arrested and undeveloped, there still lay the seeds of anger and fear and dissension. There must still be many uneasy and insubordinate spirits in this Utopia. Eugenics had scarcely begun here. He remembered the keen sweet face of the young girl who had spoken to him in the starlight on the night of his arrival, and of the note of romantic eagerness in her voice when she had asked if Lord Barralonga was not a very vigorous and cruel man.

Did the romantic spirit still trouble imaginations here? Possibly only adolescent imaginations.

Might not some great shock or some phase of confusion still be possible to this immense order? Might not its system of education become wearied by its task of discipline and fall a prey to the experimental spirit? Might not the unforeseen be still lying in wait for this race? Suppose there should prove to be an infection in Father Amerton's religious fervor or Rupert Catskill's incurable craving for fantastic enterprises!

No! It was inconceivable The achievement of this world was too calmly great and assured.

Mr. Barnstaple stood up and made his way down the steps of the great dam to where, far below, his little skiff floated like a minute flower-petal upon the clear water.

Mr. Barnstaple, returning from his trip on the lake, became aware of a considerable commotion in the conference place.

There were more than thirty airplanes circling in the air and descending and ascending from the park, and a great number of big white vehicles were coming and going by the pass road. Also people seemed to be moving briskly among the houses, but it was too far off to distinguish what they were doing. He stared for a time and then got into his little boat.

He could not watch what was going on as he rowed back across the lake because his back was toward the slopes, but once an airplane came down very close to him and he saw its occupant looking at him as he rowed. And once when he rested from rowing and sat round to look he saw what he thought was a litter carried by two men.

As he drew near the shore a boat put off to meet him. He was astonished to see that its occupants were wearing what looked like helmets of glass with white pointed visors. He was enormously astonished and puzzled.

AS THEY approached their message resonated into his mind. "Quarantine. You have to go into quarantine. You Earthlings have started an epidemic and it is necessary to put you into quarantine."

Then these glass helmets must be a sort of gas mask

When they came alongside him he saw that this was so. They were made of highly flexible and perfectly translucent material.

Mr. Barnstaple was taken past some sleeping loggias where Utopians were lying in beds while others who wore gas masks waited upon them. He found that all the Earthlings and all their possessions except their cars, were assembled in the hall of the first day's conference. He was told that the whole party was to be removed to a new place where they could be isolated and treated. The only Utopians with the party were two who wore gas masks and lounged into the open portico in attitudes disagreeably suggestive of sentries or custodians.

The Earthlings sat about in little groups among the seats except for Mr. Rupert Catskill, who was walking up and down in the apse talking. He was hatless, flushed and excited, with his hair in some disorder.

"It's what I foresaw would happen all along," he repeated. "Didn't I tell you Nature was on our side?"

Mr. Burleigh was shocked and argumentative. "For the life of me I can't see the logic of it," he declared. "Here are we—absolutely the only perfectly immune people here—and we—*we* are to be isolated."

"They say they catch things from us," said Lady Stella.

"Very well," said Mr. Burleigh, making his point with his long white hand. "Very well, then let *them* be isolated! This is—Chinese; this is topsy-turvy. I'm disappointed in them."

"I suppose it's their world," said Mr. Hunker, "and we've got to do things their way."

Mr. Catskill concentrated upon Lord Barralonga and the two chauffeurs. "I welcome this treatment. I welcome it."

"What's your idea, Rupert?" said his lordship. "We lose our freedom of action."

"Not at all," said Mr. Catskill. "Not at all. We gain it. We are to be isolated. We are to be put by ourselves in some island or mountain. Well and good. Well and good. This is only the beginning of our adventures. We shall see what we shall see."

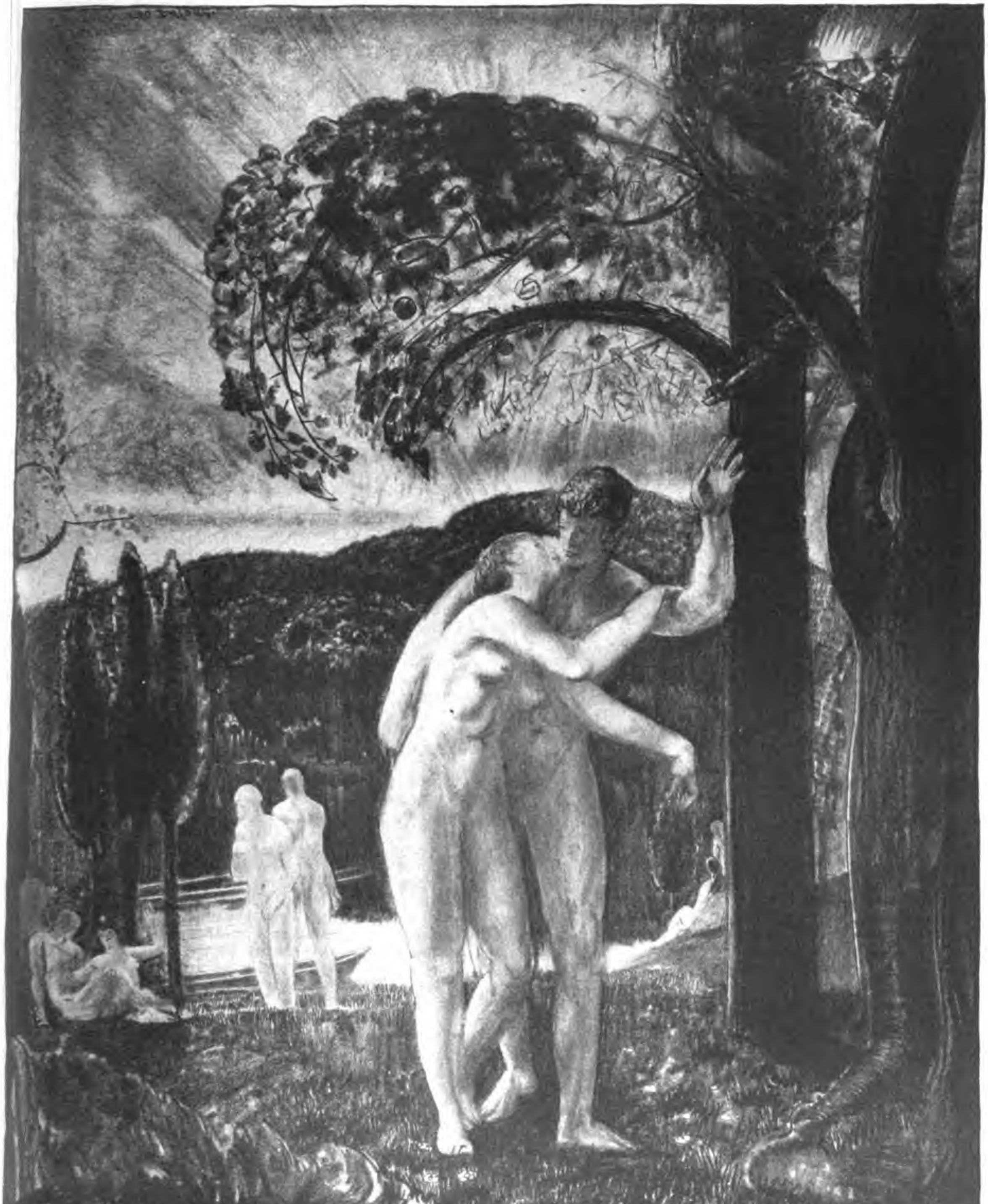
"But how?"

"Wait a little. Until we can speak more freely. . . . These are panic measures. This pestilence is only in its opening stage. Everything is just beginning. Trust me."

Mr. Barnstaple sat sulkily by his valise, avoiding the challenge of Mr. Catskill's eye.

THE QUARANTINE place to which the Earthlings were taken must have been at a very considerable distance from the place of the conference, because they were nearly six hours upon their journey and all the time they were flying high and very swiftly. They were all together in one flying ship; it was roomy and comfortable and could have held perhaps four times as many passengers. They were accompanied by about thirty Utopians in gas masks, among whom were two women. The aviators wore dresses of a white fleecy substance that aroused the interest and envy of both Miss Grey and Lady Stella.

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¶ *Lovers Whisper in the Dusk*

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The flying ship passed down the valley and over the great plain and across a narrow sea and another land with a rocky coast and dense forests, and across a great space of empty sea. There was scarcely any shipping to be seen upon this sea at all; it seemed to Mr. Barnstaple that no earthly ocean would be so untraveled; only once or twice did he see very big drifting vessels quite unlike any earthly ships, huge rafts or platforms. And the air was hardly more frequented. After he was out of sight of land he saw only three airplanes until their final landfall.

They crossed a rather thickly inhabited, very delightful looking coastal belt and came over what was evidently a rainless desert country, given over to mining and to vast engineering operations. Far away were very high snowy mountains, but they descended before they came to these. For a time they were flying over enormous heaps of slaggy accumulations, great mountains of them, that seemed all to be derived from a huge, well-like excavation that went down into the earth to an unknown depth.

A TREMENDOUS thunder of machinery came out of this pit and much smoke. Here there were crowds of workers and they seemed to be living in camps among the débris. The airplane of the Earthlings merely skirted this region and flew on over a rocky and almost treeless desert, deeply cut by steep gorges of the canyon type. Few people were to be seen, but there were abundant signs of engineering activity. Every torrent, every cataract was working a turbine and great cables followed the cliffs of the gorges and were carried across the desert spaces. In the wider places of the gorges there were pine woods and a fairly abundant vegetation.

The high crag which was their destination stood out, an almost completely isolated headland, in the fork between two convergent canyons. It towered up to a height of perhaps two thousand feet above the foaming clash of the torrents below, a great mass of pale greenish and purple rocks, jagged and buttressed and cleft deeply by joint planes and white crystalline veins.

The gorge on one side of it was much steeper than that on the other, it was so overhung indeed as to be darkened like a tunnel, and here within a hundred feet or so of the brow a slender metallic bridge had been flung across the gulf. Some yards above it were projections that might have been the remains of an earlier bridge of stone. Behind, the crag fell steeply for some hundreds of feet to a long slope covered with a sparse vegetation which rose again to the main masses of the mountain, a wall of cliffs with a level top.

It was on this slope that the airplane came down alongside of three or four other smaller machines. The crag was surmounted by the tall ruins of an ancient castle within the circle of whose walls clustered a number of buildings which had recently harbored a group of chemical students. Their researches, which had been upon some question of atomic structure quite incomprehensible to Mr. Barnstaple, were finished now and the place had become vacant. Their laboratory was still stocked with apparatus and material, and water and power were supplied to it from higher up the gorge by means of pipes and cables. There was also an abundant store of provisions. A number of Utopians were busily adapting the place to its new purpose of isolation and disinfection when the Earthlings arrived.

SERPENTINE appeared in the company of a man in a gas mask whose name was Cedar. This Cedar was a cytologist and he was in charge of the arrangements for this improvised sanatorium.

Serpentine explained that he himself had flown to the crag in advance, because he understood the equipment of the place and the research that had been going on there, and because his knowledge of the Earthlings and his comparative immunity to their infections made him able to act as an intermediary between them and the medical men who would now take charge of their case. He made these explanations to Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Barnstaple, Lord Barralonga and Mr. Hunker. The other Earthlings stood about in small groups beside the airplane from which they had alighted, regarding the castellated summit of the crag, the scrubby bushes of the bleak upland about them and the towering cliffs of the adjacent canyons with no very favorable expressions.

Mr. Catskill had gone apart nearly to the edge of the great canyon and was standing with his hands behind his back, in an attitude almost Napoleonic, lost in thought, gazing down into those sunless depths. The roar of the unseen waters below, now loud, now nearly inaudible, quivered in the air.

Miss Greeta Grey had suddenly produced a Kodak camera; she had been reminded of its existence when packing for this last journey, and she was taking a snapshot of the entire party.

Cedar said that he would explain the method of treatment he proposed to follow, and Lord Barralonga called, "Rupert!" to bring Mr. Catskill into the group of Cedar's hearers.

Cedar was as explicit and concise as Urthred had been. It was evident, he said, that the Earthlings were the hosts of a variety of infectious organisms which were kept in check in their bodies by immunizing counter substances, but against which the Utopians had no defenses ready and could hope to secure immunity only after a painful and disastrous epidemic.

The only way to prevent this epidemic devastating their whole planet indeed, was firstly to gather together and cure all the cases affected, which was being done by converting the Conference Park into a big hospital, and next to take the Earthlings in hand and isolate them absolutely from the Utopians until they could be cleaned of their infections. It was, he confessed, an inhospitable thing to do to the Earthlings, but it seemed the only possible thing to do, to bring them into this peculiarly high and dry desert air and there to devise methods for their complete physical cleansing. If that was possible it would be done, and then the Earthlings would again be free to go and come as they pleased in Utopia.

"But suppose it is not possible?" said Mr. Catskill abruptly.

"I think it will be."

"But if you fail?"

Cedar smiled at Serpentine. "Physical research is taking up the work in which Arden and Greenlake were foremost, and it will not be long before we are able to repeat their experiment. And then to reverse it."

"With us as your raw material."

"Not until we are fairly sure of a safe landing for you."

"You mean," said Mr. Mush, who had joined the circle about Cedar and Serpentine, "that you are going to send us back?"

"If we cannot keep you," said Cedar smiling.

"Delightful prospect!" said Mr. Mush, unpleasantly. "To be shot across space in a gun. Experimentally."

"And may I ask," came the voice of Father Amerton, "may I ask the nature of this *treatment* of yours, these experiments of which we are to be the—guinea pigs, so to speak. Is it to be anything in the nature of vaccination?"

"Injections," explained Mr. Barnstaple.

"I haven't decided yet," said Cedar. "The problem raises questions this world has forgotten for ages."

"I may say at once that I am a confirmed anti-vaccinationist," said Father Amerton. "Absolutely. Vaccination is an outrage on nature. If I had any doubts before I came into this world of—of *vitiation*, I have no doubts now. Not a doubt!"

CEDAR did not discuss the point. He went on to further apologies. For a time he must ask the Earthlings to keep within certain limits, to confine themselves to the crag and the slopes below it as far as the mountain cliffs. And further, it was impossible to set young people to attend to them as had hitherto been done. They must cook for themselves and see to themselves generally. The appliances were all to be found above upon the crest of the crag and he and Serpentine would make any explanations that were needful, and there were ample provisions.

"Then are we to be left alone here?" asked Mr. Catskill.

"For a time. When we have our problem clearer we will come again and tell you what we mean to do."

"Good," said Mr. Catskill. "Good."

"I wish I hadn't sent my maid by train," said Lady Stella.

"I have come to my last clean collar," said M. Dupont. "It is no joke this week-end with Lord Barralonga."

Lord Barralonga turned suddenly to his particular minion. "I believe that Ridley has the makings of a very good cook."

"I don't mind trying my hand," said Ridley. "I've done most things—and once I used to look after a steam car."

"A man who can keep one of those—those things in order can do anything," said Mr. Penk with unusual emotion. "I've no objection to being a temporary general utility along of Mr. Ridley. I began my career in the pantry and I ain't ashamed to own it."

"If this gentleman will show us the gadgets," said Mr. Ridley.

"Exactly," said Mr. Penk.

"And if all of us give as little trouble as possible," said Miss Greeta bravely.

"I think we shall be able to manage." [*Continued on page 151*]

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¶ *Drawing by* Rodney Thomson

Scoop

A Lonesome Dog

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrations by Denman Fink

I WAS hardly old enough to love my mother when I was ken away from her. And I never saw her again.

The man who took me away from her was a captain in the valry. But there are so many captains in the cavalry that I ways think of him as My Captain. I took to him from the st. You like the touch of some men, the smell of them and the nes of their voices. These things tell you if a man is to be usted or not. And My Captain had the pleasantest, surest y of touching you and handling you, the evenest voice—though it could be firm and even stern—and what with the soap he used to wash himself all over with, and the polish that the orderly used on his belts and boots, he smelled perfectly elegant. He smelled much nicer even than his wife or their little girl Dorothy. And that is saying a lot. Because My Captain's wife used perfume on herself and Dorothy and got them both to smelling just the way she wanted them to.

But after Dorothy had had her bath and before she was powdered and scented she smelled delicious. I'll say that for her.

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¶ *My* Captain's wife *was* away a good deal. *Then one day* she left *and* never came back *at all. My Captain's face looked as if something was going to break in it. A* well disciplined dog *never* puts paws on anybody *but I had to do something. "Scoop, old man," he said to me,* "I've got nobody but you."

She smelled then something like a quail's foot, which everybody knows is the best smell in the world next to fried chicken. But I would have loved her no matter how she smelled because she belonged to My Captain. And I would have loved his wife too, if she had let me. But she didn't like dogs any too well, and she didn't understand them. And for a woman who doesn't like dogs and who doesn't understand them, I'm free to admit that a perfectly normal bull terrier pup must be an awful trial.

You know how we bull terriers, when we are young, like to get hold of things with our teeth and pull at them until they fall over or come to pieces? We can't help it. It's just as much a part of bull terriers as their lovingness, and their not being afraid, and their pink eyelids.

I wasn't a bit worse than other bull terriers of my age, but I had some bad luck. I found the big table on the piazza nearer the steps than it usually was, and I got hold of one leg and moved it still nearer—just a little bit at a time. I'd jerk a few times with all my might, and then rest, and then jerk a few times more. Finally I got the leg I was pulling to the edge of the steps, and then over. You never heard such a crash in your life. But how did I know that the table had been set for a luncheon party of eight and that the guests had already arrived?

I hadn't meant to make trouble for anyone. All I'd done was to follow a hunch. But My Captain's wife thought differently. She said that I was a "holy terrier" and that if her husband didn't whip me within an inch of my life, she would.

After the crash I had gone under the piazza where it is dark and there is only room for cats and dogs. And I didn't come out until I knew that My Captain was all alone.

I TRIED to show him by the way I came out from under the piazza and by the way I went up to him, keeping my stomach nearer the ground than usual and my tail quieter, that I knew I'd done wrong and that I was sorry. I was game to take my licking, but I wanted him to know that I knew that what I'd done was a mistake, and that I'd found it out all by myself.

He understood. He would. And after he'd talked to me in his grave quiet way, he took me up and I hid my face against him so that he shouldn't see that I was crying. I could feel his hands pressing me closer and closer. It was perfect ecstasy to be understood and then held close like that.

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Unfortunately the only quick way to find out what pleases people is to find out what doesn't please them. So I'd start out at daylight and try everything I could think of once, and sometimes if My Captain didn't find out all the things I'd done I'd try them over again.

It took time to find out what pleased My Captain. But My Captain's wife was different; because the thing that pleased her one time displeased her the next.

ONE OF THE first things I learned was to fetch the newspaper in the morning. A boy came by in the morning driving a little automobile all full of rolled up newspapers. One of them belonged to us and he'd throw it into the yard. The first time I saw this happen I thought it was some kind of an insult or defiance, and I got it in my jaws and under my feet and tore it to pieces in no time.

My Captain's wife saw me from the window and ran out of the house with a riding whip in her hand and chased me under the house. But I wouldn't come out until My Captain came, and told me that he wasn't pleased with what I'd done. He showed me the torn and chewed pieces of paper, and talked to me and explained until I almost understood.

The next morning he was in the yard with me when the newspaper came. Now if a newspaper thrown right plump into your yard doesn't look like an insult, what does it look like? I forgot everything but the looks of the thing and went for it. But although I had four legs, they were only puppy legs, and My Captain got to the newspaper at the same time I did.

And he took me in one hand, by the back of the neck, and the newspaper in the other, and introduced us to each other. The first thing I knew, what with My Captain's kind, steady talk and the feel of his hand on my neck, I had the newspaper crosswise in my mouth, and didn't seem to want to bite it, or only a little.

Then he patted me and caressed me, especially just behind the ears and along the backbone; and then little by little, because I kept dropping it so that I could bark—I'd only just learned to bark—he made me carry the newspaper up the steps and into the house and into the dining-room, and then he made me drop it on the floor right alongside his particular chair.

THE NEXT MORNING we watched, My Captain and I, from the dining-room window. And when the newspaper had fallen in the yard he let me out at the front door and told me to go get it. But unfortunately I tried to take it in through the back door.

This back door had a little private door for me cut in the bottom of it. I could push it open with my nose, and it had a spring which made it shut after I had gone through. It was a great convenience for a little dog to have a door of his own that he could always open, and it was a great help in teaching him how to behave nicely in the house, but it was only wide enough for me, and with the newspaper crosswise in my jaws I couldn't get through.

I tried again and again, and even cried a little with discouragement. I knew that My Captain was waiting for me, and that he wanted the newspaper. I got terribly excited and then I had the unhappy thought of taking the newspaper through the door in small pieces. It didn't take long. But My Captain and his wife came to see what had happened to me. [*Continued on page 116*]



¶. *Company G went by.* My Captain *was* looking at me. *He would have known me among all the dogs in the world.*

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¶ *Painted by* Arthur E. Becher

IMAGINATION

By Margaret E. Sangster

I am the hand that lifts, from out the mire,
The groping souls of men—I am the hand,
That helps an unborn race to understand.

I am the light that makes sad eyes look higher,
Higher than hills of doubt and clouds of pain;
I am the flame of passion and desire,
I am the strength that tills a new found land.

Simple as words that little children say,
Subtle as lights that shine from woman eyes,
I am the thrill of hope that never dies,
I am the audience—I am the play!
I am the bit of life that will remain,
When all the rest of life is swept away!

Gentle I am, and sure, as springtime rain,
Yet I can be as keen as slender lances;
I am the music of the old romances,
I am the bitterness that comes with gain.

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The heroine is called a Puritan pagan, *which is a new slant on the modern girl*

EVE on Eden Point Island

one of

Royal Brown's *Best Stories*



Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

THEY met ever so informally and with no empty protestations of mutual joy over the event. To the contrary! In fact, if Eve Endicott had not been an extremely well poised young person, his appearance would have resulted in a notable case of collapse at first sight. That her grandmother, similarly placed, would have required smelling salts by the bottle, followed by a season at Saratoga Springs, no one can doubt. But her grandmother never *would* have been so placed. To account through heredity for Eve and her activities it is necessary to go back much farther, clear back indeed to her great-great-great-and-then-some grandmother who bore the same name and was no lady—having, as everyone knows, been evicted from Eden.

Now, Eve Endicott, with a ripple in her bobbed blonde hair, two ripples in her brown-gold eyes, and modern to her pretty finger-tips, was yet of the same original piece and pattern. When she made up her mind to do anything or go anywhere, she started forthwith, leaving certain details that might have caused others concern to luck. Incidentally luck seldom failed her. It almost never does when one is feminine and twenty-two, with various assets that the less desirable sex has ever rated highly.

Yet when, having forsaken the world, the flesh and New York with characteristic impulsiveness, she arrived at Eden Point Island, which is in Maine, she had a suspicion that luck was a. w. o. l. It was the darkest hour that precedes the dawn, there was sand in her trim tan sport shoes and mosquito bites on her slim, silk-clad ankles.

Finally, the key which she had so confidently inserted in the keyhole had failed to perform its office. But, being Eve:

"Gosh!" she murmured, and pensively scratched her ankle.

This far, he-of-whose-presence-she-had-not-the-slightest-inkling, had slept on. The night being warm he had retired even as Adam had retired, before Eve the First ate of the apple and so laid the foundations on which such modern industrial achievements as the manufacture of pajamas rest secure. Also he had not shaved for three days.

"This," he had exulted, only a few hours before, "was certainly made to my measure!"

THE star-lit sea had filled his vision, blue and gold save where a distant sandbar showed its teeth. But it was not the sense of beauty, but of utter solitude, that gave him content. For Eden Point Island is sometimes one half of its name, sometimes the other—a point at low tide, an island at high. As for the Eden part of it, the Merriams had so named it in the first glow of their honeymoon when, among scrub pines and surf-sculptured rock, they had created an illusion of the two who lived in the first garden.

This summer, however, the bride of yesteryear had decided to go abroad because, as she had confessed to Wythe Winslow although wild horses couldn't drag her back to the lodge she was afraid Bob might.

"I got so darn' lonesome there—for heaven's sake don't ever breathe this to Bob—that it was a relief to hear a mosquito go z—z—zz!" she had confessed.

"You certainly have none of a real estate agent's genius for looking on the brighter side of the picture," Wythe had commented. "But just the same your description of the place hits me so hard that I'm going to make you an offer for it for the summer."

And he had, on the spot. Not because he was a confirmed

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¶ *From the window* Wythe watched Eve *mount the* spring-board *and, standing there,* smile down at Tony, *whose* practiced eyes *drank in her beauty.*

misogynist or even an embryo hermit, but because, as Sally assured him with cousinly candor, he *was* a born nut.

"I," she had informed him, "can't for the life of me see what fun you find in chasing little rays of light through lenses."

Few in his set *could* see. Why a perfectly good young man with a marked talent for tennis and golf and such understandable diversions, and enough money to devote himself to their development, should choose instead to spend time and energy on fantastic experiments with motion picture lenses was to them utterly inexplicable.

"You've got aptitude," the great man had conceded—which was much higher praise than it sounds. "If you can concentrate——"

To him Eden Point Island was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Days on end his isolation had lasted; he had come to believe it would last all summer. . . . But now, suddenly, he awoke.

Eight bells, splintering the silence with the silvery couplets of a ship clock, gave him the hour. But he knew that was not what waked him. Lying there with all five senses admirably alert and that sixth sense which had sounded the alarm preternaturally acute, he waited for the repetition of that which had broken his sound sleep.

It came, almost at once. Footsteps moved along the wide veranda, a window in the living-room below was thrust up. He swung himself out of bed.

"Damn!" he gritted, as the inevitable occurred and he paused to rub an outraged shin.

THEN, swiftly, he located various articles he felt the need of and, so accoutered, stepped out on to the balcony that overlooked the living-room. From below there came a dull thud.

"I hope," thought Wythe, "he breaks his neck!"

The next moment he almost broke his.

"Damn!" said a voice in the dark and Wythe, poised at the head of the stairs, all but fell down them.

In spite of an evident exasperation the voice was lovely—and indubitably feminine.

Ever so briefly Wythe struggled with this revelation. Then, ignoring what Kipling once said about the female of the species, he switched an electric flashlight full upon his visitor. Eve, forgetful of the ankle she nursed, looked up at him, her lovely eyes wide open and—it must be confessed her lovely mouth the same. Then she blinked twice and caught her breath.

She should have, if only as a tribute to his appearance—he did not look at all like the sort of man any maid, no matter how modern and self-assured, would care to meet anywhere or at any time, and most assuredly not at four o'clock in the morning in an isolated spot such as this. His costume was unconventional but that was a mere detail. It was Wythe's face that gave Eve the first genuine thrill of terror she had experienced in her up-and-coming young life.

For though it may take three generations to make a gentleman, it takes only three days' growth of beard to reverse the process, to all outward appearance.

So, "O—o—o—oh!" gasped Eve.

Now Wythe had no idea that he looked like a particularly blood-thirsty beachcomber. Otherwise he might have protested that at four o'clock in the morning no man just aroused from sleep looks his best. Instead:

"Well?" he demanded grimly.

"Well yourself," she retorted. "Am I supposed to put up my hands!"

So soon, in that subtle fashion peculiar to her devilish sex, she had managed to gain control of the situation. Wythe blushed to his eyes and hastily lowered the automatic revolver his right hand held.

"Thank you," she acknowledged. "I do hate to see a gun in the hands of a nervous man."

"I was prepared," retorted Wythe austerely, "for visitors of another sort. I did not expect you and I'm afraid there is some mistake——"

"I'm sure of it," she broke in coolly. "But if you prefer to finish dressing before proffering your apologies, of course I'll excuse you."

At which Wythe, conscious under her satirical glance that his costume consisted chiefly of a disreputable khaki shirt and trousers, blushed again.

"I'm sorry," he began, in a tone that evidenced no such emotion.

"Aren't there any lights here?" she demanded. "Bob said he had a private power plant. That flash of yours shines just about as much as a good deed in a naughty world."

Wythe, descending, turned a switch and in the resultant glow Eve surveyed the spacious living-room.

"And Bob said it was just a shack!" she murmured. "I'll bet he just poured money into it. Doesn't it make you see red sometimes, the way people who have more money than they can get rid of apologize for possessions the rest of us would cheerfully commit murder for?"

Say what you will, man and not woman is the victim of the

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¶ "Eve!" *The voice,* poignant with surprise, *pain and reproach, startled them both, and Eve turning* gasped: *"Tony!* Good night!"

conventions. It was, undoubtedly, Adam not Eve who worried about how her presence in the garden might be construed, for through the ages the only conventions the less conventional sex has ever cared much for are those which protect from other women the particular man she has staked out a claim on. And so, while Eve surveyed her surroundings, unconcerned, Wythe surveyed her with concern enough for two.

"How did you get here?" he ventured finally.

"Walked, darn it. The tide was out and I had to wait hours before I could get across. But once started I made a quick trip in spite of everything. I—" she turned toward him and a dimple danced at one corner of her mouth "—was spurred on by all the mosquitoes north of New Jersey."

EVIDENTLY she considered this an adequate explanation. Anyway, she dropped to the edge of a wicker chaise lounge and, removing her right shoe, emptied a stream of sand from it.

"Perhaps," Wythe began anew, "I had better explain that Mrs. Merriam rented me the lodge for this summer——"

Eve, proceeding with her left shoe, slanted her eyes up at him.

"Did she? Bob told me I could use it any time I wanted to. They must have got their wires crossed."

Luxuriously she stretched her silk-shod toes and then, without bothering to replace her shoes, yawned frankly and unabashedly —as she jolly well knew she could with perfect impunity.

"I'm simply dying of thirst!" she announced. "Could you—would you get me a glass of water?"

To Wythe it was apparent that with feminine insouciance she was deliberately ignoring a predicament that should surely concern her as much as it did him. Nevertheless, being what three generations had made him, he went for the water.

The living-room, when he returned, was deserted. Only the two tan sport shoes on the floor by the chaise lounge remained.

"I'm up here," Eve called down to him from the balcony. "I found a room all myself—wasn't that clever of me?"

Leaning far over she reached down for the water.

"Thanks," she acknowledged, and drank deeply.

Then, glancing down at him, with twin imps of mockery in her eyes: "Good night, sweet prince," she said.

"But," he began desperately, "you don't mean to say——"

The door of her room closed behind her, leaving him to stare helplessly at it, while she within the sanctuary it gave her, pirouetted gleefully.

"Something," she was assuring herself, "tells me that I'm going to enjoy myself! I'll bet he's just as stubborn and—and conceited as ever. And he doesn't remember me! I'll make him pay for *that!*"

ABRUPTLY she sat down on the edge of the bed and yawned.

"I wish now," her unregenerate thought ran on, "that I had told Tony where I was going. The two of them together would be a riot. . . . Gosh, but he gave me a start! I wonder what he looks like when he's nicely shaved and all fixed up. I'll bet he will be in the morning."

In which, however, she guessed wrong. For Wythe, reaching for his razor some two hours later, stopped short. Then his mouth set.

"I'll be damned if I will!" he announced, with finality.

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Let those who would condemn him think twice. At approximately five o'clock that morning, as he stood out under the paling stars with sixty or seventy million mosquitoes lying about him gorged to repletion, Wythe had arrived at a conclusion. And that was that in its place chivalry is a great thing—but Eden Point Island was not the place.

"I might," he decided, "just as well go indoors and back to bed. I'd get no thanks from her for this. She'd just think it funny."

At seven, when he arose again and resolved against shaving, a hot sun blazed in the morning sky. The thought that now he must attire himself adequately rather than sketchily added further to his sense of injury. And the sacrifice went for naught after all, for when he finally departed for the boat-house where his apparatus was assembled Eve had not yet appeared.

Once in the boat-house, he found solace and time passed quickly. It was two o'clock before he realized it and—without enthusiasm—started back to the lodge.

Eve was just sitting herself down to breakfast. She wore a bathing-suit, which matched her brown-gold eyes—and also proved that for all her rounded slimness she was as muscular as a boy.

"Hullo," said she, her mouth full. And, reaching for another piece of toast, she added, "It's so hot I thought I might as well put on my bathing-suit and be comfortable."

"A Mother Hubbard might be as comfortable—but I'd like to see you wear it," said Wythe, but not to her, fortunately.

Eve, unaware of his jaundiced mood surveyed him with disarming amiability.

"I'm glad," she commented—and her appearance of cordiality was impeccable—"that you didn't bother to shave on my account."

"I haven't the time," explained Wythe, with dignity. "I'm doing some experimenting here. Motion picture——"

EVE looked startled. "My Aunt Maria's smelling salts!" she exclaimed. "You haven't been bitten by *that* bug have you?"

"That bug?" echoed Wythe, uncertainly.

"Writing for the movies. Complete instruction in forty lessons—and the world is yours, Monte Cristo?"

"Of course not! I'm experimenting with motion picture lenses——"

"I thank whatever gods there be!" murmured Eve and resumed the process of nutrition. "I hate scenario hounds—they irritate me!"

Wythe's lips suddenly set in a way that should have warned her—but didn't!

"I——" he began afresh.

"Wait until I get another cup of coffee," suggested Eve, springing up and flitting toward the kitchen with the feminine irrelevance so irritating to the masculine mind.

In a moment she returned, resumed her seat with one pink foot tucked under her and looked up at him.

"Now tell me about them—the motion picture lenses," she said.

She was deliberately ragging him, and he knew it, and yet he could not keep the stiffness from his voice. "I'm afraid I'll bore you——"

"You will—awfully," she agreed: he hadn't bothered to shave and she wasn't going to bother to be polite.



¶ *"This,"* Wythe told Eve, *"is one place* I must insist *on retaining* as my own." *"You—you can have the whole* darn' island *to yourself," she flashed. "I won't stay* another minute!"

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¶ *Wythe's* "reasoning" *soon convinced* Tony *that the* best thing *for him to do was to sit* in the motorboat *until he could be transported* to the shore.

"But I'd like to make it clear why it would be extremely inconvenient for me to leave just now——"

"Oh, that's all right," she broke in—he never seemed somehow to get a chance to finish a sentence. "I'm going to be awfully busy myself!"

Through ten minutes of this sort of dialogue he kept his temper admirably. He had hoped that she would prove reasonable. At the end of ten minutes he told her so, and his tone, as well as his words, made it clear that he regarded that hope, in the light of subsequent events, as futile and foolish.

"MEN are funny!" she shot back. "One minute they'll announce that all women are unreasonable and the next they'll ask some particular woman to please be reasonable!" Her eyes quickened. "That's almost an epigram, isn't it?"

"You mean, then, that you intend to stay here?"

"As I've got exactly sixteen dollars and seventy-three cents to my name, I have a feeling that I'm going to stay here some time," she assured him. "In fact, it looks to me as if you'd have to go, if anybody does."

"I," he announced, his sorely-tried patience snapping utterly, "will be damned if I will!"

"Why," murmured Eve, to her coffee cup, "is it that a man always resorts to profanity when he tries to be impressive?"

Thrusting her slim self up from the table with effortless grace she passed nonchalantly into the sun-splashed living-room.

"Oh, Christmas Eve!" said Wythe—in effect but much more forcibly—and passed out-of-doors.

Evening was in the offing, but Eve was nowhere in evidence when he returned. Entering the living-room he became conscious of a broad chalkmark that, cutting the threshold in two, proceeded to divide the room into equal halves. The stairs and the balcony as well were bisected in the same fashion, as he discovered when he mounted to his room, and found a sheet of notepaper pinned to his door.

This, in handwriting as vivid and as irrepressible as its author, gave him an explanation. It read:

> "You and I remind me of two old aunts of mine who quarreled and refused to even speak. They had to live in the same house and so they marked chalklines. Each kept to her own side. I'll keep on my side, you keep yours.
> P. S. I'm gladder than ever you're not a scenario hound. If you were you'd write, 'Chaperoned by Chalklines,' and I fancy the idea myself.
> P. S. No. 2. It's to be a novel, not a scenario."

NOW Wythe had that very afternoon sworn a great oath that nothing she might say or do would be permitted to affect him henceforth. And so he merely crumpled this up and promptly forgot it. Also he forgot several other things. It was not until he perceived himself with one side of his face as clean as the proverbial whistle that he realized he had automatically proceeded to shave.

"And she'll think," he groaned, eyeing his reflection incredulously, "that I did it because of her. Good Lord!"

Nevertheless, there was nothing to do but to finish. And, eventually, to proceed downstairs braced to meet her satirical eyes. But Eve was still absent. In the [*Continued on page 124*]

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The victories of the Ku Klux Klan *in the November election made the Klan still more confident that it can establish control of the American Government in all its branches. It aims to dictate to courts, juries, legislatures, governors. It issues its orders on points that are religious and racial. We wish our readers to know exactly what are the workings of this extraordinary secret society*

The NEW THREAT of the KU KLUX KLAN

By Norman Hapgood

Part II How the Ku Klux Klan *Controls the Courts*

THE NEW Imperial division of the Ku Klux Klan has made some progress in controlling the courts, as well as in controlling legislation.

Last month we gave material to show:

1—That this new division is so secret that its membership is unknown even to regular Klan members.

2—That it is established for the express purpose of protecting from public knowledge the membership of judges, prosecuting attorneys, legislators, and other influential citizens.

3—That organizations of women voters are being formed for the purpose of strengthening the political control of the Klan.

4—That the Klan now has an organization in New York, which it looks upon as particularly enemy territory, and that it claims there (in its Imperial branch) officers important in city administration as well as leading newspapermen.

5—That the Imperial is making a concentrated drive in Washington to influence congress and the administration.

6—That all over the country, notably in Illinois and the Northwest, as well as in the South, it is putting its attempt at political control in the forefront of its efforts.

We now proceed to give examples of the methods by which the whole Klan, and especially the Imperial Klan, undertakes to affect the administration of justice and the course of political life. First read this:

"Office of J. L Boal,
County Judge, DeWitt County,
Cuero, Texas, January 28, 1922

Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Klaliff,
Atlanta, Geo.

To Your Excellency: You will find a printed copy of the report of the last grand jury of this county. Ten of these grand jurymen are Klansmen, and the other two are in sympathy with us. . . .

Yours in the Sacred Unfailing Bond,
J. L. Boal
Exalted Cyclops, Cuero Klan."

Now what was the printed report referred to? It was the report of a grand jury called to investigate the Klan itself. The jury was ordered by Judge John N. Green of Texas, to investigate the Klan, because of several cases of tarring and feathering within the jurisdiction of the court. We therefore find the Klan passed upon by a jury of twelve members, ten being Klansmen and the other two friendly. Naturally the report was more than an exoneration. It was a eulogy.

The Klan in Texas, in one of its confidential statements, thus sums up its success:

"Down in Texas the enemy is trying to discredit the Klan wherever possible through grand jury investigation. False charges are hurled at the organization on every hand in a frantic effort to influence members of these investigating bodies. However, in no case so far where a grand jury has made report of its findings, has an indictment been returned. Severe censure has been meted out in many instances which has been favorable to this organiztion. The most striking case was that of Sheriff Buchanan, who was severely condemned by a grand jury for attempting to stop a Klan parade in Lorena."

In Chicago, Ill., we have the case of a grand juryman, who is a Klansman, reporting to E. Y. Clarke the matters that the grand jury is investigating. It is therefore no wonder that a judge in Chicago has recently refused to permit Klansmen to serve on juries. This is not so easy, however. As Klansmen are not permitted to reveal their identity without permission of the Imperial Wizard, it is difficult to prevent them from serving.

In a bulletin by F. L. Savage of the Klan's Secret Service, there appears this statement:

"It is also reported that Judge Thomas B. Cobbs, Associate of the Fourth Court of Civil Appeals of Texas, recently appointed a Grand Jury to investigate the Klan and its activities, and branded it as an organization against the rights of citizenship and Americanism."

At Asheville, North Carolina, L. L. Froneberger, an organizer and Kleagle of a local Ku Klux Klan in that state, was indicted on charges of conspiracy for kidnapping, false arrest, and false imprisonment. Froneberger was charged with having led a band of Klansmen, disguised, to the town of Salud, N. C., where two white women charged with immorality were seized and turned over to the Sheriff at Asheville. Froneberger, under date of January 23, 1922, transmits to the Klan headquarters the charge to the jury by Judge Thomas A. Shaw. Froneberger states in this letter that his attorneys prevented his case from being tried before Judge Brock, and it was therefore tried by a "fair one hundred percent American Judge." He also asks that the case be given a write-up in the 'Searchlight,' saying:

"I trust that this will reach you in time to get a write-up about the matter in your next issue as there are some political aspirants to office in this community, who, I believe, if you make a good strong write-up, will see the 'handwriting' on the wall."

The Judge practically directed the verdict of "not guilty." A "hundred percent American judge" means a judge favorable to the Klan.

DURING the latter part of 1921, and the first part of January 1922, Judge Royal R. Graham, who is the District Judge of the County of Clearcreek, Colorado, was called in to assist Judge Ben B. Lindsey with the heavy docket of the Juvenile Court of Denver. Judge Graham's suggestion in the Cossidente case caused a great deal of newspaper notoriety and was made the basis of an editorial by the Searchlight condemning Judge Graham. Mrs. Cossidente was an Italian woman with several children. She was arraigned before Judge Graham for neglecting them. Judge Graham was reported to have ordered her either to give up the children or be sterilized so she would have no more.

The Searchlight apparently did not ascertain from the Imperial Palace that Graham was a Klansman, and when this issue containing the editorial reached Denver, R. E. Strickland, Kligrapp of Denver Klan No. 1, wrote a letter, dated January 25, 1922, under the seal of the Klan, and addressed it to L. D. Wade,

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Imperial Kligrapp, calling attention to the article. From this letter we take the following:

"Judge Graham, we are pleased to inform you, is a Klansman and a very active one. Recently we received a communication regarding a father in Denver who was habitually beating his children. Judge Graham jumped to his feet and asked that he be allowed to investigate this case through his court and report at our next Klonklave. He did so immediately and at the next Klonklave reported that he had ordered this family, which has plenty of money with which to live respectably, to get a decent home to live in, instead of their one room shack, by February 1st. He stated that if they did not obey his orders through the court, he would ask this Klan to act immediately.

Contrary to the above, the entire United States outside of Denver is under the impression that we have a marvel out here in the person of Ben Lindsey, Juvenile Judge. Ben Lindsey, from all reports, is morally unfit to hold the office he does in administering the lives of our next generation. He has played the women for their votes during the last ten years in the manner in which he administers the affairs of his office. If releasing a wayward child without giving the case publicity will gain him a few votes or if sending over some derelict urchin will appease more fortunate people, we find Ben on the job. But he is counting without us. So we venture to say that the next election will see Denver with a clean man on the Juvenile Court. Incidentally Ben Lindsey came up for vote in this order about two months ago and he was unanimously rejected for membership in this order."

And the letter concludes:

". . . From time to time, we will tell you more of our activities. We have several parties planned for the immediate future.
Faithfully yours, in the Sacred Unfailing Bond,
R. E. Strickland,
Kligrapp, Klan No. 1,
505 Washington St."

Of the failure in the attempts to investigate Ku Klux violence, the explanation is not difficult. Nearly every local Klan has a military Klan known as the Klavaliers. These men are drilled in military fashion, and in public parades wear red capes. Each man is armed with an automatic pistol. In most instances the Klans are officered by men of military training, such as ex-officers of the A. E. F. These Klavaliers usually drill at night.

When there are acts of violence, and other violations of law, committed by masked men, frequently in the uniform of the Ku Klux Klan, and evidence points to the Klan, the officers of that organization always say that these crimes were not committed by the organization. What really happens is that a few chosen men act, the Klan as a whole having no details. The manner in which such acts are committed is made plain when the following letter is explained.

"Dear Sir:
Invariably there comes to every man a call to duty, to protect those nearest and dearest to him.
You are selected by men near and dear to you, having your interest and the welfare of your loved ones at heart, who know you to be a man with a high sense of honor and of dependable character. Therefore, it is absolutely essential for the best interests of our homes, the community, State and Nation that you preserve the enclosed card and attend the meeting at the time and place named thereon. Admission will be by card only.
Be prudent, be wise, be discreet and discuss this matter with no one whatsoever.
FAIL NOT. By Order of the Committee."

This letter is sent out by a committee of picked men to a few members of the Klan, and when these men meet at the appointed time and place they are told what to do. This is the method under which victims are tarred and feathered, their faces branded with hot irons marked "KKK," or such other punishment as the committee may have decided upon. The committee does not report back to the officers. Therefore, even the officers have no official information of the crimes committed.

The formal notice, which we have just quoted, is not used by

I have a line out with Congressman W.D.Upshaw to keep me informed of anything he shouldhear concerning the Hoover editorial incident. In doing so I developed that he feels ~~xixxix~~ indebted to Holloman for giving him publicity in a favorable political way. Mr. Kelly, secretary to Senator Thos. E. Watson, is AKIA; I also have him with his ear to the ground. Mr. Upshaw informed me Saturday night that he would ask the Herald people to print the "other side" of the question, by publishing certain excerpts from the letter of Gov. Elect Hardwick, (read at the Atlanta Theatre meeting) as well as excerpt from the resolutions passed at that meeting; he is to let me know what success he has. I think it well for such request to come from Mr. Upshaw.

Faithfully and sincerely yours, In The Sacred Unfailing Bond -

Harry B. Terrell
C.G. Capitol Domain -

hbt-s all the contents of this letter are exceedingly itsh —

¶ *Congressmen,* as you see, *are not* removed *from the* influences *of the Klan, nor, as the* whole letter shows, *are* messages *by wire* sacred *from the* prying eyes *of the Klansmen.*

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"THE MOST SUBLIME LINEAGE IN ALL HISTORY

COMMEMORATING AND PERPETUATING AS IT DOES
THE MOST DAUNTLESS ORGANIZATION
KNOWN TO MAN."

Imperial Palace

Invisible Empire

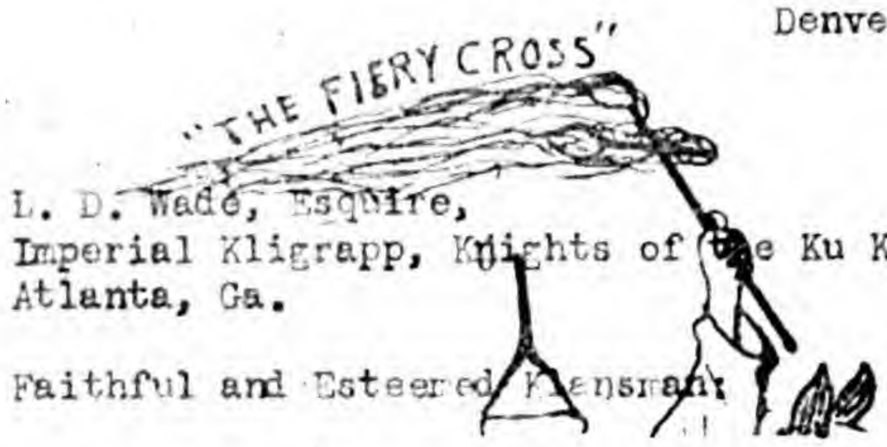
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

INCORPORATED

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DOMAIN OF THE NORTH WEST





Denver, Colo. January 25th, 1922.

L. D. Wade, Esquire,
Imperial Kligrapp, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,
Atlanta, Ga.

Faithful and Esteemed Klansman:

Judge Graham, we are pleased to inform you, is a Klansman and a very active one. Recently we received a communication regarding a father in Denver who was habitually beating his children. Judge Graham jumped to his feet and asked that he be allowed to investigate this case through his court and report at our next Klonklave. He did so immediately and at the next Klonklave reported that he had ordered this family, which has plenty of money with which to live respectably, to get a decent home to live in, instead of their one room shack, by February 1st. He stated that if they did not obey his orders through the court, he would ask this Klan to act immediately and forever put a stop to the brutality of the father of this family.

Contrary to the above, the entire United States outside of Denver is under the impression that we have a marvel out here in the person of Ben Lindsey, Juvenile judge. Ben Lindsey, from all reports, is morally unfit to hold the office he does in administering the lives of our next generation. He has played the women for their votes during the past ten years in the manner in which he administers the affairs of his office. If releasing a wayward child without giving the case publicity will gain him a few votes or if "sending over" some derelict urchin will appease more fortunate people, we find Ben on the job. But he is counting without us, so we venture to say, the next election will see Denver with a clean man on the Juvenile Court. Incidentally Ben Lindsey came up for vote in this order about two months ago and he was unanimously rejected for membership in this order.

This Searchlight editorial asks if there is a Klan in Denver, we say, there is, and we ask that through the columns of the Searchlight, its readers be informed of the fact.

I am enclosing clippings from Denver papers to show that Denver knows that it has a Klan. The only error in this editorial is that the kidnapped reporter was with the original party in the robe of a Klansman, as was myself, and with 200 people in the Y.M.C.A. lobby, this gave us more and better pub-

¶ Judge Graham, *a Klansman, is* praised *for his* beneficent activity. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, *whose Juvenile Court work* has made him famous, *is marked for defeat by the Klan which proposes to put a* "clean man *on the* Juvenile Court."

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is approximately fifty-thousand dollars and the burden will not be great if equally divided among the Klansmen of the northwest.

We have until July 6th to file the intention of the recount and finance it; therefore, kindly get your contribution into my office as early as possible.

Make checks payable either to CASH or to P.L.WADLEY and immediately DESTROY THIS LETTER BY FIRE upon reading it.

Yours in the Sacred & Unfailing Bond,

T.A.Rogers

Super-KLeagle

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

Realms of Eastern Oregon - Southeastern Washington.

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¶ *In an* effort *to keep its* doings secret *members* of the Klan, *as this* letter *shows, are* enjoined *to* "destroy by fire," *the* written *communications.*

all Klans. A somewhat different form of notice is used by some, and other Klans, more cautious, give oral notice by special messenger to the Klansmen selected to inflict the punishment.

With the method of controlling grand juries and judges, and the method of punishing citizens displeasing to the Klan, go naturally equally secret methods of obtaining information.

There are many Klansmen in the Post Office Department throughout the United States, as well as in Washington. Some time ago there were sixty-five Klansmen who were employees in the Post Office at Portland, Oregon. The Postmaster at Portland reported this situation to the Postmaster General and asked for instructions. There have been numerous complaints against the members of the Klan in the Post Office to the effect that they were tampering with the mail of citizens who were not Klansmen.

As to the telegraph service and its spies, read these:

"Esteemed Klansman:

The two following telegrams concerning the Dorsey incident passed over the wires the 3rd and 4th inst.:

Washington, D. C. June 4, 1921.

Wm. S. Brewer,
P. O. Box 1733,
Atlanta, Ga.

Have seen Hance congratulations to you believe the long lane we have been through is beginning to turn had conference with the real people today don't make any more moves regarding Dorsey without Hance or myself.

Geo. MacDonald
9:12 A. M.

the other:

Washington & D. C. June 3, 1921

Stoneleigh Court
Atlanta Constitution
Atlanta, Ga.

Reprimand standstill fortway Dorsey figus evidently met with brick wall congress quiet have not received registered letter follows out

Holloman 5:12 P. M.

The latter being partly in code.

I have, also, a copy of the wire of the Dixie Defense Committee to Herbert Hoover; it was received here at 1:55 p. m.; yours to me was received at 4:27 by the W. U.; I can't help but believe there is connection between the wire to Hoover and Holloman's to the Constitution man. . . .

I have a line out with Congressman W. D. Upshaw to keep me informed of anything he should hear concerning the Hoover editorial incident. In doing so I developed that he feels indebted to Holloman for giving him publicity in a favorable political way. Mr. Kelly, Secretary to Sen. Thomas E. Watson, is AKIA: I also have him with his ear to the ground. Mr. Upshaw informed me Saturday night that he would ask the Herald people to print 'the other side' of the question, by publishing certain excerpts from the letter to Gov. elect Hardwick (read at the Atlanta theater meeting) as well as excerpts from the resolutions passed at that meeting; he is to let me know what success he has. I think it well for such request to come from Mr. Upshaw.

Let me know if we have with us those who may be in position to decide H's wire, and what, if anything, you may learn as to Wm. S. Brewer. Both might be of assistance to me further here—that is the information obtainable from them might be.

Please give me an address where I can write to you.

Faithfully and sincerely yours, in The Sacred Unfailing Bond,

Harry B. Terrell,
G. C. Capitol Domain.

hbt-s

All the contents of this letter are exceedingly *itsub-* "

Itsub means "In the Sacred Unfailing Bond." The AKIA means "I am a Klansman."

The Klan's Secret Service naturally keeps in touch with legislation in which the Klan is interested. We find a report from L. J. McKinnon, of the Department of Investigation, that

> "The anti-lynching bill which was passed by the House will be reported unfavorable by the Senate committee according to the best opinions in political circles. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People claim that they will cause the defeat at the polls of every member of Congress who votes against it."

One of the steps taken in Washington, in October 1922, was to form a Klan composed only of newspapermen, congressmen, and other government officials, but separate from the Imperial Klan and not nearly so secret. In fact, this was so open that individuals were asked by letter to join, and the movement thereupon became public. The Klan insists that the leaking out of this effort has not injured it, as it says that King Kleagle Poindexter is overwhelmed with inquiries for membership. The claim of the Ku Klux Klan is that this particular Washington Klan includes thirty well-known newspapermen, fourteen United States senators and representatives, high [*Continued on page 110*]

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¶ *Writing about the people of his own far away Eastern world the* author of Alien Souls *tells an absorbing tale of a* love that knew no barriers.





¶ *"Yoo - yoo!" the* crowd shouted *as the little* bride-to-be, *decked out in all the* wedding finery of Tunis, *came into view escorted by her father.* Othman er-Riffa, *leaning far out of the window,* blew her a kiss, *and she, happening to look up,* blushed.

A Flower *of* Deborah's *Choosing*

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrations drawn and engraved on wood by Wilfred Jones

TUNIS stood heaped white on its hill, all its windows afire with the dying sun; and Henna el-Atteq walked beneath the glow, moving hips and shoulders with a dancing-girl's swing, her golden, unveiled face showing on cheeks and forehead the indigo tattoo marks of her tribe, the Ouled Nayil; her great, hooded eyes darting everywhere at the homing throng of Arabs and Jews, down at the ground to guard her tiny, lemon slippers from the scum of the stagnant pools, and up at the faint shaving of the moon that, very thin and far and nostalgic, hung in a sky of jade.

There was an old Kabyle woman huddled in a corner of the marketplace, her wrinkled neck twisted to one side as she blew into the fire of the open-air stove where small, skewered rags of mutton sizzled protestingly. She looked up, saw the girl, recognized her tribe and profession—and be it remembered that in Islamic Africa Ouled Nayil and dancing girl are interchangeable terms—and pointed at her with a shocked and unwashed finger.

"Wah!" she cried. "Mithil esseyd—like as the fallow beasts, savage scatterlings of the wilderness! A stench in the nostrils of the righteous!"

Henna el-Atteq laughed. She was rather proud of her ancient, inherited profession. She gave a mocking salute, the seed-pearl edging of her orchid and pistache burnoose sweeping the ground.

"Slubbia—gipsy!" she replied in a voice as passionless as Fate, as if the words were not an insult but a calm statement of facts. "Yahudi—Jew! Baghrila—she-mule! What will not a goat eat or a fool say, O Almost Noseless?"

She walked on amidst the laughter of the crowd, turning the corner of the Street of the Grain-Merchants; then, by a crumbling staircase veiled with hoary, slate-grey lichen, descended into the pungent shade of a clump of cinnamon trees and straight up to her lover's house.

But when, directed by the thoroughly disapproving Hajji Nejm, her lover's cousin, she crossed the hall and rushed with birdlike, high-pitched cries of delight into the patio where Othman er-Riffa was waiting for her, she was disappointed. For tonight there were no lips to give her welcome, no bending of the Moroccan's lithe young body to the level of her dimpled knees, no strong hands to hold her tight, no surge of words, to tell her that "Hayah! my heart is a tasseled floor cloth for your little, little feet! Step gently, child!"

TONIGHT Othman er-Riffa did not even look up as she entered. He was squatting on a silken pillow, in front of him a half-emptied brandy bottle wrapped in moist rags to keep it cool. Next to it he had heaped up a small mound of sand and pebbles, had stuck a row of green-leafed twigs upright in it, and had so turned over an earthen jar that its contents trickled slowly, in a tiny stream, under the verdure, while he stared at it with an outward show of grimly Quixotic affection, swaying rhythmically from side to side, and singing a throaty, homesick song about his fatherland in the far Western mountains of Morocco—which were



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evidently represented by the miniature landscape.

Loud was his song and yet tender; warlike and yet melting.

"Ioom mahalia khiooli teffaha!" he chanted, waving the bottle and giving a fearless hiccup.

"Raqeb oudi ouh slahi
Ouh bnat elhai qa thaiali
Meun albiha. . . ."

Three times he repeated the song, crescendo, playing with the words, embroidering them with gorgeous similes, adding quivering little falsetto grace notes, smiling beatifically through half-closed eyelids, utterly pleased with himself. For Othman er-Riffa was a poet; a poet who knew the sweetness of his own songs, the tender, dim beauty of his own rhymes; an exceedingly vain young poet who—to quote the ungracious judgment of his cousin Hajji Nejm, who was a mullah, a Moslem priest—imagined that he could winnow the thrashing floor of all emotions with the wind of his nostrils.

"Meun albiha——" his voice rose to a high, thin quavering, suddenly stopped; and Henna el-Atteq looked at him, waited for him to speak, then, when he said nothing but applied his lips to the neck of the bottle, shrugged her slim shoulders and sat down by his side.

"Are you homesick, soul of my soul?" she whispered, playfully pulling at his mustache. "You know the saying: 'Rather bear the pain than the remedy!' For if you go home to Morocco you will find there no woman—no woman like me, my lord!" she added coquettishly.

AGAIN she was disappointed. For instead of responding to her caress, Othman er-Riffa turned a stony, gray eye on her. Like many a Western man he was inclined to be both solemn and irreproachably respectable when in his cups.

"No woman like you indeed shall I find at home," he said thickly, "nor do I want to."

"Hey?" she looked up, surprised.

"Good women I shall find there," he went on, "sweet women, proper women, women of the house and the hearth!" And he wiped a tear from his left eye which had no business there.

"But—but——" stammered the girl, hurt, discomfited, "my lord——"

He pushed her away.

"Begone!" he said roughly. "Begone, naughty daughter of a naughty mother!"

She burst out weeping.



¶ *The* old woman *looked up* at the girl *and recognized* her tribe *and profession.* *"Wah!" she cried, "like as the* fallow beasts, *savage scatterlings* of the wilderness!"

"And only last night you told me that you loved me!" she whimpered.

"Did I indeed say so?"

"Yes."

"What of it? I am a poet, and poets have forked tongues!" He tilted the bottle to his lips with a jaunty movement of the



¶ *"If you go* home to Morocco *you will find there* no woman like me," the dancing girl *added* coquettishly. *"No woman* like you *indeed, shall I find, nor do* I want to," *Othman er-Riffa* told her.

arm. "Allah!" he continued. "This Tunis is a soft land—and the women of Tunis——? Wah!" contemptuously. "Give me the West, say I, and the women of the West!"

THEN with a sudden change of temper, he rose, upsetting the miniature landscape which he had so carefully heaped up in memory of his native land. Unsteadily he went to the door and flung it open.

"Leave my presence!" he wound up. "Nor ever return again! It has occurred to me that I do not like your face, nor your hands, nor your eyes, nor your nose, nor your morals. Es-salaam!" he bowed mockingly.

"Pig!" the Ouled Nayil raised her accents to a shriek as shrill as a kite's. "Son of a pig with a pig's heart! Father of little piglings!"

"Sister mine!" came his sardonic rejoinder.

She took a threatening step in his direction, her small, henna-stained hands clenched tight.

"Are these the customs of Morocco," she asked, "to play with a woman, to steal her heart—and then to break it like a brittle toy because of the sport of it?"

"What?" he demanded with a rumbling laugh. "Break your heart? Your *heart?* And what would you do with a heart? Ho! What would a monkey do with a rose bottle?"

AND he clapped his hands, ordered the black servant who came running to remove "this person who has come into my presence, loudly and shamelessly, shocking me with improper words and gestures." And this for the time being was the end of the affair as far as Henna el-Atteq was concerned, while the Moroccan very suddenly, sat down on the floor and fell peacefully asleep, to be awakened an hour later with a clear eye, a clear head, and a clear conscience, and to find, looking down at him reproachfully the moonlike features of Hajji Nejm, his cousin.

The latter sniffed.

"It is not permitted the true believer to drink fermented spirits," he began. "It says in the Koran——"

"Koran——? A book! Wah!" interrupted the other. "If a

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book it must be, O saintly son of my father's sister, let it be a book of love!"

Hajji Nejm sighed.

Three weeks earlier news had reached their little home town in the Riffian hills of Morocco that an uncle of theirs, a certain Tereq el-Toork, a wealthy horse trader, had died in Tunis and left all his money to Othman er-Riffa who had set out at once to claim his inheritance, inviting the other to accompany him as his guest. Hajji Nejm had accepted gladly. For, a student of theology and a mullah, he knew that there were great libraries in Tunis, dealing with the Shariat-Islam, the "Road to Heavenly Bliss." But from the day of their arrival his cousin's mode of living had interfered disastrously with his own.

THE TWANGING of Othman er-Riffa's guitar had throbbed and zummed in Hajji Nejm's ear when he had tried to unriddle the involved passages of Diwan Umr ibn Fariz, the celebrated mystic; the provoking sound of Othman er-Riffa's kisses had disturbed Hajji Nejm's tranquillity of soul when he had endeavored to dive into the Ilm al-Tafsir, the "Exegesis of the Koran"; the clink and clank of Othman er-Riffa's glass had splintered the solemn dignity of Hajji Nejm's maghrib, evening prayer; the throaty laughter of Othman er-Riffa's dancing girls had cut discordantly through the nasal, sacerdotal drawl of Hajji Nejm's isba, or night prayer. Never a moment's peace!





¶ *"Come. Great* feasting *is there," said* Othman er-Riffa. *"Flowers and perfume and wine, for* tonight Deborah *daughter of the rich banker,* becomes a bride."

HE SIGHED as he thought of it; spoke of it:

"Never a moment's peace! Three weeks since we left home and. . . ."

"Time for us to return home!"

"Good!"

"No. Bad! For home is as full of nagging gray-beards and their unbeautiful wives as a Mzbite's burnoose is of vermin. But what can I do? You see——" he spread his hands, showing flat empty palms, "——all my money is gone."

"What?" demanded the other incredulously. "You mean that you——"

Othman er-Riffa cut through the other's exclamation with a lordly gesture.

"Gone!" he announced. "Taken wings and flown away! Every last piastre! I even sold the house. By the end of the week we'll have to move——"

"But—over ten thousand——"

"Spent just the same!"

"How?"

"Women—mostly!" came the laconic reply.

"But——"

"Woman is both the honey and the gall of my life, my crown of roses and my crown of thorns. Woman, O great mud turtle of my father's sister's breeding, eats minted gold as a goat licks salt." He rose, affected by his own eloquence. "For I am generous and splendid. A Rustam in munificence am I! A Haroun-al-Raschid in liberality! A Sultan Mansoor in bounteousness! In fact——" he shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, blew a kiss into the air——"a poet!"



"Still——" the other shook his head——"it is incredible!"

"Why?"

"Ten thousand golden piastres—in three weeks—on women——?"

"Belike not altogether on women. Most indeed of my money the dancing girls swallowed. But some of it, too, went to buy me fine raiment. Some to wet my gullet with the infidels' charming drinks. With some I bought jadoo—powerful magic—to send slow death to an enemy. Some—I forgot. What difference how and where? The piastres are gone—blown away as the sirocco blows away a grain of sand in the desert!"

"Hm-hm!" Hajji Nejm smiled, pityingly, superciliously, self-righteously.

Then, all at once, the smile left his face. His jaw dropped.

"By the Prophet!" he exclaimed.

"What is the matter?"

"How are we going to get home, to Morocco?"

"On twice two feet—yours and mine!" laughed the poet. "Food? The people of the black tents will give us bread and figs and sour milk. To you, because of your saintliness; to me, because my speech is sweet as the chittering of birds. No fear. Hennah el-Beduw, wa eth-thaif aziz—to the Bedawins the guest is as one dearly beloved."

Hajji Nejm sat down in a disconsolate heap. He was a young man, but of comfortable rotundity, not used to physical exertions.



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"Istugfur Ullah——" he said weakly—— "Lord, I cry Thee mercy!"

He fanned himself with the edge of his burnoose. Home was three hundred miles away, across desert and mountain and desert again; and his feet were small and narrow—much too small and narrow for his paunch and girth.

"You have no money at all?" he demanded in a flat, thin voice.

"Not even enough to hire us the use of a brace of camels?"

"Not as much as the smell of gold is sticking to my fingers," replied Othman er-Riffa. "Here. Convince yourself!" He stretched out both his hands and held them beneath the other's nose. "Attar of roses you may smell there—attar of jasmine—the scented memories of four, perhaps five, dancing girls. But of gold——? Not even the shadow of a smell!"

"Istugfur Ullah!" repeated Hajji Nejm.

Then, suddenly, he looked up as he heard his cousin's ringing laugh, as he heard him say that "wa hyat ruqbaty—by the honor of my neck—I forgot!"

"Forgot what?" asked Hajji Nejm hopefully.

"That I am still rich."

"Blessed be the forty-seven true Moslem Saints! You saved a little——?"

"Not money."

"Not money? Then—what. . . ?"

"Am I not a poet, regrettable mud turtle? Is not the lilt of my words like diamonds and rubies and emeralds from the far kingdoms of Hindustan?"

"What do you mean?"

"Reach me my guitar. Thanks" He took the long-necked, two-stringed instrument and fastened its ribbons across his left shoulder. "Come."

He left the patio, crossed the hall, and stepped out of the house, while the other followed, gesticulating excitedly, asking breathless questions:

"How? When? Where?"

"To the quarter of the Jews—the Benni Israel!"

"But—why, why, why?"——and with each "Why" the man's voice peaked a shrill, hysterical octave.

"Great feasting is there—so I heard in the bazaar—the clank of cymbals and tomtoms—the smell of rich food—flowers and perfume and wine—for tonight Deborah, the daugher of Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar, the rich banker, becomes the bride of Saffar Elias, the worthy talmudist."



¶ *"Come up to* the wedding," *the cook told* Othman, *"Moise will* like a bard *and* jester *from his own* Morocco *to entertain* his guests."

"Yahudis—Jews!" sneered Hajji Nejm. "Sons of burnt fathers! Unbelieving cattle! What have you and I, being Moslems of the Faith, to do with the cursed seed of Israel?"

"Do you want to walk to Morocco, all the way?"

"No."

"Then come with me. You see, down amongst the Jews there will be a noisy welcome tonight for you and me—and a handful of gold when they hear the twanging of my guitar and the honeyed rhymes of my songs."

"I see. You want me along—to—ah——"

"To collect. My voice is sweeter than yours, but your hands are larger than mine."



¶ "Curse thee *all the angels! Let* all the heathen *curse thee, son of a* donkey! *Is this the way* to stir a cake!" *the* cook cried *as he brought the* knife *down on the second cook's* knuckles.

AGAIN HAJJI NEJM thought of the long journey to the Riffian hills, across desert and mountain; and the fear of it overcame his narrow Moslem prejudices.

"Very well," he said; and he waddled after his cousin down the street, under the sweep of the African night that was dimming the houses to delicate silver, into the quarter of the Jews that jutted like a wedge between Old Tunis and New Tunis, the former swarming with Arab life smoothly running in its well-worn fatalistic grooves, the latter steeped in the pioneering glow of modern French enterprise.

"Here we are!" said Othman er-Riffa, pointing. "Hayah! But it is good to be alive and young and a poet! Night—and gold—and the scent of many flowers—and perhaps a spice of adventure—and spring in the air, spring in my blood!"

The coming union of Deborah Lebhar and Saffar Elias was a social event of the purest water, and thus the Mellah was filled with a festive crowd that lapped over from house to sidewalk and thence to the road, laughing, gossiping, gesticulating. Everybody was there, rich and poor, young and old, orthodox and reformed; Jews in kaftans and broidered skull caps from the inmost ghetto; expatriate, silk-hatted Jews returned from Paris just for the marriage; Jews from the fashionable Tunis suburbs of Belcourt and Saint-Eugène.

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¶ Othman er-Riffa *could hear the* girl's heart beat *as he held her on his* shoulder. *"I love* — love you!" *he stammered.*

Laughter; jests; terse, picaresque comments; and, clear above the tumult, a voice speaking up:

"Well said, grandfather of a skillet!"

It was a guttural, metallic voice, without the whining Jewish sing-song, and Levy Tordjeman, anxious to see the speaker before returning appropriate answer, leaned far out. The man he saw, flanked by another who was short and stout, was young and good-looking, evidently an Arab, as evidently a Moroccan. He had a fine, slim length of limb with shoulders that were supple and wide. His nose was audaciously beaked and contrasted strangely with his heavily fringed, black eyes that were those of a dreamer; his short beard was well curled; and beneath his burnoose of fleecy, white wool he had a swinging gait that partook not a little of strut and swagger.

"By the crimson pig's bristle!" exclaimed Levy Tordjeman, half sarcastic, half impressed by the rare sight of a Moroccan Moslem, a gentleman, not a beggar or artisan, in the ghetto. "Behold the Shareefian Emperor who has stepped amongst the lowly!" He toned his voice to a husky whisper that dropped to the street like a flat scnte. "Why this honor, Arab? Why have you come amongst the Benni Israel?"

Othman er-Riffa snapped his fingers.

"Necessity!" he replied shortly.

"Necessity?"

"Indeed. An empty belly knows no religious scruples."

"Poor?"

"Only in money."

"Come up and eat your fill!" invited the hospitable restaurant proprietor.

"Thanks. I shall presently. It is also that I need money."

"WE ALL do. Money—ah—is like the beard of the beardless."

"Just so!" agreed Othman er-Riffa. "But I need it."

"Oh——"

"Yes. A handful of coined gold."

"Anything else?" inquired Levy Tordjeman sardonically.

"Let me see—well—yes! They speak favorably of the daughters of Israel. Thus—produce them, son of naught. Perhaps a daughter of your own or——" insolently studying the other's elderly face——"a granddaughter?"

Levy Tordjeman creased his sagging lips into a smile. The smile broadened into gargantuan laughter. Here was a man after his own heart, a man of glib tongue and twisting metaphor.

"You talk almost like a poet," said Levy Tordjeman.

"I am a poet—charming-voiced, sweet-lilting! Amongst the blue Riffian hills I am acclaimed a Hafiz, unchallenged!" He pointed a thumb at Hajji Nejm. "Ask the mud turtle, my cousin!"

"Conceit, eh?" countered the Jew.

"No. A sober fact. Listen to the proof."



Othman er-Riffa slid the guitar to his hand, twanged the strings, and raised his voice to the quivering falsetto of the ancient Arab love song:

"Tabat assigha ouh itah essqam
Yah sad menn saad sadoo. . . ."

"The saying is true!" laughed the other.

"What saying?"

"El Mghrabi qtaloo rassoo mah tahdar; idah khal fammu sallaq rassul—cut off a Moroccan's head before he talks; if he opens his mouth he has saved his neck!"

He turned as he heard the second cook ask his advice about the spicing of a sauce and stepped away from the window with a parting invitation:

"COME up anyway, you and your cousin. Perhaps there may be a way to. . . ."

A minute later as he was tasting, then spicing the sauce, he was joined by Othman er-Riffa who had come up the stairs two steps at a time, followed by Hajji Nejm. Levy Tordjeman held out the wooden mixing spoon.

"Good, eh?"

"Exquisite!" Othman er-Riffa smacked his lips. "And now—as to gold——"

"If a few francs will help you——?"

"I am not a beggar!" came the haughty reply.

"Tut-tut! Rather ride on a beetle than walk on carpets!"

"Too," continued the poet, "a few francs would not help me."



¶ *They stopped* in front of the mosque *and there* Othman er-Riffa *drew* Deborah *to him and* smiled. *"I have alighted* at your tent, *my lord!" she said. "There can be no* question *of splitting* faith *between* you and me."

"Tell me your troubles," invited the Jew; and the Arab described to him his predicament.

"Can be done." Levy Tordjeman inclined his head. "Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar is rich and generous and by birth a Moroccan. He may like a bard from his own land. I myself shall talk to him. And now—eat and drink. Here! A full bottle! Wet

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well your gullet that you may pipe the more sweetly!"

So Othman er-Riffa and Hajji Nejm ate and drank, sitting near the window, watching the festive crowds; and presently the former rose and looked out as the wedding smala burst into sight, with flickering torches, with men and women and children running alongside, with the very animals, rangy alley dogs and dusty, guilty-looking ash-bin cats, taking part in the merriment, all chattering, laughing, barking, meowing.

Yells and high-pitched comments drifted up:

"How find you the bride-to-be, neighbor?"

"I myself could not have chosen better—may I be father to my sons!"

"The face of a Rachel she has—and the softness of the flowers of Z'ohar!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!" shouted Othman er-Riffa with the best, as the little bride-to-be came into view escorted by her father, seated on a gaily caparizoned white donkey, decked out in all the wedding finery of Tunis, from the lace shawl that covered her black curls and the immense pearl and gold filigree earrings hanging down to her narrow, pretty shoulders, to her loose trousers of rose-red satin and her tiny slippers embroidered with silver and black.

Her forehead was broad and snow-white. Her eyes were brown pools, flecked with gold. Her small nose. . . .

"Look at her nose!" exclaimed Othman er-Riffa, leaning out so far from the window that Hajji Nejm afraid his cousin would lose his balance, held on to his burnoose for dear life. "A nose? What do I say? A dream! A thrill! A flower!"

He blew her a kiss from the tips of his fingers; and Deborah, happening to look up just at that moment, blushed an even rose while the poet broke into another quivering cry of:

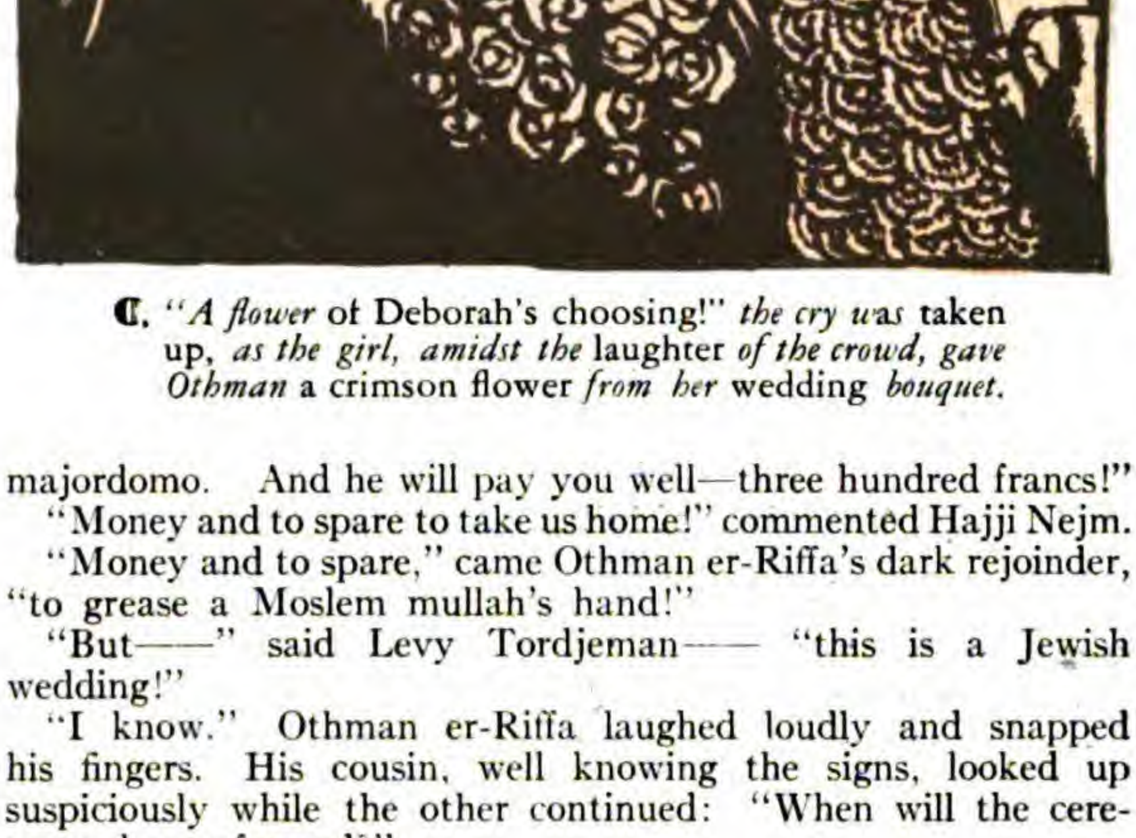
"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

Then he laughed mockingly as the bridegroom-to-be came down into view escorted by a dozen solemn-visaged rabbis and talmudists from his seminary. For Saffar Elias was not a good-looking man. Tall he was, ungainly and angular. The nose, the eyebrows, the thin, ascetic mouth, the curve of his bony hips, the knees, the clumsy, hairy hands, the very feet in their ill-fitting patent-leather shoes—everything was in sharp angles.

"Kelamata, Engleysay—by the word of an Englishman!" mumbled the poet. "Here is a pig that does not blush for its face! Here is a cockroach to be mated to a butterfly!"

Disgusted he turned away from the window while the wedding procession filed into the Great Zion Restaurant; and not long afterwards Levy Tordjeman came into the kitchen and called to the Moroccan.

"I have talked to Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar," he said. "He is delighted. He wants to show his guests how they do it in his old fatherland, in Morocco. He wants you to be haufiz wa muskhureh wa furae-kut-khooda—bard and jester and majordomo. And he will pay you well—three hundred francs!"



¶. *"A flower* of Deborah's choosing!" *the cry was* taken up, *as the girl, amidst the* laughter *of the crowd, gave Othman* a crimson flower *from her* wedding *bouquet.*



¶. *Othman er-Riffa twanged* his guitar, *looked* at Deborah *with* melting *eyes and* broke *into an ancient* song *of love.*

"Money and to spare to take us home!" commented Hajji Nejm.

"Money and to spare," came Othman er-Riffa's dark rejoinder, "to grease a Moslem mullah's hand!"

"But——" said Levy Tordjeman—— "this is a Jewish wedding!"

"I know." Othman er-Riffa laughed loudly and snapped his fingers. His cousin, well knowing the signs, looked up suspiciously while the other continued: "When will the ceremony be performed?"

"Tonight, after the feast—in the banker's house."

"Hm—and Deborah—is she happy?" asked the poet.

The restaurant proprietor winked.

"She must be happy!" he replied.

"Must?"

"Yes. Is she not going to become the wife of a learned talmudist, a man of God? Did not her father command her to be happy? Has it not been decreed as the promise of her life to find happiness in the arms of Saffar Elias?"

"Wah—" cried the poet. "Promise of her life, is it? And yet I have heard tell that the promise of the night is rubbed with butter—which melts with the young day's sun. Lead the way, grandfather of a skillet!"

They passed into the banquet room.

Great was the feasting there. And everybody spoke with praise of Othman er-Riffa, the bard, the jester, the majordomo, whom Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar, unwilling to share the glory with Levy Tordjeman, introduced as an idea of his own.

"All the way to Morocco I sent for him to lend splendor to the feast. A poet of renown and distinction he is in his native Riffian hills."

"Ah—from Morocco?" breathed Deborah's grandmother's mother-in-law, a snobbish old dame. "An Arab—are you—a Moslem?"

"Yes," smiled Othman er-Riffa, "and a poet. I will sing you a stave. I will charm your ears with a dainty lilt in honor of Deborah, that exquisite flower."

He bowed low, twanged his guitar, picking the two tough strings, the G and the B, into melancholy, minor cadences, looked at the blushing Deborah with melting eyes, and broke into song:

"Qoolthoom sabt arraha
Behaooaqoom tab frahi
Ellilah asidi nredroo
Kissann arraha. . . ."

He wound up with a high, throaty cry, and the applause was deafening. They shook his hands. [*Continued on page 138*]

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¶ Three billion dollars worth of Ford cars were sold in twenty years. The net profit was over $400,000,000. And Mr. Ford's motto is: "Always make your selling price below what appears to be the cost of production."



¶ *On the ice* of Baltimore Bay, *Lake St. Clair, Henry Ford* electrified *the* entire country *by driving* his car ninety-two *miles* an hour

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF HENRY FORD

¶ III Mr. Ford Cut Profits and Raised Wages

By Allan L. B*enson*
Illustrations by W*alter* J. E*nright*

AFTER BEATING Winton, Ford went out on the ice of Baltimore Bay, Lake St. Clair, and did a mile at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour. That made the whole country talk, both of the Ford car and of Ford. The car in which he made this great burst of speed—the old "999"—was taken, a week later, to the 1904 automobile show in Madison Square Garden, New York, where it was the great attraction of the show.

Ford was too busy developing and manufacturing his car, however, to devote himself to racing. Barney Oldfield was therefore employed to do this. Everybody knows that Oldfield did his job well.

"Those were the great days," said Ford to Oldfield a few years ago, "when I was making you and you were making me."

Oldfield looked at him a second out of the corner of his eye and replied: "Yes, they were the great days. But don't you think I did my job of making you a little better than you did your job of making me?"

I had heard this story somewhere and asked Ford if it were true. He laughed and replied that it was.

Ford and Oldfield are still warm friends. Oldfield came out to the Dearborn plant one day in the winter of 1921-22. Ford and I happened to be walking along a hall when he espied Oldfield approaching, fifty feet away.

"Hello, Barney," shouted Ford, swinging an arm and quickening his pace.

"Hello, Henry," replied Oldfield, beaming, with the inevitable cigar clenched between his teeth.

The Ford Motor Company, during the first fifteen and one-half months of its existence, paid dividends equal to the entire capital stock of the company. It was plain that the venture was to be a success. The stockholders, with the exception of Henry Ford, faced the future with composure. They had received all of their money back and were, as the saying is, "on velvet." Perhaps Ford, too, for another reason, was as happy as any of them. Things were not going right, and it is when there are problems to solve and obstacles to remove that Ford is most himself and at his best. Smooth sailing always bores him. When things are too quiet, he always looks for something to do.

It was because he "wanted something to do" that, against the wishes of Mrs. Ford, who thought he already had too much to do, he granted the request of the United States in 1921 that he make a bid for the great water power at Muscle Shoals.

At any rate, Ford had plenty of problems and enough to do in the years immediately following the founding of the Ford Motor Company. To all outward appearances, the company was proceeding as harmoniously as it was profitably. Its business was growing and time after time the plant was moved to larger quarters.

But all this time a battle was going on inside the company. One of the large stockholders differed radically from Ford as to the kind of a car the company should make and the kind of trade it should seek. Ford apparently felt it advisable to yield to a certain extent, even against his will, to the other man's

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judgment. But there was battle all the while—battle that never ended until Ford gained control of the company and sharply turned its course to the direction in which he believed it should go.

And not until Ford gained control was it apparent that the Ford Motor Company was to be, not merely a business success, but what Rockefeller later declared it to be—"the industrial marvel of the age."

TO GET a clear understanding of what happened in the Ford Motor Company during the first three and one-half years of its existence one must know the price at which the car was sold, the number that was sold, what they brought in cash and what were the net profits.

In presenting these facts in this place, it seems advisable to go ahead of the story and print these facts for the company's entire history. I am able to do this because Mr. Ford gave me the figures. When I told him what I wanted, he took me into the office of his secretary, Mr. Liebold, and directed that the data I desired be compiled and given to me. In a few days the information came back from the Highland Park office, where it was collected, and was handed to me.

That is the Ford way. He either gives a man all his friendship or none. I had asked for figures that went to the very "insides" of his company—figures that had never before been printed either about the Ford Motor Company or any other within gunshot of its size—and he ordered them turned over to me with no more question than as if I had asked him to tell me the time of day.

YET THE reason for this was more than mere friendship. I am no particular friend of Mr. Ford's. I have known him for a number of years, spent most of the winter of 1921-22 in his offices at Dearborn. But Ford is friendly to everybody who really gets to know him at all. It was not merely friendship that caused him to supply me with the astounding "inside" figures that are in this article. I believe it was due more to Ford's deep-down belief that everything in the world should be done in the open.

"The day will come when there will be no secrets in business," said he to me one day when we were discussing the possibility of the indefinite extension of wireless telephony, with all of one's competitors listening, perhaps.

There are secrets in the Ford organization, plenty of them, but they are maintained because, in existing business circumstances, they have to be.

I will first present the number of Ford cars sold each year from the organization of the company to the close of business on December 31, 1921:

1903-4—15½ months	1,708
1904-5	1,695
1905-6	1,599
1906-7	8,423
1907-8	6,398
1908-9	10,607
1909-10	18,664
1910-11	34,528
1911-12	78,440
1912-13	168,304
1913-14	248,307
1914-15—10 months	221,805
1915-16	472,350
1916-17	730,041
1917-18	656,165
1918-19	487,802
1919-20—Aug., 1919, to April, 1920	635,226
1919-20—May, 1920, to Dec. 31, 1920	690,755
1920-21—Calendar year	933,720
Total	5,406,587

That is the total number of Ford cars sold to the beginning of 1922. The number of tractors sold up to January 1, 1922, was 199,447.

Next comes the cash receipts from the foregoing sales, which were as follows for the fiscal periods ending on the dates named.

Sept. 30, 1903	$132,481.72
Sept. 30, 1904	1,204,317.83
Sept. 30, 1905	1,914,902.82
Sept. 30, 1906	1,491,626.16
Sept. 30, 1907	5,773,851.38
Sept. 30, 1908	4,701,298.42
Sept. 30, 1909	9,041,290.55
Sept. 30, 1910	16,711,299.45
Sept. 30, 1911	24,656,767.75
Sept. 30, 1912	42,477,677.22
Sept. 30, 1913	89,108,884.56
Sept. 30, 1914	119,489,316.99
July 31, 1915—10 months	121,200,871.00
July 31, 1916	206,867,327.46
July 31, 1917	274,575,051.53
July 31, 1918	308,719,033.60
July 31, 1919	305,637,115.28
April 30, 1920—9 months	429,866,662.65
Dec. 31, 1920—8 months	483,896,482.65
Dec 31, 1921	546,049,449.96
Total	$2,993,515,708.98

Almost three billions! That is what the Ford Motor Company had received in cash from the date of its incorporation to January 1, 1922. This total includes receipts from the sale of tractors as well as from the sale of automobiles and trucks.

Now we come to the net income—the profits—of the Ford Motor Company and of Henry Ford & Son, Inc. The latter corporation was formed to manufacture the Fordson tractor, but was discontinued at the close of 1918, when the tractor



¶ *Many of the world's* most famous men *visited* Mr. Ford. *Among them was* Lord Northcliffe *who drove a* Ford tractor—*at least long enough* to be photographed.

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¶ Ford *went into a* Detroit shoe store *in the winter of 1921-22 to be measured for a shoe-model. While the* clerk *waited upon him, he* took advantage *of the opportunity to ask the* great manufacturer *when he believed* business *would be back to normal. Ford answered him by asking some questions. "How much would* you charge *a man like me for a* good pair *of walking shoes?" he inquired. "Oh,* about $14," *said the clerk. "How much would you* have charged *before the* war?" *"About $6," said the clerk. "Well," said Ford,* "business *will be* normal again *when you charge $6.50 for those shoes."*

business was taken over by the Ford Motor Company. Here are the Ford profits:

Ford Motor Company:	
June 16, 1903–Sept. 30, 1903	$36,957.64
Oct. 1, 1903–Sept. 30, 1904	246,079.67
Oct. 1, 1904–Sept. 30, 1905	290,194.02
Oct. 1, 1905–Sept. 30, 1906	102,397.93
Oct. 1, 1906–Sept. 30, 1907	1,124,675.38
Oct. 1, 1907–Dec. 31, 1908	1,150,983.28
Calendar year 1909	3,125,875.58
Calendar year 1910	4,127,207.92
Calendar year 1911	7,288,303.48
Calendar year 1912	13,552,239.17
Calendar year 1913	27,001,202.95
Nine months, to Sept. 30, 1914	24,923,448.91
Ten months, to July 31, 1915	23,426,661.53
Fiscal year to July 31, 1916	57,056,428.85
Fiscal year to July 31, 1917	26,715,944.41
Fiscal year to July 31, 1918	30,341,057.38
Five months, to Dec. 31, 1918	10,371,690.40
Calendar year 1919	69,924,410.52
Calendar year 1920	53,448,479.82
Calendar year 1921	75,890,836.44
Henry Ford & Son:	
Fiscal year to July 31, 1918	1,009,100.42
Five months, to Dec. 31, 1918	1,289,713.67
Grand Total	$432,443,888.47

THAT IS what the Ford gold mine had produced in profits up to January 1, 1922. Salaries, wages and bonuses paid during the same period amounted to $621,747,340.05.

A study of the foregoing tables reveals the precision with which Ford's theory with regard to the relationship between low prices, large output and big profits works out in practice. The price of the first Ford car was $950. During the second year of the company's existence Ford, against his own judgment, yielded to the importunities of a partner to put out a six-cylinder car at $2,000 and it will be noted that, during the next year, though profits increased, the production of cars fell off. During the third year, both production and profits declined, the latter shrinking to a third of what they were the year before. These years represent the period of internal warfare that took place within the company to determine what class of cars it should make, Ford standing out for a car for the common people and the opposition contending for a more expensive vehicle.

The calendar year 1909 found Ford firmly in the saddle and thereafter both production and profits rapidly increased. The price of the car was again reduced to $950.

"I always fix my selling price below what appears to be the cost of production," said Mr. Ford to me when we were discussing the figures in this chapter. "The increased volume of business is sure to reduce the cost of production, thus giving a profit."

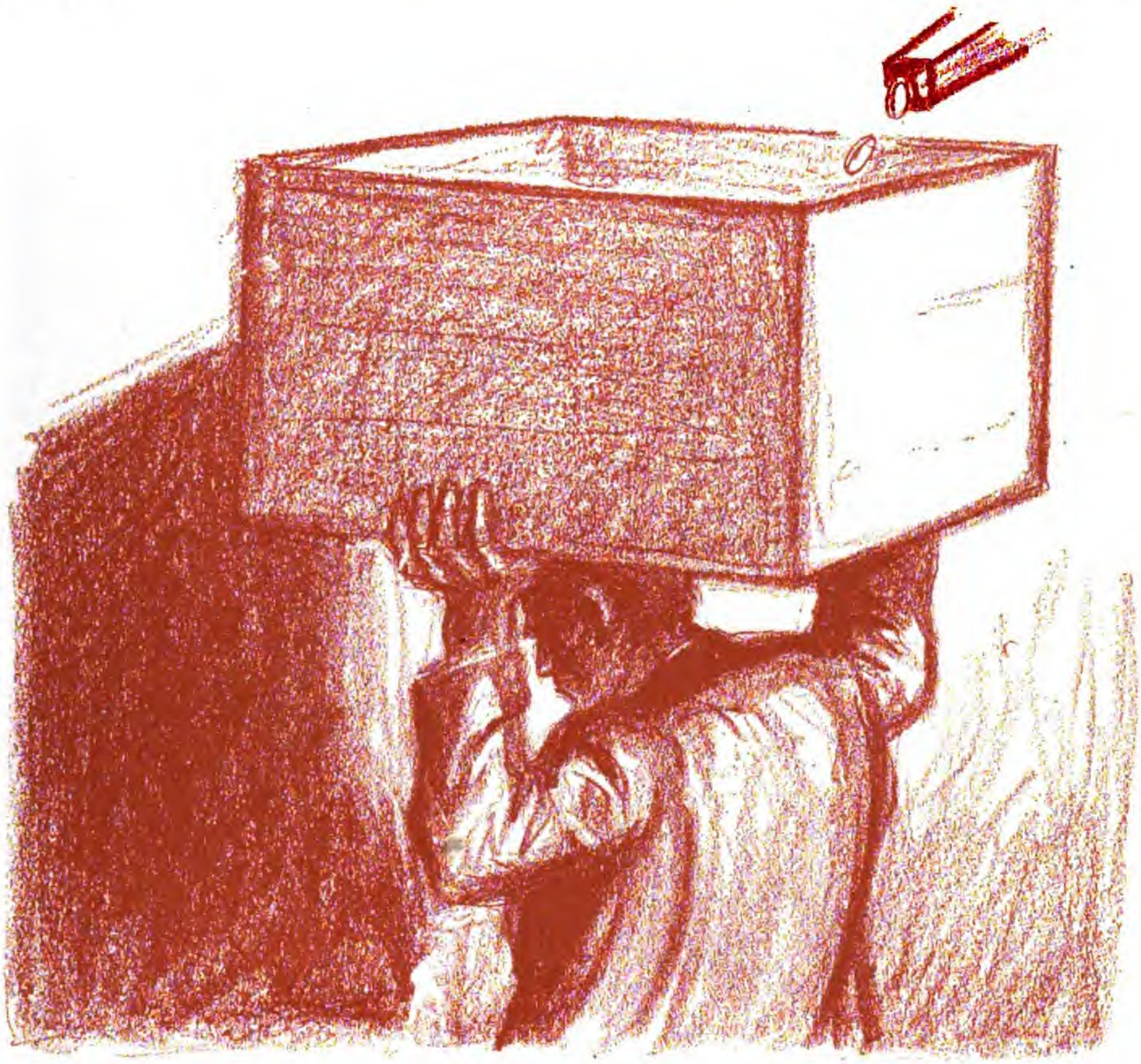
THAT IS exactly what Ford did after the tremendously profitable year of 1921—cut prices below apparent cost. By dividing the profits for 1921 by the number of cars sold I found that this process gave eighty-one dollars as the apparent profit on each car. I asked Mr. Ford if I might apply this process to all the years and print the results. He said I might, but added that it would be better to have the exact profits compiled in his office and the figures given to me. He gave orders that this be done, but when the task was undertaken, it was found that it was impossible to get the exact profit upon each car for the early years of the company's existence because in keeping the books profits on the sale of parts used in repairs had been included with the profits on cars.

The Highland Park office, in forwarding the figures on profits per car, attached a note in which it was explained that the figures were not and could not be accurate, though they were nearly so. I do not include these figures prepared by the Ford Motor Company, though I may add that the profit per car for 1921, as thus given with reservations by the company, was ninety-two dollars, as against my figure of eighty-one dollars.

At any rate, the price of the Ford car was cut in 1922 to a point that is ninety-two dollars less than the car brought during most of 1921. The price in 1921, for most of the output, was $440. The price in 1922 was $348. In other words, if the volume of business in 1922 was to be the same as it was in 1921, and costs were to be the same, the Ford Motor Company, instead of having a profit of $75,890,836, would have a loss of $10,011,404.

"Ford always plays with blue chips," said Edison to me one day in speaking of the enormous sums with which his Detroit friend juggles. Blue chips indeed! It was with a chip worth almost $86,000,000 that he backed his judgment when in 1922

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$75,890,836.44.

¶ *No* mind can grasp *that great figure and at a glance get its* full meaning. *It means that the* Ford income *for the year was* at the rate *of $242,437 a* day *not counting Sundays. Or $30,304* an hour *for each hour of an eight-hour day. Or $505* a minute! *Or* $8 a second! *If actual* gold *were running* at this rate *into a box* on Mr. Ford's shoulder *he would be* crushed *before the end of the* first day. *His daily income is equivalent to more than* 800 pounds of gold.

he so cut the price of his car that he apparently wiped out all of his profits and stood to take a $10,000,000 loss on the current year's operations. Most business men would probably call such a cut madness. Ford believes it is madness to curtail one's markets and keep one's costs high by charging high prices.

THE WORLD discovered Henry Ford in January, 1914. For almost eleven years he had been building cars, moving from one factory to another to get more room and amassing a few modest millions for himself and his stockholders. Not until 1909 did the Ford Motor Company really get under way as a promising money-maker, doubling its profits of the year before and making more than $3,000,000. In 1910, the profits went to $4,000,000, in 1911 to $7,000,000, in 1912 to $13,000,000, in 1913 to $27,000,000.

And then the thing happened that transformed Ford from a citizen of Detroit to a citizen of the world.

The five dollars a day minimum wage and $10,000,000 profit-sharing plan was announced!

Ford threw this bombshell into the world and a billion echoes came from the four corners of the earth. One of these echoes caught Ford a few days later when he was seated in a barber's chair at the Hotel Belmont barber shop in New York.

"I see by the newspapers," said the barber as he scraped Ford's face, "that Ford is going to give everybody at least five dollars a day and distribute $10,000,000 this year in bonuses to his men. That sounds pretty fishy to me—doesn't it to you? I never noticed any millionaires handing out money like that. Still, you can't tell. I have a friend who works in the Ford factory and he says it is on the level."

"I work in the Ford factory," replied Ford, "and know Ford well. He will do whatever he says he will do."

The world simply could not believe that even floor sweepers were to be paid five dollars a day. A magazine sent me to Detroit to get the facts and warned me to let no wool be pulled over my eyes. I was taken out into the plant where men were being paid and shown their pay envelopes, shown even their money—and was one of hundreds of other writers who eventually convinced a skeptical public that Ford was doing precisely what he said he would do.

Nothing that ever happened in the industrial world produced so great a sensation. Every section of society was shaken. Detroit workingmen stormed the Ford factory to get jobs, the reduction of the work-day from nine to eight hours having created a need for more men. It was midwinter, but crowds came until they blocked the streets and jammed the gates so that employees could neither get in nor out. Police tried to keep order, but they might as well have issued orders to the falling snowflakes. Men determined to get jobs broke through the gates and entered the plant in the belief that, once inside, they would be employed. The police were eventually compelled to turn a fire hose on the crowd to disperse it. And while the crowd was dispersing, workingmen were buying tickets for Detroit at thousands of stations in the United States.

EMPLOYERS of labor were shaken no less than workingmen—but for quite a different reason. What was to become of the labor market? Who would be satisfied to work for two or three dollars a day if he knew Ford was paying five dollars for the same labor? Bankers who had lent money to employers thus troubled added their voices to the chorus of complaint. They severely frowned upon Ford for his foolish act. They said that it was "uneconomic," that it was "founded upon a fallacy" and that his plan would fail. Eight years afterwards, I spent a number of hours reading scrap-books in Ford's office in which were thousands of such prophecies of disaster. The hatred of the banking interests for Ford began the day he reduced working hours, established a five-dollar-a-day minimum wage and announced a $10,000,000 profit-sharing plan. This hatred has been increased every time he has cut the price of his car.

In the wake of the newspaper and magazine writers came writers for engineering journals both in America and Europe. They wished to see and to describe for the benefit of other manufacturers the wonderful Highland Park plant in which Ford had brought standardized production to so high a degree of efficiency. The best technical writers in the world saw the plant and

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¶ *When* Henry Ford *talks about* farming *he talks about* something *that he understands.* He has plowed many a weary mile. *He now owns and operates one of the* largest farms *in the United States.*

marveled. But eight years later, it does not appear that other manufacturers have learned much from Ford's object lesson.

The stream of visitors to the Highland Park plant that began in 1914 has never ceased. Almost every great engineer in the world has been there. Celebrities of every kind, when they come to America, go to see Ford. Lord Northcliffe went to Dearborn and, with Ford, plowed with a tractor at least long enough to be photographed. Harry Lauder drops in whenever he comes that way. Great mandarins come from China. Ford has an autograph book in which are the names of some of those whom he invites to have luncheon with him at the Dearborn plant. It contains thousands of names.

Visitors were at first a problem at the Highland Park plant.

"The superintendent complained to me one day," said Ford, "that the visitors were a nuisance because they diverted the attention of the men. I fixed that, though. We let so many go through after that, for a while, that they ceased to be a novelty. In a little while no workman would look at a visitor."

Yet Ford is not well-known in the streets of Detroit. This is because he usually whizzes through the streets in a motorcar.

Ford, as we have seen, became world-famous in a day. But there would have been no great profits for him to divide if he had not won his long suit to establish his right to make automobiles without the payment of tribute to the owners of the Selden patent.

"If we had not won that suit," said Ford, "there could never have been in this country such an automobile industry as exists."

George B. Selden, a New York lawyer, obtained a patent, many years ago, that it was later alleged covered all vehicles propelled by internal combustion engines. He never manufactured cars, but years later, when others did so, he accused them of infringing upon his rights and, to avoid litigation, all of them except Ford paid tribute to him in the form of license fees. Ford refused on the ground that his engine differed in principle from the engine protected by the Selden patent. The difference was one that only a mechanic could easily understand, but to Ford it was plain and he insisted that the difference existed.

Ford led the fight in the courts against the Selden patent and a few others joined him. But with the first adverse decision, the others gave up the case and left Ford to fight alone. The Selden interests, encouraged by their first court victory, began a nation-wide advertising campaign to frighten possible buyers of Ford cars by threatening them with damage suits for infringement of patent rights. Ford countered by putting up a bond to guarantee Ford owners against loss and continued his fight in the courts. Eventually he won his case. The courts sustained the Selden patent, but declared Ford was right in insisting that his car did not infringe upon it. By this decision, the entire automobile industry of the United States was freed from a burden that would have materially curbed its development.

"I met Mr. Selden years afterwards," said Ford. "He was a decent old fellow. But when others began to make automobiles, he got into the hands of those who wanted to exploit the industry by claiming tribute from every motorcar manufactured."

Selden's engine was a low-compression, low-speed device. It had no commercial value and never made him a dollar. But he nevertheless, at an early date, had a dim vision of the automobile. But the world does not pay for dim visions, and it was, therefore, Henry Ford and not George B. Selden, who in January, 1914, astounded the world by a great division of profits among workingmen.

The rate at which profits rolled in upon the Ford Motor Company during the calendar year of 1921 is almost beyond human comprehension. It was a bad year for business generally. At the beginning of the year, Wall Street interests had made the colossal error of assuming that Ford had "reached the end of his rope" and actually sent a banker to him to arrange a loan and to tell him whom to appoint treasurer of the company. Yet it was in this year that the Ford Motor Company was to break all of its records and produce profits of $75,890,836.44.

No mind can grasp that great figure and at a glance get its full meaning.

It means that the Ford income for the [*Continued on page 144*]

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If we are to achieve national unity we must help the immigrant to Americanize himself

Help the Immigrant

By Edward Hale Bierstadt

IF YOU HAD been a peasant in central Europe all your life, held down and hampered by an old world government, unable to buy land because the great landowners had it all, perhaps not permitted to have your own newspapers or books, but forced to use those supplied you by the State, perhaps not even allowed to use your native language; your children taught by alien teachers; ground down for long years and for longer generations until you hardly knew you had a soul of your own—how would *you* feel?

And then the breaking point comes in one way or another, and you decide to leave, to leave your own country with all its traditions, and your own home with all its sentiment, and to start new, in the new world, in America. And you save and scrimp, and finally you sell out, and go. You find it is not easy; the path is beset with difficulties, red-tape, land-sharks waiting to prey upon you, and technical barriers of which you never heard before. But you go. The voyage is unpleasant, the quarters cramped and crowded, the officials rough, but you do not mind, for always in front of you is the vision of America, that country wherein all men are "entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; where there is "free speech, free press, and free assemblage," and where there is land for sale on which you can be your own man. And at last you see the great towering Statue of Liberty that symbolizes your dream, and you prepare for the realization. You are there, ready to start new. . . . How would *you* feel?

You go through all the agony and turmoil of the port of entry, probably Ellis Island; you are badgered and perplexed and certainly you find no welcome here. You see some of those who came over with you detained, perhaps sent back, and you realize that having given up their homes they have nothing to go back to. You are more fortunate, and are permitted to enter. Here your new life begins, in a mining camp, in a factory, pick-and-shovel work perhaps, or whatever it happens to be. The native born look down on you, laugh at you, call you Wop, Dago, Hunkie, Polak, and you find yourself forced back upon your own, your native language paper, your organizations, and the friends of your own kind. You are isolated from America. But what can *you* do?

Then comes the War, and with renewed faith you buy Liberty Bonds, give to the Red Cross, enlist if you can, and altogether "do your bit." And the war passes. But you find now that you are regarded as a "foreign menace," a "Red Radical" and a Hyphenate . . . just because you were not born in America. Your newspapers are suppressed; your organizations, educational and fraternal, are raided, and your friends are deported by the hundred. This in America for which you gave up everything to reach. How would *you* feel? Well . . . That is exactly the way the immigrant feels too!

OUR IMMIGRATION divides itself naturally into two periods—that which came before 1870 and that which came after it. The earlier immigration was of a more strictly pioneer origin. The immigrants came, as did the later arrivals, through economic necessity, but there were more who seemed to be actuated by moral principle; they came because of political, religious, or social oppression in the older countries.

The immigrant was regarded, then, as intrinsically an American. He may have been born in Europe, and he might speak broken English, but the fact that he had come here of his own free will to establish himself was enough in the eyes of native citizens, with some exceptions, to justify him. He was accepted. Probably the first real anti-alien feeling arose during the Civil War. In such centers as St. Louis, especially where there was an old-line native stock, strongly Southern in its sympathies, and a heavy immigrant population composed for the most part of Germans who were strong Union sympathizers, a racial bitterness was acute. The old cry, "The Dutch are upon us!" rose for the first time since colonial days, and when it died it was not to be repeated until the advent of the Great War. Up to 1860 America was, for the most part, an agricultural country still. Industrially she was unawakened.

THE BURST of industrial prosperity that came to America after the Civil War made radical changes in the status of the immigrant. Within fifteen years the first Contract Labor Laws were passed which aimed to prevent great industries from contracting en masse with European labor and importing it wholesale. The flood was checked, and from then on the stream swept forward in ever-increasing measure. Immigrants were being directly induced to come to America. Industry needed them. There was a great shortage of unskilled labor, and the native American had never been content with the occupations that came under this head. A change had come in the point of view of the American. Now, and only now, he began to regard the immigrant, not as a human being, not as a potential citizen, not as a pioneer or as a settler, but simply as a unit of production.

The body politic of the country was being supplied with excellent raw material, but at a rate which made natural assimilation almost impossible. The immigrant was being left severely alone to Americanize himself if he wanted to, and if he could; finally, came the War.

During the War, it was realized all at once that he was needed. He was needed himself for the army and for munition works: his money was needed for Liberty Loans and for Red Cross drives.

THERE ARE about thirty-five different nationalities represented in America. Of these, nine alone contributed 847,000 men to the armed forces of America. For the Fourth Liberty Loan the figures show that seven groups contributed $208,000,000. The total amount subscribed by Americans of foreign birth and descent for the Third Liberty Loan was $741,437,000. It is estimated that this amount was subscribed by 7,061,305 individuals, which represented 41.5 percent of the total number of subscribers.

The immigrant gave, and gave generously both in blood and money. We native Americans thought so at the time, and thanked him. The immigrant knew that he had done well, and he was proud to be able to be of real service to his adopted country. He felt that at last he was vindicated, that now he really belonged to America. He was to awaken.

The armistice was so sudden that it was almost a blow. America was left with a great deal of pent-up energy that she had expected to spend on the war. It found its partial escape in the post-war anti-alien hysteria.

Of a sudden, almost out of a clear sky, the immigrant found himself, not sneered at and neglected as he had been before the war, not made much of as he was during it, but actually hated and feared as a Foreign Menace and a Red Radical. He simply couldn't understand. His press, which had been so loyal during the war, was now openly and wantonly attacked as seditious. His organizations, most of them laboring to put him in some sort of touch with American life, and endeavoring to supply in some degree the academic education which he had not been able to get from American institutions, were raided, the members clubbed, sometimes killed even, and often [*Continued on page 130*]

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CORDELIA, The



By
Leroy Scott

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

¶ *Mitchell,* the butler, *stood up. "We are going to take* our pen *in hand and* write *a little letter," he* told Gladys.

¶ *Résumé of the Opening Chapters.*

CORDELIA MARLOWE had just learned from her mother that the family fortune was wiped out—they were penniless. This was tragic news to the loveliest and most sought after girl in New York society, but she took it bravely. An interesting advertisement in which she asked for work brought a request from Mr. Franklin of Kedmore and Franklin, lawyers, that she call for an interview. An arrangement was made whereby Mr. Franklin was to pay Cordelia $30,000 a year for her services in aiding him to straighten out some of the perplexing difficulties in the affairs of wealthy clients.

She was bound to absolute secrecy but Mr. Franklin convinced her that she would really be helping her friends out of their dilemmas. Instead, however, she was being made the tool of clever blackmailers. Through her social connections she was in a position to procure for them the invaluable information they needed.

Mr. Franklin was pleased to learn that Cordelia was about to visit Gladys Norworth, a wealthy society girl, who happened to be one of his cases. There was something seriously wrong with her affairs, Mr. Franklin told Cordelia; some mystery that must be cleared up. And that was to be Cordelia's work.

Ever since Gladys and her stepsister Esther, accompanied by the orphan whom they had adopted, had returned from war work in France, they had lived almost in seclusion at Rolling Meadows—Gladys's house on Long Island.

WHEN Cordelia arrived for her visit she at once noticed Mitchell, the butler, who seemed superior to his position. She knew she was right when, deliberately eavesdropping, she heard him in heated and intimate conversation with Gladys and her stepsister. His voice had the quality of assured mastery.

Next day Cordelia drove into town to report to Franklin. He was pleased and told her to watch the butler. After she left

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MAGNIFICENT



¶ *"You are* going to tell *Jerry Plimpton, the* implacable *Cordelia told the* frightened *and* angry *Gladys.*

¶ *A Great Story of New York Life by the man who created Detective Clifford and wrote Children of the Whirlwind. Mr. Scott knows New York as Richard Harding Davis knew it, or as Rupert Hughes knows Hollywood*

¶ *The Story Continues:*

"WHAT are you doing here?" Esther sharply demanded of the intruding Mitchell.

Cordelia had long been wanting to see the butler's face when it was not the face of a butler. She now had her wish. The face was keen, and smiling, with the cool, easy, ironical good humor of one who feels himself the thorough master.

"I'm here, Esther, my dear," Mitchell answered with bland pleasantry, "because I saw the look on Gladys's face as she followed Miss Marlowe upstairs. That look made me fear that something was due to happen that might possibly concern me. So I followed Gladys—and—you will all excuse me, I am sure, for you will admit that a gentleman must be prepared to protect his name and his interests; I listened outside the door; I heard all that was said and decided this little party would not be complete without me."

He drew chairs together: not with his manner of a butlering automaton, but with smiling, ornate courtesy that was seasoned with mockery.

And so in the stillness of half-past four in the morning, the romance of Gladys's life was at last unfolded to Cordelia: Gladys, Esther and Mitchell all contributing their portions to the history.

Reduced to its essentials, and arranged in chronological order, the story, in its earlier phases, matched scores of love-affairs that developed swiftly and rushed to consummation during the reckless emotionalism of the Great War.

In 1916 Gladys had met a Sergeant Grayson of the Canadian Forces while he was spending his leave in Paris. At that time he was being universally praised, and he had been slated for a commission. The glamor of his fame made him a figure of super-fascination to Gladys. Within two days they were engaged, and they determined upon marriage before his return to the front.

Gladys now confided her secret to Esther Stevens, who, at

his office he knew definitely that he wanted to marry her.

Driving back to Rolling Meadows Cordelia was very happy. She had had luncheon with Jerry Plimpton, the rich and popular young bachelor about whom Gladys Norworth had quarreled with her recently. Gladys hearing of the luncheon extracted a promise from Cordelia that she would be with Jerry as little as possible during the house-party which Gladys was giving that week. The first night of the party Cordelia avoided Jerry until late in the evening when he led her out on the porch and Gladys had seen him kiss her. Later Gladys confronted Cordelia in her room and made a scene. Acting on her suspicions and ever on the alert to solve Gladys's mystery, Cordelia accused her of being the mother of François, the orphan. Gladys broke down and confessed that she was. Esther came into the room just as Gladys decided to tell Cordelia everything. Then suddenly the three women whirled about. Mitchell, the butler, had entered noiselessly and closed the door behind him.

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the time was confined to the hospital of the Countess de Crecy with influenza. Esther opposed the match, but two days later Gladys and Sergeant Grayson, accompanied by his best friend, Sergeant Farrell, had slipped away and been secretly married. Three days after the marriage, Sergeant Grayson had left Paris to rejoin his company.

He had not been gone another three days—less than a week had passed since the marriage—when Gladys had begun to regret her action. It grew into shame. And then hardly more than a fortnight later there had come the news of his death.

A month after her husband's death, Sergeant Farrell reappeared in Paris and called upon the widow of his friend. From the first moment of his call Gladys made no attempt to conceal that she considered her marriage a terrible mesalliance. He called again, and on this occasion she noted that his manner was strained, embarrassed, and finally she drew from him that some fifteen months earlier Grayson had married a poor French girl in Paris. There was an infant of four or five months; also a wedding certificate.

WITH THIS new development Gladys at first went almost frantic with fear—horror—with an even greater shame. In response to her frenzied appeal, Farrell promised silence, as much for his dead comrade's good name as for her own.

Soon Gladys knew she was to be a mother. Once more a frenzy of fear and shame seized upon her. No longer was silence possible. She told Esther of the clandestine marriage—told her everything. Esther wasted no single word in reproof. She yielded to Gladys's plan—in its essentials a very ancient one. At this time France was already asking aid of its friends in handling the problem of its war orphans. Esther let it be known that she and Gladys had decided to adopt a war orphan, and had her application registered with the proper relief organizations. Then, through the kindness of the Countess de Crecy the two were transferred to duty in a hospital at Dijon. Shortly thereafter they took a secluded villa in the hills outside the city; and in this closely guarded sanctuary François was born.

Back in America Gladys considered that all was safely hidden. Then one day Farrell, now a civilian, had called upon her. He was in a sad financial way, he had told her, and intimated that he might be driven to make profitable use elsewhere of his knowledge of the maternity of François. The upshot was that Farrell had become her butler, and his butler's wages were but a small fraction of the money he was being paid.

Through all the talk Gladys had maintained an attitude of belligerent resentment toward the others. She now burst forth.

"It's not fair, the way you've talked about me!" she cried. "And it's not fair, the fix I'm in and the way I suffer!"

"If you had only acknowledged your marriage at the time as I begged you to," Esther remarked with the bored patience of one repeating an oft-made argument. "Even now, it would be best for you if you told the whole truth."

The very idea was too much for Gladys's raw nerves. She again lost herself in panic and seized Esther's arm.

"Esther, if that ever happens, you'll stand by me! Remember, you promised!"

"On the condition we agreed upon. You know François is the only thing that keeps me here in your house. I care for him more than you do. He's to be mine—you still promise that?"

"Yes, yes," Gladys whispered.

GLADYS had whirled about and laid cringing, fawning hands upon Cordelia.

"You see, I'm just the victim of bad luck, Cordie, don't you? And you'll never tell what you've heard. Give me your word!"

Cordelia's reply was carefully evasive. "I give you my promise that I shall never say a word to injure you."

"Thank you, Cordie!" Then at once, her hands menacingly crooked, she was glaring at Cordelia in furious, hatred. "I don't believe you! It'll be just like you to tell Jerry Plimpton!"

"Gladys!" Esther caught her arm.

Once more there was a swift change in Gladys.

"I didn't mean it, Cordie. I just went out of my head. If you'd been through all I've been through, you wouldn't blame me for forgetting myself occasionally."

"You're coming straight to bed!" ordered Esther in undisguised disgust, and with a "good night" to Cordelia, she led Gladys toward the door.

Mitchell held the door open for them. Then he turned and moved quickly back to Cordelia.

"There are a few things we still have to say, you and I, Miss Marlowe. I shall call for you in ten minutes. I'd rather like a ride in that car of yours. You might change into something suitable."

With that Mitchell moved swiftly out and closed the door.

Mitchell's request, or command, accorded perfectly with Cordelia's own desire. She changed rapidly into a suit, her thoughts racing exultantly. When a cautious knock sounded she opened her door and stepped into the hall. Mitchell had changed into a dark sack suit.

"No one will see us," he said. "There'll be nobody stirring for hours."

Five minutes later the roadster was flitting through the pearl-gray dawn. They drove inland a few miles, then swung into a track which led into an unfenced woodland. Cordelia stilled the motor in a little spot that had been cleared by fire.

She turned to her strange passenger. His manner was courteous enough, but he was regarding her with that ironical, whimsical, challenging smile which that night she had seen for the first time break through his butler's mask.

"I wish to compliment you on your courage in coming to so secluded a spot with a man of my character."

"Don't talk rot!" she said shortly. "Why did you wish to see me?"

"Because I thought we might have some interests in common. At least your discovery made you a possible menace to my interests."

"What shall I call you?" she asked abruptly.

"Mitchell will do as well as anything else."

"But that is not your real name."

"So I informed you. Nor is Farrell my real name. We'll have to keep the real name hidden for a time."

"Just who are you?" she demanded. "I don't believe a bit of that story you told me the other day. You told at least two lies that I know of."

Her accusation did not seem greatly to fluster him. "Just which two lies do you refer to?"

"YOU TOLD me then that you had known Gladys and Esther only a few months; that you had not met them in France. You had known them for five years. And you told me you were working as a butler because you needed light work. You had been gassed, you said, and were still weak. You, weak! That night you let me in, and I fell, you picked me up as if I were a feather."

"Yes, that does sound as if I had fibbed," he admitted.

"And what's more, I knew at the time you told them that they were lies!"

"And I," he said gently, "at the time I told them knew that you knew they were lies."

"What!" She stared at him. "Then why did you tell them?"

"That I shall answer at some other time—perhaps."

"How did you know that I knew?"

"How did you know that I was lying?" he countered.

She did not answer. That eavesdropping at the window of the child's playhouse was a matter about which she preferred to say nothing.

"Perhaps we'd better return to your original question," he said, "just who am I? If I told you who I really am, and why I am doing what I am, you wouldn't believe me. It would seem so amazingly improbable merely because it is really so simple and probable."

"Whoever you are," she declared, "you will admit that you have behaved like a scoundrel!"

"Yes, I am a scoundrel," he agreed amiably, as though he liked the character.

"But you are a man of ability, even if you are a rogue. Why waste your time being a butler?"

"I'm not wasting my time. I do not know of anything I could do at present that would pay me as well as Gladys is paying me."

"You realize, of course, that you are practicing blackmail?"

"But, my dear Miss Marlowe," he mildly protested, "I've just been telling you I am not an honorable man. I'm a scoundrel. And a scoundrel just naturally blackmails.

"But to get back to my blackmailing of Gladys. I have yet another reason; a personal grudge. If I ever loved a man, I loved Grayson. I'm talking serious talk now. When I saw Gladys that second time in Paris and learned that she was really glad he was dead—why, I made up my mind right then that I'd make Gladys pay if ever my time came!

"I may have still another reason for my blackmailing—one

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¶ *Cordelia got* for Mr. Franklin *all the* facts *relative to the* domestic affairs *of Jackie and Murray Thorndike. There was* scandal enough—*but* all useless *to Mr. Franklin.*

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that's just a bit more human. François is the son of my dearest friend; I regard him as my godson. Esther and I are his best friends; but Esther has no money of her own to take care of him, and of course she has little use for me. Who knows when Gladys won't feel that she's got to throw François overboard to save herself? And who knows when some clever man may get hold of her fortune and manage to lose it, large as it is? And who knows that I'm not taking Gladys's money in order to save and invest it for François's later use?"

Cordelia recalled the letter she had found in his room, which referred to remittances which were to return a rich profit.

"And that's what you've been doing—investing all that money for François?"

"Who knows?" He was silent for a moment.

"But why your repugnance to blackmailing? I dare say even you, Miss Marlowe, if you would scrutinize your life, have paid or may be paying blackmail in some form in order to avoid something which may seem to you unpleasant. No, you really must not say anything against our sacred institution of blackmail."

She did not know exactly why, but Cordelia had a sense that his talk was becoming uncomfortably personal.

"Is this why you asked me here," she inquired; "to air your philosophy of blackmail?"

Abruptly his appearance changed; his satiric eyes became keen, searching. "You're right—I didn't ask you here to listen to the mere wagging of a loose tongue. It seemed to me that our games had become pretty thoroughly tangled, and that we should have a frank showdown. I've told you about myself. Now just what is your game?"

She started. "My game!"

"I know you came to Rolling Meadows to learn Gladys's story, and that you learned it in consequence of persistent, careful planning."

She stared at him, still trying to maintain her manner of haughty denial and indignation.

"You might as well drop that pretense," he said. "I suspected you almost from the first, but I've been certain of your business at Rolling Meadows since the night I was talking to Gladys and Esther out in Gladys's old playhouse, and I heard you just outside the window. You will recall that I spoke of a draft and closed the window."

She felt her dignity suddenly deserting her.

"I believe that's the promised answer to your question of a few minutes ago and also to my question: How did you know that I was lying? And how did I know that you knew?"

Her own answer was silence.

"And that isn't all I know. I know you got the story out of Gladys tonight through a skilfully prefaced trick. Now, what's your game?"

"I have no game—none, except that when I first came here I felt that something was wrong with Gladys. I thought if I found out I might somehow help her get untangled."

"Of course you suspected me. Then you must have planned in advance some way of getting rid of me. How are you going to do it?"

"I haven't had a chance to think since I've known just what your hold on Gladys is."

"Gladys won't want me to give up; she'll feel safer to have me around where she thinks she knows what I'm doing. But to help Gladys—is that your only motive? Gladys hinted pretty broadly at a possible one. It's plain enough to every one that both you and she are interested in that very rich and very handsome Mr. Plimpton. And if you were not already a rich person, there is still another motive that might be ascribed to you—the one we were discussing a few minutes ago: the ancient and universal motive of blackmail."

He caught the angry gleam of her eyes, and interrupted her before her rush of hot words got to her lips.

"Oh, I don't believe that. Let's shift to something more pleasant. I'd much rather be on friendly terms, if that is possible. For I've read the cards and the tea-dregs and the stars in their courses; they tell me that you and I are to be much involved."

"In what other way do they tell you we may be involved?"

"It's rather early in our acquaintance for me to be too explicit," he replied with grave mischief. "Their predictions pertain to—ah—romance. They tell me that your fate is entangled with the fates of many men. Excuse me for mentioning names. There is Mr. Plimpton, a wonderful match—wonderful! Then there is this lawyer, Mr. Franklin, who——"

"Mr. Franklin!" she ejaculated.

"Didn't you know? I saw that in him at once. He wants to marry you. He's clever and determined, and unless you wish to marry him you'd better be careful. Take my advice and be careful anyhow. There doubtless are many more, but I myself have knowledge of but one other. His real name is not generally known. But people call him Mitchell."

"You!"

"Oh, I'm not saying I'm really in love with you—yet. No more than you are in love with me—yet. But I do admire you, and you know what admiration often leads to. I do not mean to be impertinent. But since I was listing your possibilities, or your dangers—why, as an honest statistician I was compelled to include myself."

"You are altogether too impudent! We'll be going back!" Her foot reached for the starter.

"Just one more minute." All levity was gone from his manner. "You may think I have talked nothing but nonsense. But, believe me—I've been talking nothing but mighty hard facts! And perhaps the most important fact of all to you I have still to mention."

"What is that?"

"Gladys. Your getting her secret may be the worst thing that possibly could have happened to you. She'll fawn upon you, but you've won her eternal hatred."

Twenty minutes later they were back at Rolling Meadows.

Cordelia's next step in this affair which she felt she was handling with much finesse and brilliance, was to give Mr. Franklin immediately news of her achievement. It seemed to her indeed a happy coincidence that Mr. Franklin should be a guest at Rolling Meadows at this very hour.

When she came down at a few minutes before ten Mr. Franklin was waiting, and she managed a word aside with him before they entered the breakfast-room.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered. "At the table ask me openly to drive you around and show you the country."

At breakfast, Franklin, seeing his opportunity, said: "I have never seen the country around here. I wonder, Miss Norworth, if you'd think I was running away from you if I were to ask Miss Marlowe to show me through a bit of it?"

"Not at all," Gladys spoke up eagerly. "Take him out in your car, Cordelia—there's a dear—and show him everything."

Half an hour later the low-slung maroon roadster crept into the same fire-scarred clearing among the scrub pine where six hours earlier Cordelia had had her long session with Mitchell. Within ten minutes she had reported upon her experiences.

"Splendid!" Franklin said. "I had no idea you would handle the matter so effectively and with such dispatch."

"Now that we have all the facts," said Cordelia, "just what are you going to do to get Gladys out of this mess?"

"What am I going to do? Before deciding I think I am bound to consult the trustees of Miss Norworth's estate. But whatever the decision, I am certain that you will be required to do nothing further. And I think you will be happier if you are out of the atmosphere of the natural resentment of Miss Norworth. I presume you can arrange to leave here in a day or so."

"Why, yes." She spoke hesitantly, with disappointment. "Mrs. Thorndike was asking me only Friday to stay with her."

"By the way, haven't I heard rumors that Mrs. Thorndike and Mr. Thorndike are—ah—having their little domestic troubles?" he asked.

"There has been some talk, yes."

"As a matter of fact I already knew of this trouble of the Thorndikes," he confessed. "Again you and I happen upon a rather odd coincidence. Relatives of the Thorndikes have confidentially approached me, asking me if I could not straighten out their difficulties. The first step must be to get the facts. Of course you would be glad to help them, Miss Marlowe."

"Of course I would!"

"Then, if you don't object, I suggest that you tell Mrs. Thorndike that you accept her invitation."

For a second time Mr. Franklin was on a new subject before she could offer comment. "I hope you will excuse my freedom if I now take up a purely financial matter." His gaze was smilingly open, disarmingly direct—that of a business man who is

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¶ Cordelia *stood beside her roadster* saying good-by. *Gladys was* effusively affectionate, *but Cordelia* knew *that the urgent invitation* to return *was a* malediction.

frankly grateful; perhaps he had never acted better, or with more caution, than now. "When we made our business arrangement we fixed upon a certain sum as remuneration which was to be paid to your mother. In addition, in case of meritorious service, we spoke of a bonus which was to be made payable to you."

"A bonus!" exclaimed Cordelia. "I do not recall any reference to a bonus!"

"I'm sure I must have spoken of it. Certainly I intended doing so. You could use the money, couldn't you?"

"My creditors could certainly use it if I had it," she admitted.

"Then we'll call five thousand satisfactory in the present instance; but don't forget that there will be a bonus if you do so well with your next case." He drew out a pocket checkbook and fountain pen. "You must give me the satisfaction of settling this little matter at once. No, after all, I can give you a check for only half the amount just now. The other half I shall mail from the office tomorrow."

His swift resourceful mind, which had hit upon this bonus idea only five minutes before, had at the last instant perceived the superior protective value of two checks; if ever evidence should be needed, two endorsed and canceled checks would be more silencing or more convincing than one. He filled out the check and handed it to her.

"Don't thank me, please; you've more than earned it."

All the party was up by the time they were back at Rolling Meadows; and some were already dancing to the phonograph. Gladys was dancing with Jerry Plimpton; and it was perhaps the added confidence and independence of the check in her pocket which stirred Cordelia to regard this couple with growing indignation in Jerry's behalf.

(Continued on page 142)

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Black Shirt and Black Cassock

By F. B*ritten* A*ustin*

Mussolini and Don Sturzo—politician and priest—seek to determine the future of Italy.

THAT FIRST Fascio was organized in 1919. Even then Benito Mussolini, a young man of thirty-five, was no unknown personality. Before the War, he was thirty, he had been the leader of those who were now his adversaries, the Italian Socialist party. But always there must have been a recognizable distinction in the man which differentiated him from his comrades. Writing of him in 1912, long before Fascismo was dreamed of, Georges Sorel, the great French Socialist, said:

> "Our Mussolini is no ordinary Socialist. Believe me, you will see him one day at the head of a sacred battalion, saluting with his sword the Italian flag. He is an Italian of the fifteenth century, a condittiero. He does not yet know it himself, but he is the only energetic man in Italy capable of repairing the weaknesses of the Government."



"Benito Mussolini *is no ordinary* Socialist. *Believe me you will* see him *one day at the* head *of a* sacred battalion *saluting* with his sword *the Italian* flag."

Mussolini parted company with Socialism in 1914. In flat opposition to his old associates, he became a convinced interventionist.

That first Fascio was only of three squadri—some sixty daring pioneers in all. Armed with sticks and revolvers, they set out, as an organized military body, to attack Communism by force.

Only slowly, during 1919 and 1920, did Fascismo extend itself. To label oneself a Fascista invited assassination. But at the end of 1920 the Communists attempted their great coup of seizing the factories in the North. Mussolini acted. It was the psychological moment. For the first time he called out the Fascisti in full force and, after a pitched battle, Bologna, the stronghold of Communism, was thoroughly cleaned up.

The young men of Italy had found a leader. They flocked to join the standard of Fascismo. In every town a Fascio was formed—and the war against Communism began.

Benito Mussolini, the creator and unchallenged leader of this unique and impressive movement, received me in the somewhat bare editorial room of his newspaper, the Popolo d'Italia, in Milan. He came to greet me with outstretched hand, a frank smile breaking the habitual preoccupation of his features, while behind him stood a fencing master laden with foils and masks. He was about to take his daily fencing practice, he said—it could wait a few minutes, but he never missed it. He did not mention the reason for its urgency. The founder of Fascismo never refuses a challenge. He has already fought many duels. He will probably yet fight many more. Broad-shouldered though he is, his body has the lithe, well-balanced quickness of movement of the practiced swordsman.

WE SAT down and I found myself contemplating alert dark eyes under a domed brow in a face where jaw, nose and mouth expressed energy, decision, and almost aggressive will-power. The smile redeemed his quick gesture from impatience.

"Fascismo," he said, "does not stand for any section of the Italian people against another. It declares war only on those who perversely or maliciously endeavor to wreck the fabric of our civilization.

"As for labor, we have already organized trade-unions for the factory and dock workers and coöperatives for the peasants. Hundreds of thousands of workers have joined those trade-unions, and more are flocking to us every day. The majority of them were in the Communist organizations only because they were terrorized. Now that the terror is removed they come to us eagerly, of their own free will. We support the workmen against the employers if the employers endeavor to reduce the standard of life. We have already called and won several strikes. But those strikes, unlike those of the Communists, have a purely economic and not a political significance.

"The ideals of Fascismo are in a sense Socialistic—I have already publicly said that they are 'tendentially' republican—but we replace the old anti-national Socialism by one imbued with love and respect for our country and its flag. That last mad attempt to wreck the economic machinery of Italy, the general strike of August 1st, gave us the opportunity to launch our final offensive. Communism is dead in Italy. Two years ago two thousand of her municipalities flew the Soviet flag. Now there is not one.

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¶ "Communism *is dead* in Italy," *declares* Mussolini. *"Two years ago* two thousand municipalities *flew the* Soviet flag. *Now there is* not one."

"Violence was the only way. Remember, I knew all the Socialist leaders personally. I had been more than the leader, I had been the dictator of the party. I knew that the only way, and the certain way, to overthrow them was to attack vigorously. The movement would have been impotent without organization. I gave it that organization and led it to the attack.

"Our ultimate aim is to free the Government from sectional influences, whether they are those of the Church or of the Socialists; to uphold the supremacy of the State, but to restrict its action to its proper functions which are those of foreign policy and interior legislation and the maintenance of order; and finally to establish solidly a powerful Italy, proud of itself, and taking its due place among the other nations."

I heard the impatient click of the foils in the hands of Signor Mussolini's fencing-master, waiting behind the door.

"One more question. It was suggested a little time ago that you went to Germany to show the German Monarchists how to organize a Fascisti movement?"

"It was not true. When I went to Germany, I spoke only with members of the Left parties. I do not think Fascismo could occur in other countries. It is a peculiarly Italian phenomenon. It was born to meet peculiarly Italian circumstances. We have not long been a united nation. It was needed to consolidate the national spirit."

I took my leave and Signor Mussolini, that condottiero of the fifteenth century born again in the twentieth, il nostra duce of three hundred thousand enthusiastic young Italian men, fighters all, went to his sword practice. Today he is one of the two masters of Italy.

THE OTHER? During the Ministerial crisis, when the Government had resigned owing to the situation produced by the famous general strike of August 1st, 1922, the Socialists' Caporetto, a crowd of Senators and Deputies, waited patiently in the Prime Minister's anteroom for an audience. They sat there, waiting outside a closed door, until it should please the greater personage within to send for them. They were still waiting when a slightly-built, unassuming little man, in the long black rather shabby cassock of a priest, remarkable only for the immense curve of his nose, entered the anteroom from the outer world. He might have come straight from some humble country parish. He neither gave his name nor asked permission. With that curious gliding gait of the priest habituated to long robes he went quickly across to the guarded door, opened it, and entered. No one challenged him. No one spoke.

That little priest was Don Sturzo, the Sphinx of Italian politics. Holding no office, political or ecclesiastical, never a Minister, not even a Deputy, a word from him can make or unmake Cabinets, and the Prime Minister who forgets him finds himself overthrown by an adverse vote on the morrow. Three years ago no one had ever heard of him; he was merely the obscure Professor of Sociology in the Sicilian town of Caltagirone. Millions of Italians of all classes, and the peasantry in practically a solid mass, look to him with an enthusiasm which equals the enthusiasm with which other millions look to Mussolini.

For three years the outside world has been asking; who is this mysterious Don Sturzo? It was as the leader of what looked like a Peasants' Revolt that he first came into prominence. But in all the glare of publicity, his figure remained shadowy, difficult to define. He has a message to deliver to his time, that is all. And it is a message that is primarily spiritual though expressed in political terms; a message that transcends—

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though it comprises—the same amelioration of the condition of the tillers of the soil.

For twenty years he was Mayor—the rarest of things for a priest—of his native town of Caltagirone, and for twenty years he held the balance of power in local politics. His emergence into the wider sphere coincided with a new factor in Italian political life. For fifty years, ever since the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops in 1870, a Papal Non Expedit had prohibited good Catholics from taking any part, even from voting, in Italian politics. From the elections of 1919, however, the prohibition was removed. A specifically Catholic party was formed for the first time and Don Sturzo was very soon called from Caltagirone to become its leader.

At that time the Communists and Socialists were all powerful and, to the amazement of Italy, this new Catholic party, the Partito Popolare Italiano, commenced to preach doctrines which vied with those of the Communists themselves. It was to the still pious peasantry that they addressed themselves and the direct result was to snatch from the Communists a peasant's vote which they already regarded as their own.

MOREOVER, all over the south and over much of the north of Italy an agrarian agitation was becoming serious. The priests, with the encouragement of Don Sturzo, boldly put themselves at the head of it. The strange spectacle was seen of immense bands of peasants, singing hymns and led by the priests, marching to take possession of the estates of the great landowners. It is true that this was legal by a recently passed law, forced on the Government by the Socialists. It was a startling phenomenon to see the priesthood leading such a movement, and the Vatican has in fact never openly sanctioned the Partito Popolare. Don Sturzo, so far as the Church was concerned, was—and still is—a quite unofficial free-lance.

Sanctioned or not—and he has more than once made the Vatican uneasy—with his incisive eloquence all over the countryside—he speedily became a dominating political force. No mere party politician could evoke the world-wide interest which Don Sturzo has occasioned, and in effect he stands for far more than mere party politics. He stands for a new ideal.

He expressed it to me in the Council-chamber of the Partito Popolare in Rome. It was a vast apartment in an old palazzo with ecclesiastic-looking chairs—red-plush, brass-studded, stiff-backed—around a long table, and on the wall in sole and symbolical decoration a tapestry reproduction of Millet's Angelus—two peasants bowing their heads in prayer. With us was the Roman Prince who is enthusiastically proud to be the secretary of this personally unpretentious priest.

IT WAS, indeed, difficult to realize that this slim little figure in the somewhat shabby black cassock was one of the two dominant powers in Italy—difficult until he began to speak, and then one realized the all-compelling force of genius. The thin, dark-complexioned features lit up with eyes that were vivid in the intensity of the thought behind them. The Normans ruled long ago in Sicily and the immense curved beak of his nose, fascinating the gaze in its violation of proportion, was surely indicative of grim Norman ancestry. It was a nose of character, incisive and authoritative, a nose of power.

He talked without unction and without affectation, with an eager earnestness to impress his meaning now that he did speak, his somewhat thin mouth now closing with a snap in the momentary pause to give precision to his thought, now parting in a sympathetic and honest smile, while all the time his bright keen eyes fixed and held his hearer.

I MENTIONED to him that his personality had become something of a mystery All the world had heard of him, yet few could say what it was he really stood for

He smiled.

"And yet I am not the only priest in politics," he said. "Doctor Seipel, the Chancellor of Austria, is a priest. The Minister of Labor in Germany is another. It is symptomatic, perhaps, of a new spirit in public affairs—the active participation of Christianity as a definite force in the settlement of problems of the present day.

"It was for that purpose that my party was founded. It was, in the first place, to provide a medium for the participation in the political life of Italy for those millions of Catholics who for fifty years had remained outside it. That is our basis—we are first and foremost Christians. But we are not a 'confessing' party—you understand me? We are not a religious party in the sense that we are endeavoring to promote the interests of the Church. We are Catholics because religion in Italy is Catholic. But our aim is to carry into the larger sphere of political life those principles of Christian ethics which govern the life of the religious individual. To carry the Sermon on the Mount into effect."

"It is said that some at least of the principles preached by your party are indistinguishable from those of the Communists?"

"THAT IS SAID by our enemies. We are anti-Communist. We concern ourselves, it is true, chiefly with the peasants and the amelioration of their condition. But we do not aim at a régime of village Soviets. Our aim is to make a nation of individual small proprietors—Italy is still mainly an agricultural country, remember. The coöperative institutions we have established all over the country are designed to help the peasant to become independent. But our party comprises men of all shades of opinion, from almost the extreme Left to the extreme Right, and of all classes. We are united in one thing—the declared principles of Christianity.

"Mussolini and the Fascisti represent chiefly the towns. Don Sturzo and the Popolari look to the countryside. The Fascisti professes to discover very little difference between the Popolari and the Communist, except the additional bête noire of the influence of the Church."

THE smile left Don Sturzo's face. "The Fascisti is a party of violence. We do not admit the validity of violence. We believe that violence cannot change the consciences of men. It is electorally that we make our road—facciamo nostra strads. We do not admit the coup d'état as a method of politics, and it is the coup d'état with which the Fascisti menaces Italy. We believe, however, that the electoral institutions of Italy today are strong enough to resist any violence on the part of Fascismo. The Fascisti has no program. It was a party of Conservative reaction. It is we who fought and sapped the strength of Communism in Italy—before the Fascisti was heard of. But we did it, not by methods of violence, but by winning the workers to our ranks.

"We are a Nationalist party, but we are not an imperialist party. We do not want to extend Italian possessions. We want to make the best use of those we have. And we should like to see a closer understanding with America. We believe that Italy is traditionally fitted, through centuries of commerce, to be the intermediary between America and the trade with the Near East.

"We should be glad also to see Italian emigration to America resumed on the old scale. Italy suffers sopratutto, from too many people. The invisible export of the services of our emigrants was formerly an integral part of our revenue. But new roads are opening to us—to Australia, to Brazil, and to Canada, and when they are in operation Italy will be far better off. Those countries also will be the richer, for Italians are the most easily assimilated of all immigrants."

FOR AN HOUR and a half Don Sturzo talked informatively on all sorts of topics—the talk of a keen student of affairs, both in Italy and abroad.

"And the White International which you preached at Genoa?"

Don Sturzo's thin face lit up. I had led him to his great idea.

"That is true. We aim at a great White International; not, like the Red International, one that interferes in the domestic affairs of other countries, but a great alliance of the consciously Christian political parties of Europe—and they are growing—no matter whether they are Catholics or not, which shall imbue the statesmen of the various countries with a spirit of conciliation, of coöperation, of Christian charity in the settlement of the great international problems which confront us.

"We aspire to induce a sense of humanitarianism in the settlement of those problems, rather than the struggle to maintain an Imperialist hegemony over other races which has hitherto traditionally characterized the policy of England, France and even Italy. We aspire to bring about a Christian Interparliamentary International Conference which shall give a new impulse to the redemption of the world and lead it to a higher plane of civilization."

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A Streak of Personality

If you like dramatic fiction you will especially enjoy this strong story

By Richard Washburn Child

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

HE HAD done it!

Blind rage! Rage that had risen up and filled his eyeballs, rage that ran down his arms like a hot fluid into his clutching fingers. Perspiration was on his brow. He had let loose all the passion of rage which, since some last fury in childhood, long ago, had been confined in the cool concrete walls of trained restraint. Love. He had loved her. Love and its full outpouring after these years of loneliness without escape for stored-up love; and then blind rage, irresistible.

No not irresistible. He had come to his senses a minute after he had clutched her slender throat. He had caught himself. He had seen her eyelids close and then open; he had seen the vacant stare. It had been the stare one sees in the eyes of etherized patients and it had frightened him. It had brought him to realization of what he was doing; it had relaxed his terrible fingers. There would be telltale marks on that cool white skin! But there were in fact none of consequence.

"Constance," he plead. He shook her; she was limp.

She did not answer. The stare had relaxed into a lifeless drooping of the eyelids with their long lashes upon the blanched cheeks. Her slender body stretched out on the oriental covering of the little couch, where they had so often sat pressing each other's hands in awed silences in the presence of their love, was quite limp. He touched her hand; it was cold. He lifted it; with her slender arm it fell limp on to the cushions. Her hair had come down in the moment of struggle; it appeared blacker than it had ever appeared before. Now it spread over the pillow and made a rich soft setting for her face.

He pressed his ear against her girlish body. There was no sound. He had heard that if a mirror were held close to the mouth of the living, moisture would accumulate on its surface. When he had brought her little round hand mirror and had held it above her lips in his trembling hand, there was no result.

At first he wanted to throw his head back and utter a long cry of grief but his throat was dry, his breath gone. He could utter no sound. Across the street a window had been lighted and as if it were an eye looking to see what had happened it sent its yellow beam through the snowstorm into this room and touched

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with yellow radiance one girlish ankle and slipper. He desired to fall on his knees and cry out to this thing on the couch. "Constance! Constance!" But she had gone. This thing was there but Constance, as if she had been as unreal as a creature of his imagination, had departed. The mirror slipped from his hand and shattered on the floor. His arms dangled at his side.

AND now he believed he heard steps on the stairs. No. It was only the dripping of the faucet into the bowl in her little bathroom.

He covered his eyes with his hands.

Into that darkness in his head there surged up suddenly a thought; it became an emotion; it swept along into quivering, pounding, pulsing instinct. The urge of self-preservation was enfolding him: it engulfed him, swept him up in its hands. It cried out from every corpuscle in his blood, from every nerve in his body, from every cell in his brain. It flung his eyelids up, tearing from concealment an aching stare of pure terror.

Terror of what? The building was now as still as death could make it. This little garret apartment was at the end of the up-climbing stairs. The front windows were already white at the sills with moist, clinging snow; those at the back showed an expanse of roof covered with the fleecy blanket. As he looked he thought of the possibility of flight across that roof and then with a shudder of revulsion remembered that his tracks would show each one perhaps frozen into a perfect pattern of his shoes.

And why should he rush into flight? The old residence left in the middle of a block of rebuilt houses had been turned into a private school. None but Constance lived there. Perhaps no one would come but the janitor and perhaps he would not come before Monday morning. Certainly if the private key of the little apartment was turned on the outside and taken, anyone would assume that the girl had gone away for the week-end.

The daylight—the daylight of Sunday—the tomorrow must not come in. When the storm had gone, Sunday morning might be like other Sunday mornings, blinding white. The sun must not peer in. He drew the curtains.

It was dark now! He groped about searching for the electric switch. He had known where it was. Now it had gone. It had gone as if a devil had moved it. He struck a match holding high its tiny flame.

SHE WAS there on the couch; the thing, though not Constance, was there. One hand hung limp over the edge of the upholstery. He expected it to come to life and pointing with its white forefinger mark him out as guilty to all the jury of shadows which grimaced in the corners. He had lost all sense of who he was; he had lost all sense of the fact that he, respectable, quiet, a man who had always lived a locked-in, regular, useful life, dealing with abstract engineering problems day after day, inexpressive, loveless and lonely and shy, even when he sat in his own office surrounded by the evidences of success and activity and the sounds of typewriters, had done this irretrievable thing.

He was engulfed in the flood of a blind instinct not to be discovered; he held the match above his head turning his eyes this way and that, avoiding looking at her, hunting elsewhere for nonexistent evidence of his guilt which he might now obliterate. The match burned his fingers. He moved it upward to give it another quarter inch of life.

He must look at her again. Once more—whatever the cost of hideous terror—he must look. He must look with the strain and burning of his frightened stare. A last vision must be seared into the indelible sensitized plate of his mind. He turned his eyes. And there she was still white, motionless, her face beautiful as sculptured marble against the black coils of her hair. Still smiling faintly, still happy as if the Constance who had gone had kissed her own lips in the going and whispered some eternal assurance.

The silence had no breaches except for the occasional drip-drip of the faucet in the little bathroom and some strange distant pulsing. Not her heart? Not her heart! It was the ticking of the watch in his own pocket—his father's watch, an heirloom. They would not bury it with him after——

He shuddered.

And then as the match went down into a glow he imagined he saw a curious faint luminous haze arising from her body.

The cover of the little couch was not unlike the color of a lioness and the haze appeared, as it rose and thinned, to be that color. It swayed this way and that and somehow suggested the incense arising from an oriental brazier. As the red glow of the match suddenly was extinguished this mist disappeared, but it had not gone from the sense of sight without leaving upon another sense the fact of its presence. At first faintly, then swelling into strong compelling recognition, came the aromatic, the sweet, gently pungent odor of sandalwood.

SANDALWOOD! The perfume of sandalwood. He had never sensed it when he had been near her. Once he had put his lips, his nose into the hollow where below her ears the curve of her neck had invited a caress. Afterwards he had thought of the eagerness of his spirit to always remember the feeling of sanctity which overcame him as he pressed his face there. But there had been no perfume except the fragrance wholly her own.

In the dark he moved his hands in a gesture of impatience. He must go now. His course was simple. He had left no cigarettes of his brand. What had he left? Nothing of his. Not even the marks of his crooked fingers tightening with the rising of a blind unthinking rage, loosening as realization of regret and fear had come. He had left nothing. No footprints. No evidence. Even when they came there would only be a poor thing which had expired on the little couch. No need to search for anyone. They would just say she had died there. No eye had seen; no ear had heard. No human being among the passing strangers who had seen them stop, laughing and put down the umbrella and climb the steps in the snow, would remember. The snow was the blinding moist kind clinging to eyelashes. The passersby could not even identify the happy pair who had chattered and laughed along toward the welcoming old doorway.

Now all that was necessary was to lock the door on the outside opening of the keyhole, put the key under that wide crack above the sill where sometimes the wind had whined and kick it into the room a little as if it had fallen out of her trembling hands as she had felt the tremors of illness and staggered back to the couch.

Then he must listen for the assurances of absolute silence on the floors below and creep down, open the door and step out to freedom. No one even knew of their love. They both had said it was too fine, too eternal a thing to ever mention to others its presence. She had said, "Even the words of a marriage could not mean all that we would mean." No one knew of their love—of its fineness, its restraints, the fulness of their cups of happiness which had been so long empty. There was nothing now to point to him as having been a visitor in this room.

As if all this had been spoken aloud by an orator he gestured with his hands again and just as one stirs up silt from the bottom of a clear spring so the movement of his hands seemed to stir up again the odor of sandalwood.

He had always liked the odor of sandalwood. Now it came to his nostrils with an unpleasant sickish sweetness. It filled

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¶ *He must* look *at her* again. *Once more, whatever the cost of hideous terror, he must* look.

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¶ *Not only the world* of reality *was tracking him* down. *The* spirit world *was at work. He would beat them all.*

the depths of his nose passages with such pungency that it seemed as if it originated there. Perhaps a speck of sandalwood. He blew his nose. The handkerchief was redolent with the odor as if the perfume were a liquid which could be wrung out until trickles of it fell to the floor. But it was not the handkerchief. He had put it back and turning for his hat and overcoat he had passed one hand before his face. It was his hands! They carried the aroma!

Of this there could be no doubt. The hands which had pressed her slight white throat, fingers encircling, were now all covered with the contagious horrible perfume. It had been on her soft skin. He made his way through the darkness into the bathroom and washed his hands. The cake of soap there gave forth a clean, welcome odor. He smelled his hands, rubbed them on the towel and touched his cold fingers to his nose. The odor had gone; that was over.

Coat and hat on, collar turned up, brim turned down, he closed the door upon the terror within. The instinct of self-preservation had come over him like a wild drunkenness but it had changed speedily into cold, hard shrewdness apart from the terrors which shook him. Now he was all alert, cool, ready to close the portal on his secret. He was clear, he was free. He closed the door after him.

The key ticked about the lock in his nervous cold hand. There was no light in the hall. Perhaps if he bent down the light from the street lamps would disclose the keyhole. It did. He could feel a slight stirring of an odor coming through that tiny aperture to touch his cheek. His nostrils widened. The air was scented. Not a strong scent but clearly the scent of sandalwood—a little jet of it pouring out from that room she had always called her studio. With an exclamation of disgust as if the perfume were some vile odor he thrust the key home, took it out and descended cautiously the dark creaking stairways.

ONLY when he had opened the door leading into the world of wind and snow, into the sound of surface cars clanging and rumbling through the storm and the far off high and low bellowing of the ferries did he realize that he had not carried out his plan. It was a terrible shock. He had put the key in his pocket. Now he dropped it into the gutter. It fell into the snow and was gone. He could not remember turning the key in the lock. He believed he had not. Where had his thoughts been? He began to feel as if there were two of him—a shrewd master and an independable, slovenly accomplice who would botch everything; who, now in flight, in the attempt to cover guilt and avoid punishment, in this frantic, irresistible and yet crafty passion for self-preservation, would fail him and betray him by weakness, stupidity and cringing fear

He pressed through the storm toward the Elevated. His office was not far downtown. It was not yet six and his own stenographer had said she wished to finish up the tag ends of a month. She would be there. She could testify that he had come in from some errand, that he was cool and calm and had even dictated a letter.

It was not as if he had been a criminal or a profligate. He had been the most conservative, cautious person with a passion for regularity. Sometimes his own face in the mirrors had impressed him with its seriousness, its almost forbidding austerity. Perhaps, he had thought, it was that cold wall built around his personality which had deprived him of so much warmth in life—had always shut him off from expressing his impulses. He had trained his impulses, bullied them, browbeat them until unmarried and alone he had walked through life in a kind of undignified solitude, separated from human beings by a chasm.

Then Constance came. To him it seemed that

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¶ *He had been* seized *in powerful* hands—*hands that had* caressed him *but now* bit *like* iron claws.

she was the bridge to the whole of the warm living personal world. She had been able to reach across the abyss, to touch him with the spark which was to have been his release.

Why it should have been Constance he could never know. It was one of the great mysteries. She was not beautiful. She was already thirty five years younger than he. There were perverse streaks in her personality. But none the less there was something in her which had compelled him that first day to say timidly, appealingly, and yet with terrorizing brazenness, "Let us take a walk together. Let us find somewhere a little funny world of our own."

Later she had told him how those words, spoken as the elevator boy might speak them to a milliner's runner, had gone straight to her heart. How had he known that she, making ready to accept a spinster's existence, had a heart, or hungers, or a whole world of engaging, irresistible, feminine appeals created by years of imagination. No one else had ever seen. No one else had ever explored.

Only Harden, this fugitive in the snowstorm, had known her infinite variety, had joined, with a bursting forth of dammed-up floods of emotion long contained, his hunger to hers, his loneliness to hers, his hidden capacity to love intensely and yet companionably and with unexpected whimsical art to hers and so make possible their way toward God in a living personal world.

HE TRIED to remember what the words were which had led up to the climax, the rage, the deed, the terror. It was all like a dream. It was confusing like the snow driving into his face. It led to the end. And his mind refused to believe that he, Edward Harden, had put his hands on her throat until she was limp and fell back and——

It was not so! It was unthinkable. His acquaintances would never believe it; he would not believe it!

She had thrown the cold contents of an ash tray into the waste basket. He had seen it! A cigar stump. Who had been there? It could not be possible that, planning to marry him, she had other intimate associations, other little worlds for two! All his imagination began to conceive pictures—pictures of how the man appeared—out of the past, perhaps—what he had said. Perhaps he had kissed her. Perhaps he had touched those lips. It was ridiculous. And yet what was it gripping Harden's heart then until it made physical pain. It was truth—it was truth.

He had burst out in a rage, "Who has been here? Who was here last night?"

She looked at him dazed—too dazed for answer, her brown eyes frightened, her lips paralyzed. The expression in her eyes might have come from injury done her sensitive heart but there had been a flicker there of evasion, of guilt.

He had come nearer, seized her wrist, and said in a hoarse dramatic voice which now in memory seemed ridiculous, "I am no fool!"

"Why, no," she had said in a momentary return of assuring tenderness, "You would not lack faith in me. I am sure of that."

He had been stopped for a moment by her voice, her kindness. Then the rage swept on.

"You deny it," he had shouted. Something perverse in him had hungered to find her guilty at the moment when all his nature yearned to be free from the horrors of suspicion, to be free to sweep her into his arms with a new unprecedented torrent of love. The perverse thing repeated from his twisted lips. "So you deny it, you—you——"

HE COULD not understand the stupefaction in her eyes nor the slow hardening in their expression. Love and astonishment in them faded away; hate, fear and finally bitter resentment glazed them over.

"I deny nothing," she had said in a new voice. "It is plain that you do not love me. No one who loved me could hurt my wrist."

He dropped it.

Arising from her chair she had flung up her arms hysterically.

"I know you do not love me. Well, do you think I care? I don't! I'll tell you the truth. I never have loved you. I loathe you. I never had the courage to tell you. I hate you. I have deceived you. You are a fool—a loathsome fool!"

She panted—glaring at him.

"You tell me that!" he had exclaimed. "After all the hopes we have built up together."

He had forgotten his raging jealousy now; he was almost whimpering, broken by the sense of a spiritual defeat too great to bear. It had been his fault, he knew it. And then scarcely had his mind said this to him before he thought again of the other man, the hideous deceit, the injustice, the utter cruelty with which she had cut the throat of the only great love that life had ever let him have. The rage swept over him once more.

"Say something!" he ejaculated. His fists were clenched.

She merely stared at him, saying nothing, horror and hardness in her eyes, but a sneer on her lips.

"Speak!" he had commanded.

"Who are you to tell me to speak," she had asked with all the provoking incendiary fiendishness of her new skill. "You are nothing to me. You are powerless. You are impotent. You are loathsome. You are nothing!"

She had thrown her head back and laughed derisively at the ceiling. Slight as the stem of a flower she had appeared. Something which might be plucked from its roots. Her throat! Slender, taut, white.

Three minutes before they had been looking at each other, eyes full of love. Looking at the pattern of their wet feet coming in the door, swinging apart, returning to a little pool of unity where they had touched lips, they had laughed like children. Life had seemed like a field of ripening golden grain, sensitive, fruitful, sunlit. And then the spark, the fire, utter consumption, the blackened waste!

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"It isn't true," he said aloud. He was descending the steps of the Elevated. He remembered nothing of the journey. He had moved out at the right station like a mechanically perfect automaton.

"How's that?" said the climbing burly figure which had bumped into him.

"Beg pardon," Harden exclaimed.

THERE WERE drops of melting snow on the man's yellow mustache. Harden could see a curious look in this stranger's eyes. They were cruel, offensive, scrutinizing eyes. It was absurd to suppose that this man was a detective. But why did he turn around after Harden passed him? Their eyes met again. Another man, a lean, hungry, pale, pasty man was coming down the slippery steps too. He and the burly yellow-mustached person without looking at each other muttered. Were they exchanging some secret? Was Harden being followed?

The wind from the river coming up the deep gorge of office buildings blew a swirl of the snow into his face. Snow was odorless, moist, cold enough to touch the cheek with a little sting like hot flakes but snow need not carry a sickening odor. The odor of sandalwood! He sniffed at the flakes of snow on his coat-sleeve. Except for a faint aroma of tobacco smoke they smelled of nothing. He raised his gloved hand.

It was the gloves! They reeked with odor of sandalwood. He took them off as he went along. He rolled them up, and allowed them to fall just before he turned the corner.

"Aren't these your gloves?" said a cheery voice. A bright-faced young girl, pert, self-assured, clear of eye, abounding in young wholesome excitement about life offered him his own gloves. He took them mechanically and then turning around to thank the other saw nothing. She could not have turned the corner again. He had an uncomfortable feeling that this girl was not a creature of flesh and blood. Beings who would haunt him like this were being devised to torture him, to prevent his escape from discovery. Not only the world of reality was tracking him down. The spirit world was at work! He would beat them all!

He threw the gloves over the high iron grilled fence of an old churchyard which nestled in the midst of modern structures, as anomalous as a lonesome field of watercress in the midst of a desert, and he stared defiantly into the eyes of those who turned to watch his action. Let them do what they liked about it.

A kind of dulness came over him. He had been thinking of the unaccountable rage. It reminded him of some buried memory, lost pictures.

A bench? Yes, a bench, painted green. He knew it now. It was a bench in the garden of the house. As a child he had run about the curious curving gravel paths under the horse-chestnut trees. And there was his father now—an austere man, with a curious black beard, short and divided in the middle.

The occasion? Now the memory came sliding into his head like an ugly snake under a door. It came crawling back. There had been a little watering pot, painted red. He could not remember why his father was sitting on that green bench. "Don't put any water in it," the deep voice had said.

HE HAD forgotten; the command had faded. There was a faucet, a bright brass faucet on the side of the house where the gardener sometimes attached the hose. He had filled the little red watering pot and when he had come to his father it was devilish luck that he had stumbled. The water splashed over on one foot—a great austere, terrible foot.

"Get up! Now what do you mean, you little pig?"

He had been seized in powerful hands—hands that had caressed him but now bit like iron claws into his fat little arms. He saw horrible eyes staring into his. And a blow. Not a heavy blow, a blow on his mouth.

"Answer!"

He could not answer. Something had frozen within.

And then he had heard his own voice saying, "I forgot. But I hate you. You can't hurt me. I won't cry. You can't hurt me. I hate you."

He had remembered other rages of his [*Continued on page 108*]



¶ *Sooner or later* they *would come and* get him. *They would* smell *and* sniff *like* hounds dogs . . . *He knew he must* go back.

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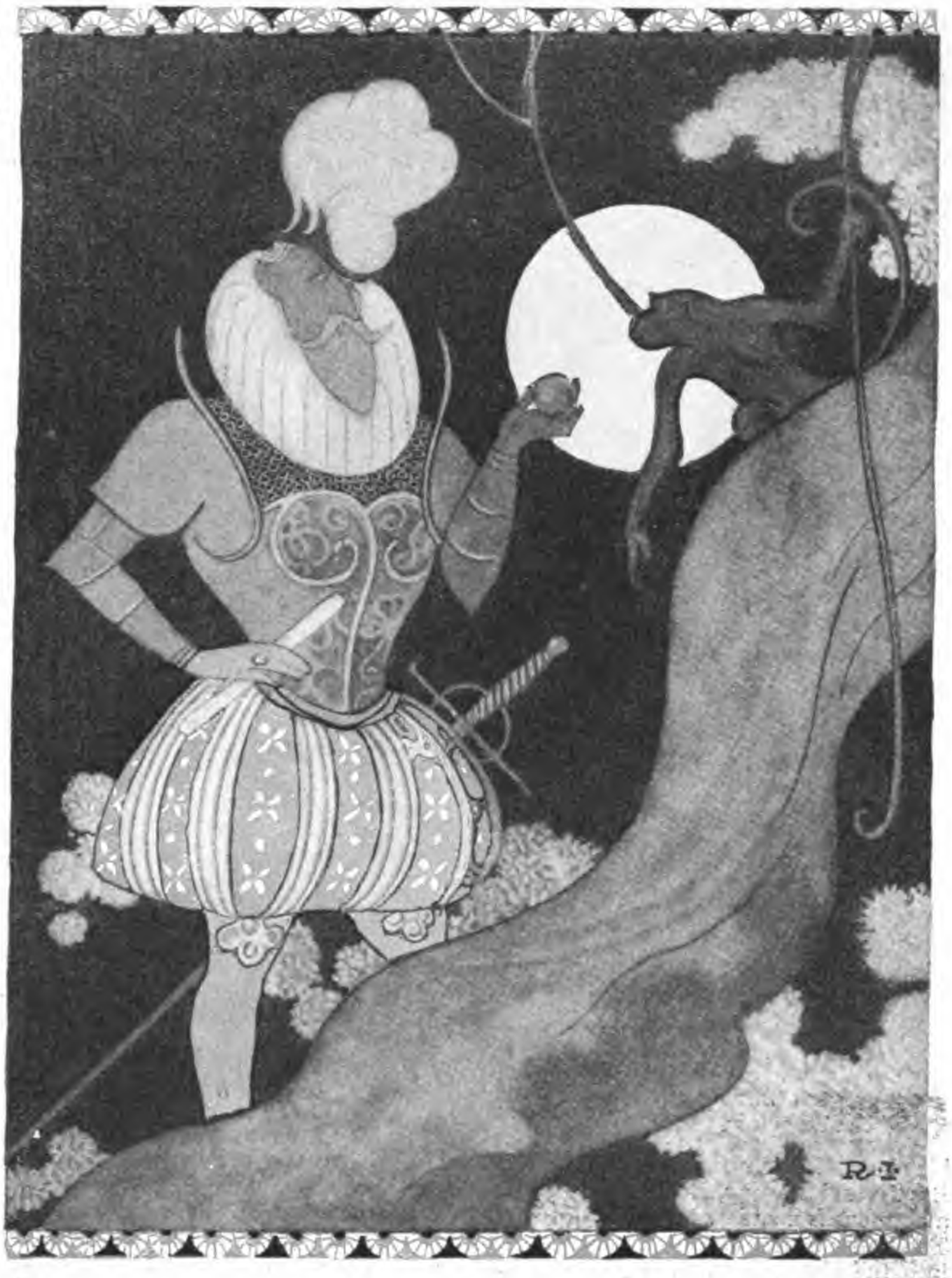
DOCTORS AND DRUG-MONGERS

Great Cures by
GLANDS
but also
Foolish Claims

Ponce de Leon and the Ring-Tailed Monkey

By
Paul H. De K*ruif,* Ph. D.

Illustrations by
Rea Irvin



THE QUACK diagnoses every ailment with ease, and offers remedies for every disease with assurance. The good physician knows that he is neither omniscient nor omnipotent in the field of disease, and the educated layman knows this as well as the physician. Then, why pretend? Bluff may succeed for a time, but honesty is better for society; and what is best for society is best for the medical profession.

Professor Carlson in Journal American Medical Association, July 8, 1922.

Nearly every day sees some new discovery about glands. In Los Angeles, Dr. Brinkley pretends to make a new man of an old judge, with the gland of a goat. In Chicago, solemn docs announce that they can grow hair on bald heads by treating them with glands and rays. In Paris, Voronoff, notorious producer of Elixirs of Life, trots out an old man before serious French scientists, and tells the savants that this old man, once drooling and doddering, having received his gland, now prances about like a youth of thirty-five.

According to the book of Berman, praised by serious reviewers, glands rule the "chemistry of our souls." Napoleon was a great general because of a fine healthy gland in his head. Nietzsche had bad headaches because the same gland in his head was too large. Hopes for eternal youth are raised, only to be dashed. Hopes for health are raised, only to be brought down in tragic ruin. Meanwhile, a small band of keen scientists and earnest doctors toil on, *adding bit by bit to our small but genuine knowledge of glands.*

Gland is defined by medical dictionaries as an organ that separates any fluid from the blood. Physiologists call this activity secretion. The salivary glands make saliva, the kidney makes urine. The salivary glands and the kidneys, as everyone knows, pour secretions out of the body, through ducts. Now there are certain other glands having no such gateways for getting rid of their products. With no other place to go, these products have to return to the blood. Glands of this kind are called Ductless Glands, or Glands of Internal Secretion. Some glands, like the pancreas, for instance, make both internal and external secretions.

Professor Cannon, distinguished physiologist, speaking of this gland mania, says: "There appears to be a tendency just now, however, to pay these glands not only respect, but reverence and homage and blind worship. . . ." Sketching the few really definite facts discovered by serious scientists, not enthusiasts, we shall try to keep our feet on the ground.

1—Glands may be removed from animals. The experimenter then watches the beast, finding out the effects of the operation. So it was found, with dogs, that removing the pancreas causes diabetes.

2—Gland materials may be fed or injected into humans or animals, and the results noted. This way it was discovered that the adrenals, little glands above the kidneys, make a substance which contracts certain arteries, thus raising the blood pressure.

3—By studying certain human afflictions, finding that a given disease always occurs where a given gland is damaged. This way it was found that disease of a little gland, the pituitary, at the base of the brain, may make the sufferer a giant, looking something like Jess Willard the prizefighter.

REMOVE certain of the ductless glands, for example the adrenals, just mentioned, and the animal dies in a few days. Remove the sex glands from a young human male, and a eunuch, whose characteristics are known to all, is the result.

In general, there are two theories of the process. First, glands may do this by making substances called hormones. Made by the gland, these hormones, chemical messengers, go into the

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¶ Voronoff *produces* an old man *who was once* drooling *and* doddering, *but having received* a new gland *he now* prances *like a* youth *of thirty-five.*

blood and influence distant parts of the body. For example, Bayliss and Starling, English physiologists, discovered that such a hormone is made by the wall of the upper part of the intestine. The lining of the intestine, boiled with weak acid, and injected into the blood, causes the pancreas to pour out its digestive juice. Here is a case of certain body cells making a substance which, carried by the blood, acts upon other organs far away.

The other theory supposes that, in the process of breaking down of tissues and during digestion, poisons are formed. This occurs all the time, in all people and animals, sick and healthy. The ductless glands, at least some of them, are thought to be able to break up these poisons as fast as they are formed, thus keeping the body from serious damage.

Both of these ideas may be right, in part. But the important thing to remember is that very few hormones have been isolated chemically, and that very few of them have even been demonstrated to exist. This *has* been done in the case of the thyroid gland. But take the case of the sex glands of the male. It is known that besides making sperm, they have to do with the deep voice, the beard, the hairy chest, the aggressive nature of men. But nothing has been isolated from these glands which will produce these characteristics in a eunuch.

THE THYROID GLAND, one of the most important of the organs of internal secretion, is located in the neck, in front and to each side of the windpipe. It has no duct, so its products can only pass into the blood. People whose thyroid gland is abnormally large are said to have goiter.

It is definitely known that dwarfism is due to absence or underactivity of the thyroid gland, dating usually from birth or early infancy. The skin is dry, the hair thin. The face pale, often yellowish, puffy. The dwarf is pot-bellied, with fat podgy hands and feet. His nose is flat and broad, and his face wears an empty idiotic expression. His sex-development is absent or delayed, he is feeble-minded, even idiotic. This serious disease can be almost completely remedied by feeding thyroid gland from healthy animals provided the disease is recognized early enough and treatment begun at once. The effects of the treatment are magical.

When the thyroid becomes greatly underactive in grown people, a disease called adult cretinism results. It is much more common in women than men. Its symptoms are much like those just described excepting that there is no dwarfism. Metabolism—that is, the process by which the body makes new tissue from food and breaks down old tissues into waste products—is greatly decreased in cretinism. So the sufferer, taking less than a normal amount of food, may still be fat.

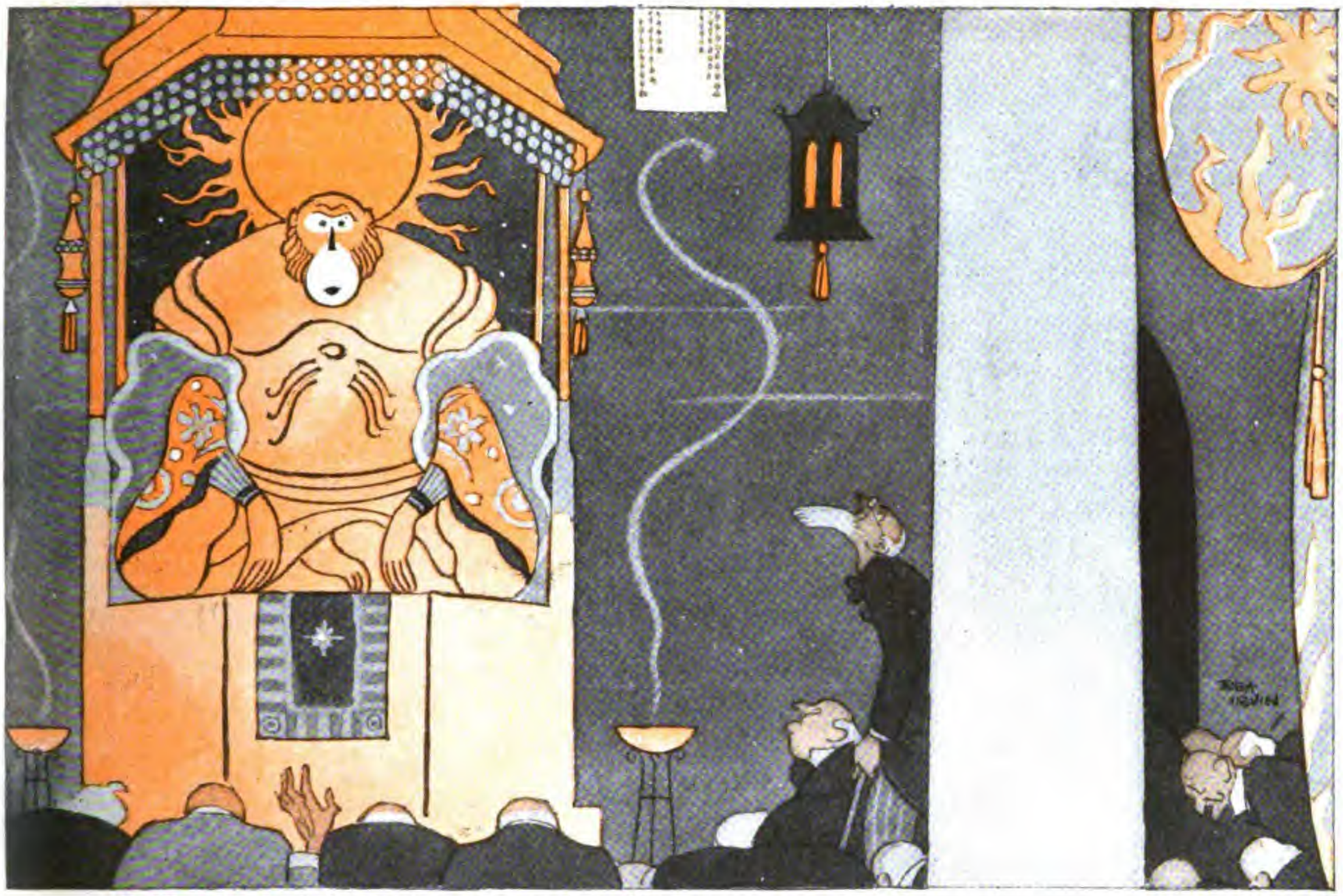
IN ADULT cretinism, just as in that of children, feeding thyroid brings remarkable benefit. Again a triumph of medicine. Cretins must always keep on taking thyroid. Leave them without it, and their misfortunes will return at once. Resume the feeding, and again they will improve just as rapidly. This is the best proof that cretinism is due to the lack of thyroid gland.

Kendall, American scientist, has isolated a substance, called "thyroxin" from the thyroid gland. He knows its chemical formula. He can produce the same curative results with thyroxin, as by feeding the thyroid gland. He believes it to be the thyroid hormone. If correct, his work is a great advance, replacing uncertainty by definite fact. It will give a means of really measuring the activity of this gland, if we can know the amount of hormone. This is imperative for progress in science. No measuring—no accurate knowledge.

There is little doubt that cretinism, in young children or adults, is caused by underactivity of the thyroid gland. In such cases the gland, underactive, pours too little hormone into the blood. This is proved by the fact that cretinism can be *cured* by feeding thyroid gland, and so far as we know, *only* by feeding thyroid. Too little thyroid hormone means a lowered metabolism. This word, you remember, means the process of building up tissues from food, and the breaking down of tissues into waste products. With a proper amount of thyroid hormone, food is used in a normal manner, is changed into bone and muscle and nerve tissue. With too little of this hormone, let the child eat as much as he will, the food is not utilized, he remains a dwarf.

And so with the wear and tear of the body, the breaking down process. Just as wind fans smouldering embers into flame, speeding up oxidation, so thyroid hormone hastens the oxidation that spells the breaking down of tissues. Feeding thyroid

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¶ *There* appears *to be a tendency* just now *to pay* homage *and* blind worship *at the shrine* of monkey glands.

hormone hastens building up and breaking down. Some careless doctors, many quacks, have fed people thyroid gland to make them thin. For it is known that when oxidations increase in the body, fat is one of the first tissues to be burned. Feeding thyroid to make fat people thin is often dangerous. Their corpulent condition is usually not due to underactivity of the thyroid gland. So when thyroid is fed them, they get too much hormone. Then fat is removed, but other valuable tissues, necessary to health, are removed at the same time. Carlson, conservative and careful scientist, says that a number of deaths have occurred when fat people tried to become lithe and graceful by taking thyroid. Beware of thyroid, recommended for *Anti-Fat*.

CLOSE TO the thyroid, imbedded in it, are some little glands, usually four in number, called the para-thyroids. Observed under the microscope, they look something like the thyroids, but experiment shows they do not have the same rôle in the activities of the body. Just the same they are important to life. Completely removed from dogs, weakness, spasms ending in death are the result, usually occurring in a few days.

This disease, following removal of these important little organs, is called para-thyroid tetany. You will remember that one theory of ductless glands says they act by removing poisons, normally formed in all of us in the wear and tear of body activity. This appears to be true of the para-thyroids. Chemists have shown poison, relatively large in amount, to be present in the urine of dogs, relieved of these glands.

Dragstedt and Luckhardt, American physiologists, give further important proof to this idea. They removed the para-thyroids from several dogs. Part of these they fed ordinary diet, high in meat-protein. These dogs died in a few days with spasms. The rest of the dogs were fed low-protein diet, from which probably, less poison is formed in the intestine. Their intestines were flushed out with large quantities of water. Such dogs did not get spasms, and survived. After some weeks they could even be returned to a normal diet without harm.

Apparently nature has some way of compensating for the missing glands. Other parts of the body, still unknown, take up the task of removing the poisons formed in the intestine under even normal conditions.

This valuable work, done *entirely with animals*, may have great value in explaining the nature of certain serious human afflictions, such as epilepsy.

At the base of the brain, tucked away in a hollow of the skull, lies the pituitary gland, about the size of a hazel nut. It got its name from the Latin pituitam, word for the mucous you blow from your nose. Galen, ancient Roman physician arch-pedler of medical misinformation, thought this gland made this mucous. Descartes, good philosopher but shallow physiologist, thought the pituitary gland the seat of the soul.

We now know these guesses were errors, but just the same, this organ is one of the most important of the glands of internal secretion. Like the thyroid, it has great influence on growth. Like the thyroid it is ductless, pouring its products directly into the blood, and possibly into the fluid surrounding the brain.

A curious and serious disease, acromegaly (enlargement of extremities) is known to be due to a derangement of the pituitary. In the young, the most striking thing is the great increase in the size of the bones, not only of arms and legs, hands and feet, but of the whole skeleton. The sufferer becomes gigantic and often abnormally strong. Marie, French physician, by autopsies discovered that such giants have pituitary glands much larger than normal, damaged by tumors. He thought that the tumors interfered with the normal rôle of the gland, making it underactive. To find out if this were so, scientists removed the pituitary gland from young dogs, hoping to make giants of them. To their surprise, such dogs actually failed to grow, remaining dwarfs.

Now it is thought that the giantism is *not* due to underactivity, but rather to some harmful product secreted by the enlarged gland. Surely it is not due to overactivity, overproduction of normal hormone. Because you can feed young dogs large amounts of the gland, without making giants of them.

Dwarf dogs result from taking out all or part of the gland. A disease like this occurs in humans, and there is good evidence that it is caused by too little activity of the pituitary, just as cretinism comes from too little thyroid. Patients with this trouble are short, fat, underdeveloped mentally and sexually. If men, they have broad hips, like women, their hands and feet are small, they may be knock-kneed, they are excessively drowsy and stupid.

Unlike cretins who can be made to grow by feeding thyroid,

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these dwarfs with underactive pituitary cannot be greatly helped by feeding pituitary, though very recently there has been some evidence of success. At any rate, if this pituitary dwarfism really is due to an underactivity of the gland, there is good reason to hope that feeding pituitary will some day cure it.

The pituitary gland has three distinct parts—forward, middle and aft. The forward part has glandular tissue, the aft part has nervous tissue, and is connected to the brain itself by a stalk. The dwarfism, just described, is probably due to the underactivity of the forward part. This has led scientists to believe that the front part of the gland contains a hormone, necessary to growth.

A few years ago a substance, called tethelin, thought to have great influence in the growth of young animals, was isolated from the gland by Robertson, then American chemist. Goetsch, American surgeon, thinks that feeding front part of the gland causes rats to mature faster sexually. Female rats, fed this substance, have more young than others fed normal diet. Unfortunately neither of these researches has been thoroughly confirmed, indeed, recent careful experiments make it appear that tethelin has no influence on growth, and the question is still an open one.

THE AFTER PART of the gland contains a substance, chemical nature unknown, called pituitrin, having important effects on various parts of the body. Injected into the body, it acts upon *involuntary* muscle, causing it to contract. Thus it can raise blood pressure, by constricting the muscles of blood vessels. It helps in difficult childbirth, by increasing contractions of muscles of the uterus. It relieves certain kinds of constipation, by helping the activity of the involuntary muscles of the wall of the intestine. But it is very dangerous to use indiscriminately, or over a long period of time.

Pituitrin is very valuable in medicine, as a drug, but there is no good evidence that it is a hormone.

The adrenals, small but important, are two in number, located one above each kidney. They have no ducts, hence are strictly glands of internal secretion. Addison, English physician, first showed their importance by discovering a serious disease due to their degeneration. Patients so afflicted become weak and languid, have feeble heart action, lose their appetite, become extremely thin. Their skin becomes dark colored. This disease, slow in progress, lasting sometimes from six to ten years, is almost always fatal.

Scientists have tried to produce such a disease in laboratory animals by removing adrenals from them. But instead of developing a long-drawn-out, wasting illness, animals, deprived of their adrenals, die in a few days with severe convulsions.

The rôle of the adrenals is mysterious. It is not known whether they work by making a hormone, or by removing poisons from the body. Quite possibly the latter, because feeding the adrenal gland does not benefit Addison's disease nor save animals whose adrenals have been removed.

The adrenals are divided into an inner and an outer part, one quite distinct from the other. The outer part appears to be the one essential to life. The inner is interesting too, because it makes a drug-like substance called epinephrin. Like pituitrin there is no evidence that epinephrin is a hormone. It is found in the gland at all times under normal conditions. Injected into the body, it raises blood pressure, paralyzes intestinal movements, increases burning of sugar, stimulates various secretions, like saliva or tears. Its chemistry is known, worked out by Abel, distinguished American scientist. It can be prepared artificially in the laboratory. It is very useful to doctors, who employ it to check hemorrhages in operations, to relieve spasms of asthma, to raise blood pressure in shock. BUT apparently not enough of it is poured out into the blood normally to give the name of hormone, chemical messenger.

CANNON, American physiologist, thinks epinephrin may be an emergency hormone. In emergencies, like fear, anger, or other strong emotions, the adrenals, controlled by the nerves, may pour large quantities of epinephrin into the blood. This might be valuable in time of stress. By raising the blood pressure, stimulating muscular activity, it might make us fight better, or run faster.

Limited but definite knowledge of sex glands, should dispel foolish hopes of remaining young forever. This subject, surrounded by so much mystery, eternally interesting, has overshadowed all other popular interest in the glands of internal secretion.

The sex glands have both internal and external secretions. In the male the external secretion is the sperm. In the female the ovum—egg cell—which, fertilized by the sperm, develops into the embryo. The internal secretion of each of these glands gives rise to what is known as the secondary sexual characters. This may persist after the sperm or egg cell producing power of the glands is lost. The testicle whose sperm-producing cells have degenerated may still contain interstitial cells, whose secretion, passing into the blood, causes the bodily frame of the male, his deep voice, his beard, his manly and pugnacious bearing. The ovaries, besides producing eggs, pour into the blood substances controlling the build of women, their hairless skin, soft voices, feminine ways.

These secondary activities of the sex glands *must* be due to hormones. But these have not been isolated chemically, and there is no good evidence that feeding sex glands will grow hair on a beardless man, nor that feeding female sex glands will take the hair off a bearded lady. Nor is there an extract of these glands that has been authentically proved to restore lost manhood or womanhood, or to increase the bodily vigor generally.

Apparently the only possibility of successful graft of any tissue, gland included, is confined to individuals of the same species. Quacks may offer to make you young by putting the gland of a billy goat or a ring-tailed monkey into you. Such operations fail, because foreign tissues will not grow in the body of humans. This is not all. The sex gland of one human being will not always grow when planted into the body of another. Even should the graft succeed, more often than not it is merely mental, or a temporary matter, of some months' duration.

Finally, the hope of making old men *stay* young by this means is a perfectly silly one. Growing old is not a direct result of lessening activity of the sex glands. It is instead, the consequence of a general decay of *all* of the tissues of the body.

Diabetes is a widespread disease, dreaded by everyone. Out of our population of more than a hundred millions, more than a million are afflicted with this scourge. In the young it is very serious, often ending fatally. In the older people, while not so fatal, it still demands most careful living, strict diet. Even in old people diabetes lowers the general resistance. Secondary infections, like pneumonia, are always likely to occur, hanging like a sword over the heads of the diabetics. Experiments, just made known, not published in detail at the time of this writing, make it appear that this disease has been conquered by science.

DIABETES is known to be caused by damage to the internal secretion of the pancreas. Dogs, deprived of the pancreas, succumb in a few weeks to typical diabetes.

Humans, dead of this illness, subjected to autopsy, show serious damage to this valuable organ. The pancreas has both internal and external secretions. The external secretion is the pancreatic juice, passing to the intestine by way of a duct. Here this juice helps to digest the food. The internal secretion controls the ability of the body to burn sugar, necessary in the production of energy. Diabetes is caused by the failure of the body to burn its sugar, which piles up in the blood, appearing in the urine, which also increases greatly in amount. At the same time acids and other poisonous things are formed, accumulating to such a degree that death may result.

Scientists have looked for a long time for the hormone of the pancreas which controls the burning of sugar. Pancreas has been fed and injected into dogs and humans with diabetes, until recently always without result. But Banting and Best, young Canadian scientists, have discovered a way to get this hormone. Using dogs, they block off the duct which conveys pancreatic juice from the pancreas to the intestine. This operation causes the juice producing cells to degenerate, but leaves cells which make the hormone, governing the burning of sugar.

Details are not yet published, but serious scientists not enthusiasts, report striking results. Diabetics, about to die, are brought back to health, and remain healthy, provided they continue to take insulin. If confirmed, this is the greatest triumph so far in the study of glands.

Solid progress in science invariably brings with it great activity of enthusiasts, faddists, piratical commercialists. The land is full of manufacturers of gland products, who advertise their wares to doctors.

¶ *Next month, Dr. de Kruif, in "Shot Gun Cures" will recount the activities of pirates and fakirs, who not only promise to restore lost manhood, but pretend in an absurd way that glands may cure or benefit almost every imaginable disease. See Hearst's International for March.*

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¶ PLAY *of the Month*



¶ *Russian* stock company, *probably* the best in the world, *now playing* Tsar Feodor *as part of its* New York repertory.

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¶ Prince Shakhovskoi *and* **Princess Mstislavskaya** *are* **betrothed,** *but later her name is written in the petition* **to the Tsar** *to take a* **new wife—***a decision that* **hurries** *the* **tragic** *action.*

A Russian Drama

By Count Alexis Tolstoi

POSSIBLY the best stock company in the world is now acting in New York. What gives importance to the season of Russian plays at the Harris Theater is the acting. The harmony of power with simplicity, the strength of true feeling, the unity of effect, the spiritual meaning—such gifts of the highest acting must be seen, for they cannot be conveyed in words.

The function of this department is to carry to those who have not seen them the main parts of certain outstanding plays. This month we give the first drama in the New York repertory, "Tsar Feodor Ivanovich," a tragedy in five acts, with the scene laid in Moscow at the end of the sixteenth century. The play was written in 1868 by Count Alexis Tolstoi, very distantly connected with the famous Count Leo Tolstoi. Although not a prolific writer, Alexis Tolstoi stands high both as poet and as playwright. This is his best work. With it the Moscow Art Theater opened its doors for the first time in 1898. It has been an important number in the repertory ever since. Richard Mansfield once acted this tragedy. The setting has been made further familiar to New York audiences, through the production of the opera of Boris Godunov, which might be called the dramatic successor to this play, the scene being laid a few years later. The great Russian bass, Chaliapin, is singing Boris at the Metropolitan this season. This play of Tolstoi's gives the reason for the remorse felt by Boris after he became Tsar, as shown in the opera.

There is a gathering in the home of Prince Ivan Petrovich Shuiski, head of the powerful Shuiski family. Prince Ivan, commander-in-chief of the army, is the Russian national hero. At this gathering are princes, boyars (the ruling class of nobles), priests, and merchants.

Dissatisfaction is expressed over the fact that the Tsar Feodor, son of Ivan the Terrible, has allowed all the power of government to go to his wife's brother—Boris Godunov. Prince Ivan addresses his followers:

"Fathers! Princes! Boyars! I greet you—and you, too, merchant friends. I have decided that no longer can we suffer the yoke of Godunov. We Shuiskis, with all the country, stand for the old order, the church, the sound structure of Russia. Godunov is turning Russia upside down. It cannot be!"

THEY DRAW up a manifesto asking the Tsar to set aside his wife, on the ground of barrenness, so that the danger of the country's being left without a successor to the throne may be removed. They ask him to take a new wife. They leave in the manifesto a blank for her name. Prince Ivan is distressed over having to take this step: "I tell you my path is not straight. But I'll not go back now. It is better to let an innocent Tsarina suffer than the whole country." When Ivan is alone he soliloquizes:

"My way is not straight—I have learned today that he who fights with evil cannot remain clean. The struggle of right with crookedness is an unequal one. Happy the man who stands in an open field, face to face with his foe. Around him may be thunder, smoke and death, but his soul is calm and light! A heavy weight has come upon my soul for the wrong I am doing, but God is witness, all other ways are barred to us. There is no reliance on Feodor. He is as soft wax in the hands of him who knows how to rule him. . . . Only from us can the country expect salvation!"

Starkov brings news of conspiracy to [*Continued on page 123*]

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¶ *This department carries to those who have not seen them, the main parts of outstanding plays*



¶ The Tsar, *after praying* before the Cathedral, *heeds the* Tsarina's plea *and agrees* to release *all of the* Shuiskis.

¶ *Above*, The Tsar and Tsarina *who have* brief happiness *after the reconciliation with the* Shuiskis.

¶ Prince Shuiski *swears "never in* thought or deed *to war against* Godunov. *As Godunov is the* Tsarina's brother *this means fealty to the* Tsar.

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The Black Kimono

By

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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Outside of his illustrations Mr. Flagg's *efforts are not alone confined to* portraits. *A wide range of subjects are to be found in his* studio—*landscapes, still life and many lovely interiors*

James Montgomery Flagg

The many-sided man who is a painter of vitality

By Dean Cornwell

THE WORLD at large knows James Montgomery Flagg as an illustrator; many also know him as author, playwright and wit, scenarist and caricaturist. In his preferred mediums, pen and ink, wash and watercolor, his place is secure—among the first rank. But there is another side to the art of Flagg, not so well known perhaps as his illustrations, but none the less interesting. To many who are familiar with his portraits, it is here he is at his best.

There are few painters today more fortunately equipped, men freer from the so evident fads of "method and technique." So many are constantly being drawn this way and that, following the various "isms," that their best is lost, their vitality exhausted, their ultimate aim (if there was one) obscured by conflicting theories.

When Flagg paints, his interest is one thing, his subject. To scoff at technique entirely is senseless, but it must take its place. It should be a means to an end at all times, retiring to the subconscious mind of the artist.

Mr. Flagg's canvases breathe an air of breeding, a quality so refreshing with present day tendencies strongly inclined toward the sordid and horrible side of life. Art is not in the subject matter. The head of a great author, or a talented and beautiful actress can be as much a part of the drama of human existence as a threadbare and starving waif of the streets. The latter, it seems to me is merely more obvious. Again, it is not the subject, but what the painter draws out of it—the feeling, the perception, the mental grasp of the man is what really counts.

FLAGG THINKS clearly and rapidly and his well-loaded brush is but the simplest and most direct means of expression. This work is clean and his color fresh and his canvases are compelling in their likeness and sensitive characterization of the sitter. When he is through, there is a desire to know the person he has painted.

Outside his illustrations, his efforts are not alone confined to portraits. A wide range of subjects are to be found in his studio—landscapes, still life and many lovely interiors, with and without figures.

In variety, his watercolors go even further. Picturesque corners of the old world, quaint bits of the old south, interesting byways of New England spotted by the summer sun. There is one of some corn shocks and pumpkins vibrant against an autumn morning light. James Montgomery Flagg is endowed with the artist's appreciation of things human and beautiful.

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Here's one full of laughs and keeps you guessing besides. One of Mr. Cohen's *very best*

The Wife

By Octavus

Illustrations by James



MR. SERIOUS TAPP was annoyed. Mr. Florian Slappey following his friend's gaze, readily comprehended.

"You so't of ain't lovin' Mistuh Kite any, is you, Brother Tapp?"

The face of Brother Tapp registered the supremest disgust. "I hates that feller so, Brother Slappey, that was he drownedin' I'd give him a drink of water."

Florian *t'chk'd* commiseratingly. "You always look on the da'k side of things, Brother Tapp. F'rall you know, yo' wife ain't lovin' him much as she 'pears to be doin'."

"Huh! She c'd love him less'n she 'pears, an' it would be too much fo' a husban' to feel comfuttuble about."

Florian glanced back at the gaping portals of the combined shooting gallery and hot dog stand, his eye flashing appreciatively at a fresh glimpse of the red and gold sign which swayed pridefully over the sidewalk of Eighteenth Street:

HOT DOGS & SHOOTING
You Eats One & You Does the Other

Best Frankfritters in Town	Targets Nobody Cant Miss
Five Cents	3 Shots for 1 Nickel
With krowt, musterd & Onions	
Mr. Serious Tapp	Mr. Henry Kite
Prop. of Hot Dogs	Prop. of Shooting Gallry

The sign, considered as such, was a work of art. But Florian knew well that it was not upon the artistry of the sign which his friend gazed, but upon the pair of heads insinuatingly close together near the hot dog counter.

One was the property of Mrs. Hyacinth Tapp, the other belonged to Mr. Henry Kite. The first named was a lady of rich creamy color and patent pulchritude; a creature of full, promising curves and unexpected dimples; of a complexion which rose triumphant above the ravages of the Peerless Lavender-Brown Complexion Powder with which it was coated; of soft, warm allure and of distinct personality. The second was a gentleman fully qualified by appearance to associate with Mrs. Tapp. He was large and broad and he glittered with stones which may or may not have been genuine, but which, in any event, illuminated the landscape within a radius of many rods. Mr. Kite was confident to the point of superciliousness. He hated himself considerably less than not at all, and it was plain that he accepted the admiration of his business associate's wife as his just due.

A loudly checkered suit fitted snugly about his muscular figure; a broad, fluted and long visored cap perched on the side of his bullet head. His liberal feet were encased in gray buckskin above which glowed a brief panorama of orange socks. He lounged upon the counter, toying delicately with an orange bordered silk handkerchief, and the observant Florian could not deny him a compliment.

"They ain't no use talkin', Brother Tapp—'longside of Henry Kite, you is jes' nachelly a human mistake."

"Huh!"

"What that man has got," continued Florian pleasantly, "is class. Now you know good an' well, Serious, that class is the one thing you ain't got none of. You is a all right feller—I ain't sayin' you ain't—but you don't put up no front, an' front is what wimmin is fondest of. As fo' Mistuh Kite yonder, you cain't ha'hdly blame yo' wife fo' likin' him mo'n she does a poor, tripe-lookin' feller like you. If you on'y wa'n't sech a slab-sided, bow-legged, wall-eyed, slew-footed——"

Serious interrupted. "Jes' a minute, Mistuh Slappey. I craves to ast you a question."

"Shoot!"

"Is you tryin' to compliment me?"

"No-o. Not ezac'ly. I was jes' aimin' to 'splain to you why——"

"Well, yo' aim, Mistuh Slappey, is too good." And Mr. Tapp mounted to the driver's seat of his two-ton truck and drove thunderously and indignantly up the street.

SO LATELY a dweller in realms of unalloyed beatitude, Mr. Serious Tapp was discovering that life is unfortunately not all merriment and happiness. A few months since he had scaled the ultimate peak of contentment. And then—kerflooie! It had come to this.

Mr. Tapp was a methodical and determined person possessed of few desires. But those desires were as large as Mr. Tapp himself. From earliest adolescence he had acknowledged a craving for affluence—enormous affluence, great gusty gobs of affluence. Toward its attainment he had struggled determinedly. Five years previously he had been elevated to the

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Preserver

Roy Cohen

Montgomery Flagg



post of chief truck-driver of Birmingham's largest wholesale grocery house. Then it was that Cupid took one wild swing and kr ocked him out with a punch.

Serious rebelled against his pristine passion for Hyacinth, but he could no more kill it than he could strangle his desire for material wealth. To him she was the most delectable colored creature in the world and the person without whom life and achievement would be empty and worthless. Therefore, he paid dogged court to Hyacinth and eight months before had carried her to the altar; ravishing, blushing and far from unwilling.

Ensued then a period of rapture untinctured by doubt. He received a raise in salary, discovered that his bride was practical as well as beautiful—and knew that all was well with the world.

It was then that opportunity knocked upon his door and he heeded the call. For a nominal sum he rented the ground floor of a rambling building on Eighteenth Street just north of First Avenue. It had been doing duty as a clothing store and bankruptcy had caused it to become suddenly vacant. Earnest discussion with Hyacinth resulted in Serious retaining his truck-driving job while he invested all of his savings in the paraphernalia whereby frankfurters are first cooked and then sold in a luscious encasement of crisp Vienna roll.

The equipping of the place required considerable money but eventually it was completed and Hyacinth installed behind the counter as special nurse to a litter of hot dogs. The venture had been undertaken on a large and daring scale. It appealed to Darktown, alike for its convenience and its cheapness. And not the least of the attractive features was the radiant and cheerful figure of Hyacinth behind the counter.

Everybody liked Hyacinth—even the womenfolks. And while they could not understand the queer mental workings which had caused her to become the bride of so prosaic an individual as Serious Tapp, they forgave her bad taste and flocked to worship at the hot dog shrine.

Business boomed. Hyacinth was overjoyed and Serious Tapp excessively happy. But a tiny wrinkle of doubt creased his forehead. The hot dog stand occupied only a small corner of his vast premises. It was a downright shame to allow the rest of the space to be wasted. Again came a series of conferences with Hyacinth and again they attained the joy of agreement. It was decided that the vacant space should be rented to a business which would attract trade to the hot dog stand.

Eventually their problem was solved. Through Lawyer Evans Chew they were introduced to the magnificent Mr. Henry Kite. Mr. Kite laid claim to the colored sharpshooting championship of the world and desired to open a shooting gallery. He agreed to a rental which was equivalent to the entire monthly sum Serious was called upon to pay under the terms of his leasehold, and so it was that the red and gold sign was flung to the sooty, smoky breezes of Eighteenth Street.

If colored society had responded to the lure of a white-tiled hot dog stand presided over by a dusky-hued beauty it now fairly prostrated itself before the combination of frankfurter buffet and shooting gallery. Prosperity blessed the venture from its inception and with the influx of many dollars, Mr. Kite blossomed even as the green bay tree—plus a few Christmas decorations.

The two proprietors combined to pay the salary of a dilapidated assistant, one Cass Driggers, who, while not overly soothing to the eye was nevertheless extremely useful. He could snuggle a weiner in the split of a roll or swab out the barrel of a rifle with equal facility and he had the knack of making himself scarce about the place whenever his absence was desired by his employers. Altogether, the businesses rose triumphant above the depression of the day and a neat little profit was returned weekly.

Then Mr. Serious Tapp began to notice things. He didn't notice them entirely of his own accord. It was only after it became bruited about Darktown that the friendship between his wife and the magniloquent Mr. Kite was thicker than it should be—after Sis Callie Flukers, attenuated spinster, had seen to it that Serious was rescued from the depths of ignorance—it was then that he awakened to the fact that affairs with him were not as placid as they appeared upon the surface. He investigated.

There was apparently no question of the fact that Hyacinth had succumbed to the brummagen brilliance of the gentleman with whom she was associated from nine o'clock every morning until eleven o'clock each night. Their intimacy started with the

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¶ *Mr. Kite shot with* utter confidence. *He established* a record *which none* but an expert *could* better. *"Fohty-two out of fifty," solemnly announced* the judge

discovery that Henry Kite was overly fond of the captive weiner and that Hyacinth was ambitious to excel in hitting the bull's-eye. Nor was Henry averse to giving her instructions in the handling of a rifle. All day long, during the slack hours, passers-by could see them shoulder-to-shoulder at the counter, his hands covering hers as he explained the theory of various grips and tricks of sighting.

There was no denying that Henry was qualified to teach. What he didn't know about plain and fancy shooting has never been written. He could plug a dime at fifty yards without the formality of squinting through his rifle sights. His pet exhibition was shooting with one hand and smashing the little glass ball which danced merrily upon a stream of water at the rear of the gallery. As for the stolidly swimming ducks which passed by in endless procession, Henry could turn his back, conscript the services of a mirror and slaughter those ducks with unerring accuracy. Hyacinth, flushed with her new enthusiasm for marksmanship, exhibited toward Mr. Kite an interest which the rest of the world—including Hyacinth's husband and Mr. Kite himself—misinterpreted.

By some strange streak of fancy, Hyacinth was deeply in love with her unprepossessing spouse. But even before the advent of Mr. Kite, the retiring Mr. Tapp had held star chamber session with himself to ponder upon the whys and wherefores. Now, when so personable a man as Henry held the spotlight, Serious was all ready to believe that he was scraping a mighty poor second fiddle.

THERE was absolutely nothing which Serious could do about it. Successful as the hot dog venture was, it was not sufficiently successful to justify quitting his truck-driving job and devoting all his time to the hot dog nursery. Nor could he afford to engage a competent assistant and so keep his wife safe at home. Had he desired to eject Henry Kite, he could not have done so, owing to the ironbound terms of Mr. Kite's sub-lease. And he didn't desire to eject the shooting gallery proprietor. Henry was paying all of Serious's rent and attracting a very desirable weiner clientele.

The problem was a staggerer. It settled soggily over Serious and shrouded his existence in gloom. Nor was he the type of man successfully to conceal his feelings. He was sulky and cross and moody. Hyacinth, innocent, was worried and miserable. Serious, quiet at best, was now no more talkative than a little-neck clam. And he, in his excess of modesty, could not blame her for the defection. He knew his own limitations and lamented them. Who was he that he could hope to retain the affections of the most delectable colored girl in all Birmingham? He knew that he cut a sorry figure beside the glary, flittery Henry Kite. He came to hate Henry: hated him doubly because his own hands were tied.

Although Hyacinth was innocent of evil, Mr. Kite was not. To him, Hyacinth was fair game. He paid ardent court, and laughed up his sleeve at the dejected and lumbering Serious. He believed that Hyacinth returned his interest in full measure. Mr. Kite was fond of himself and was quite positive that he was the most irresistible negro gentleman who had ever sailed across her horizon.

THINGS passed rapidly from bad to badder. Serious avoided all conversation with Hyacinth. Hyacinth, not understanding the cause thereof, permitted a bit of her natural mettle to show. Being genuinely in love with her husband, she believed that he was tiring of her and she proudly retired into her own shell. She was no girl to foist herself upon an unwilling man, even though that man was her lawfully-wedded mate. For weeks they scarcely spoke to one another—both plumbing the nethermost depths of misery—each mourning the demise of their rapture.

Eventually Mr. Tapp's problem crystallized into decision. He knew that he must get rid of Henry Kite. He must; yet it was one of those things which is easier said than accomplished. He was too small a man to frighten Henry physically, or to prevail against him in bodily encounter; too, he had not the means to buy out the shooting gallery. Yet Mr. Kite must go. Worried, harassed, unhappy—Serious ambled down Eighteenth Street at eleven-thirty at night intent upon a show-down with his despised associate.

A single light burned in the hot dog stand. Hyacinth had gone. So had Henry. Horrid visions seared the brain of the distraught husband. Where were they? Had they gone together? He peered within. A small and solitary figure was busied at the counter preparing for the business of the coming day. Old reliable Cass Driggers was very much on the

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¶ *In the office of* Lawyer Chew, *Hyacinth* argued, begged *and* pleaded *with her husband.* Adamant *was* soft *by comparison.* Serious *would absolutely have nothing* to do with *his wife.*

ob. Serious opened the door and slouched dejectedly within.

"Where Hyacinth is at?"

Cass did not cease his labors. "Gone."

"When?"

"Half-hour ago. 'Bout same time that Mistuh Kite went."

Serious groaned. "Dawggone that man!"

Cass looked up sympathetically. "Far as he goes, Brother Tapp, I ain't inwitin' him to meet my wife."

"H'm! N'r neither did I. Him an' his fancy shootin'. Was he not so good a shooter like he is, mebbe they would be sumthin' I could do. . . . Is he sech a awful good shot, Cass?"

CASS's face beamed. "Good? Asks me is that cullud man a good shot? I says was he any better'n what he is he'd be too good. Shootin' is the one thing he don't know nothin' else but."

"Pff! He ain't so puny with the wimmin neither."

"Not so awful . . . but his shootin'—— You see that ball yonder, Brother Tapp?"

"Which ball?"

"That one dancing on the stream of water?"

Serious saw. He saw a silver ball like a Christmas tree ornament leaping merrily up and down upon a stream of water which jetted apparently from a wooden shelf. "Yeh. . . ."

"Mistah Kite c'n bust that ball 'bout nineteen times out of twenty."

"Honest?"

"Crost my hea't. I ain't never seen nobody could shoot like that man. He says they ain't nobody can, neither."

Serious gazed fascinatedly at the little ball. He was himself no mean marksman, as ordinary marksmen go. He was a native of Chapman, Alabama, and had killed his share of partridges and doves and woodcocks. But when it came to smashing a restless silvery ball with a .22-caliber rifle. . . . "Reckon a husban' better be careful how he fools with a feller which c'n shoot thataway."

Meanwhile, Cass Driggers was completing his last-minute tasks. The hot dog counter was tidied for the opening of business on the morrow. The rifles were cleaned, loaded and laid side by side on the counter. He then ambled to the target section at the rear of the shooting gallery, stooped—and suddenly the little ball ceased to leap about on the stream of water—and there was no stream of water. Serious's eyes narrowed. For the first time it occurred to him that the stream which supported the dancing ball was impermanent, and in the recesses of his brain was born the first faint stirring of an idea.

"What you done then, Cass?"

"Says which?"

"What have you done to that water?"

"Turned it off."

Serious joined his friend. Behind the counter he saw a pipe which crossed the floor, jutted upward and provided the water upon which the ball picnicked. He was intent upon his investigation. "Lemme see that ball, Cass."

Cass handed him the ball, a weightless affair. Serious reached his hand to the stopcock on the water pipe and turned. The water spurted into the air. Upon that stream of water he placed the ball. Once again it danced crazily in the glare of the ceiling lights.

For several minutes Mr. Serious Tapp stood regarding the ball while his brow wrinkled with the effort of intensive thought. Finally he spoke: "Cass?"

"Yeh?"

"I is gwine out by where the folks shoots fum. When I says 'Crack!' you turn that water off an' then you turn it right on again—quick—see?"

"I gits you, Brother Tapp."

SERIOUS duly walked to the counter, raised a rifle to his shoulder, aimed at the general direction of the ball, and uttered the word "Crack!" Instantly Cass Driggers turned the faucet, and as instantly turned it on again. The silver ball fell to the floor and broke into a thousand pieces. But the effect was startling; apparently the flow of water had not ceased. It was as though Serious had shot the ball from the stream.

Excitement now gripped the owner of the hot dog stand. He summoned Cass Driggers and instructed that gentleman to do as he had done. When he returned Cass was standing pop-eyed.

"What it looked like, Cass?"

"If'n I had of shot that gun, Brother Tapp, I would of swore I busted the ball."

"Sho'ly. Sho'ly. Never woul'n't nobody sispec' that the ball wa'n't shot if'n somebody was back yonder turnin' off that water ev'y time they hearn the gun go off, would they?"

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Cass was no mental giant, but he was also far from being a fool. "Y-y-you means?"

"I means," explained Serious grimly, "that s'posin' I an' a suttin gemmun was to lay a bet I could shoot mo' balls offen that water than what he could, an' s'posin' we was to shoot heah? An' s'posin' he missed a few times, an' s'posin' when I sta'ted to shoot somebody was lyin' behime that counter yonder an' ev'y time my rifle went off, that feller which was lyin' there turned off the water an' turned it on ag'in? S'pose all that, Mistuh Cass Driggers—you reckon anybody would ever know any better?"

The scheme percolated slowly through Cass's head, and Mr. Driggers's eyes beamed. "You mean I is gwine be the feller which lies down behime the counter an' turns off the water ev'y time you shoots?"

"Tha's which."

"S'posin' I gits caught?"

"You ain't gwine be."

"But if'n I does?"

"Does you git caught, I stan's by you."

"Huh! If I gits caught an' you stan's by me, you is gwine be travelin' consid'rable." He thought for a moment. "Reckon I woul'n't git caught, though. . . . What I gits fo' doin' this?"

"If things wuk out like I spec's they will, Cass, you gits to have cha'ge of the shootin' gall'ry. I asts you, is you with me?"

Out came Cass's hand. "Ise ahaid of you, Brother Tapp."

From the shooting gallery Serious and Cass went to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor where Serious stood host to a Brunswick stew and a barbecue sandwich. Then, alone, Serious walked the streets of Darktown, turning the scheme over in his mind, contemplating it from every angle.

It was flawless. In the first place, he knew that he could place implicit trust in Cass. Cass was unimaginative and dull, but he was a true friend. More, Serious knew that Cass hated Henry Kite; hated Henry's patronizing ways and his domineering manner. There was no doubting Cass's loyalty. . . .

All Serious had to do then, was to goad Mr. Kite into a wager, the stakes to be the hot dog stand against the shooting gallery; with all accessories and appurtenances of each thrown in for good measure. A noble bet, and one worthy the wonderful woman who inspired it. They would shoot at the dancing ball . . . and Serious would break his every time, thanks to the services of Cass Driggers.

IT WAS after two o'clock in the morning when Serious entered his unpretentious little cottage on Avenue F. Hyacinth was sleeping peacefully, and Serious did not disturb her. She was the cause of it . . . and much as he was jealous of Henry Kite, he knew that once Henry ceased to be a man of affluence, he would be forced to leave town or else resort to a menial occupation, and therefore fade from the picture as a rival.

As to the ethics of the scheme, Serious was not worried. The ethical code had been violated first by Henry Kite, whose efforts to convert Hyacinth to his way of thinking had been obvious. Serious was merely fighting fire with fire. "An' my fire," he soliloquized, "is gwine be hotter'n his."

Opportunity presented itself the following day. It did more than that—it fairly slapped Serious in the face. He was driving his truck down Eighteenth Street. He parked opposite the shooting gallery. Within he saw his wife and Henry Kite. Hyacinth held a rifle and Henry held Hyacinth. So far as Hyacinth knew, Henry was merely adjusting her hand properly upon the stock. But Henry Kite knew that he was holding her hand caressingly and he believed that Hyacinth knew it, too. So did Serious.

Mr. Tapp entered the shooting gallery suddenly and completely. "Mawnin'!" There was fury in his voice. The pair at the counter whirled. For a brief instant Mr. Kite's complexion became the hue of polished ebony which has been breathed upon. Hyacinth was disturbed. She visioned trouble in her husband's attitude . . . and Hyacinth had been much worried recently because of his aloofness.

"What you doin', Mistuh Kite?"

Henry was slowly recovering his insouciance. "Me?"

"Yeh—you?"

"Ise givin' yo' wife a shootin' lesson."

"You is?"

"Uh-huh. Shootin' is the fondest thing she is of."

"You says. An' I asts you, who is you to teach shootin'? What you know bouten it, anyway?"

Henry's jaw dropped. "Wh-what you says?"

"I says what does you know 'bout shootin'?"

Here was insult supreme. Even yet Mr. Kite did not comprehend the belligerence of Serious's demeanor. As for Hyacinth she stood back and wondered. She knew that Serious was no a drinking man, but of late he had been acting powerfu peculiar. . . .

"Ise the cullud champeen shooter of the world," spluttere Henry.

"You ain't the no kind of champeen of nothin'."

"Eh?"

"You ain't no shooter. You never shot nothin' an' nothin' i what you is gwine keep on shootin'."

ANGER welled in the bosom of Mr. Kite. Whatever hi shortcomings, marksmanship was not one of them. "Mistul Tapp! In one minute you talks mo' foolishment than I has eve heard in my whole life."

"You ain't never heard nothin' an' you don't know nothin'."

"I know they ain't no cullud man in Bumminham which c'n shoot as good as me. N'r neither no white man."

"Ev'y time you opens yo' mouth nothin' comes out. You is a fak an' likewise a preposter. What you don't know is how to shoot."

Henry Kite was too startled to give his temper full play Hyacinth edged closer to her husband and attempted to hea him away from the disaster toward which she saw him driving He shoved her aside and devoted his entire attention to th proprietor of the shooting gallery.

"I—I reckon," gasped Henry Kite, "that you think you c'n shoot gooder than I can."

"Yo' reckonments is imminently cirrect."

"Huh! Words never busted no targets."

"N'r neither did you."

"I bet you——"

"Pff! You is as bum spoht as you is shooter. You wou'n never bet nothin' wuthwhile."

The two muscular hands of Henry Kite descended upon th shoulders of his tormentor. "You is willin' to bet me that yo c'n beat me in a shootin' match? Is that it?"

"Yassuh."

"What you bets?"

"Bets a thousan' dollars!"

The words slithered glibly from Serious's lips. For a few seconds nothing could be heard but silence and very little o that. Dazedly, Henry shook his head. "Ain't got no thousan dollars——"

"You ain't got nothin'. 'Specially brains."

Mr. Kite looked around. "If'n you was willin' to bet some thin' besides money——"

"I is."

"Which?"

"I bets you—" Mr. Tapp's voice rolled sonorously forth—"I bets you my hot dawg stan' ag'in yo' shootin' gall'ry that I c'n beat you shootin'."

"Serious!" Hyacinth clutched her husband's arm and wailed into his ear. "Where you lef' yo' brains at?"

"Lef' 'em in my haid where they belongs. An' once an' f'rall I shows this Kite feller where he gits off at. He's been swellin 'roun' Bumminham tellin' folks how good he is. If'n he's s good like what he says, he c'n come across now. I says to you, Mistuh Kite—does you put up or does you shut up?"

THROUGH the haze of bewilderment, with its touch of shaken confidence, Mr. Kite groped for his bearings. Gradually, matters adjusted themselves. There was no doubting the fact that he was a marvelous shot. Never in his career had he been out-shot, and he did not dodge the issue now. What worried him was the certainty that something was wrong. He fancied that perhaps Serious had divorced himself from his sanity. His eyes gleamed craftily. If this agreement could be reduced to writing. . . .

"How we decides this bet, Brother Tapp? Where does we shoot it off?"

Serious waved a comprehensive hand. "Right heah."

"What does we shoot at?"

"The hahdest target you is got."

Henry Kite tried to make his suggestion sound casual: "That ball which dances on the water?"

"Don't make no indiff'ence to me."

Again Hyacinth: "Honey! You never could bust that ball was you to shoot a hund'ed times."

Serious ignored her. "Hopes you is got plenty of them balls, 'cause each time I shoots one of 'em ain't gwine be is."

"Ise got a hund'ed or mo'. An' if'n [*Continued on page 14*]

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¶ BOOK *of the Month*

The OUTLINE OF SCIENCE

By J. Arthur Thomson

¶ *The primary purpose of* Science *is understanding, but Knowledge is Power*

SCIENCE reads the secret of the distant star and anatomizes the atom; foretells the date of the comet's return and predicts the kind of chickens that will hatch from a dozen eggs; discovers the laws of the wind and reduces to order the disorders of disease.

The idea of evolution has influenced all the sciences, forcing us to think of everything as with a history behind it. The solar system, the earth, the mountain ranges and the great deeps, the rocks and crystals, the plants and animals, man himself and his social institutions—all must be seen as the outcome of a long process of Becoming.

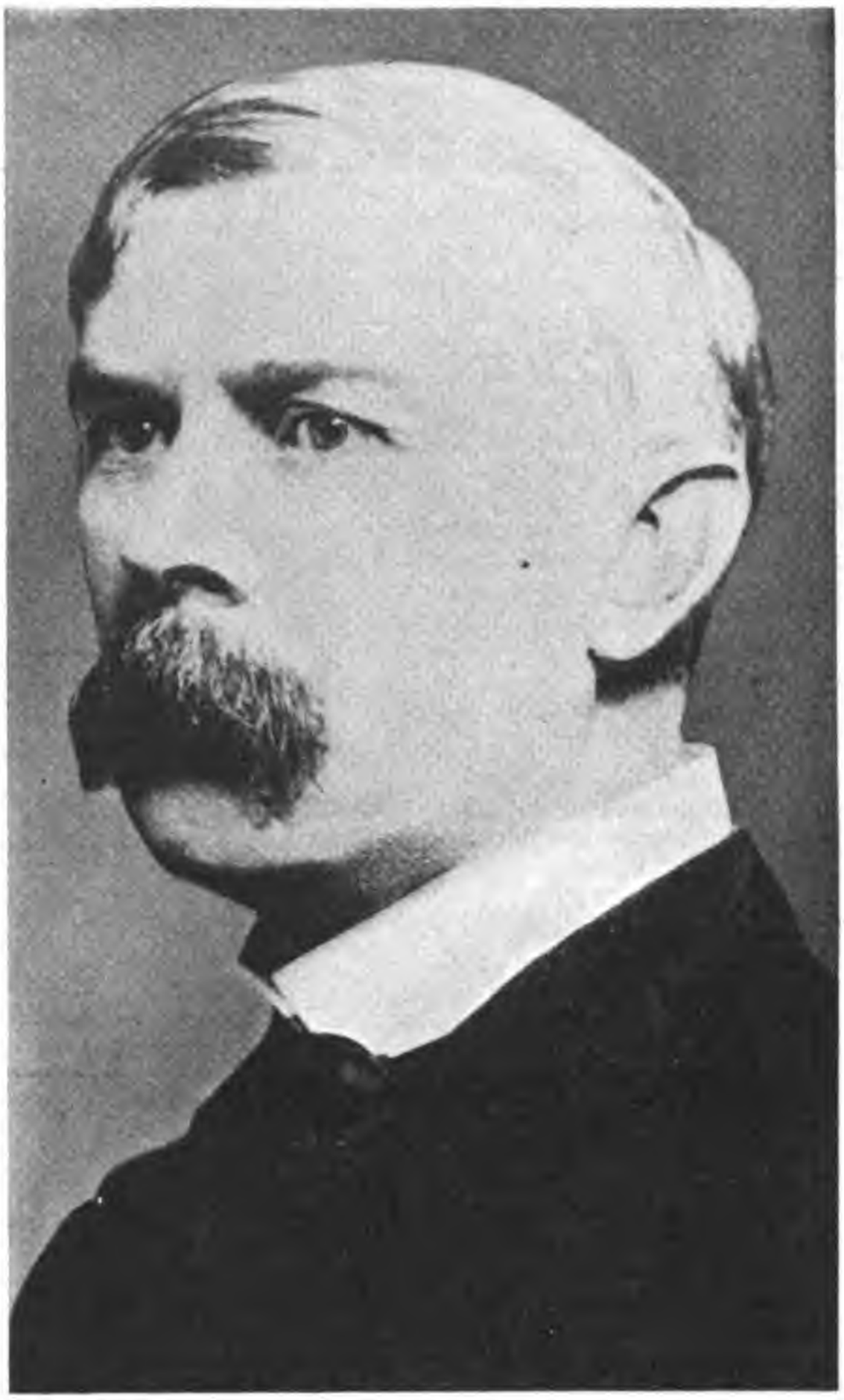
It is characteristic of modern science that the whole world is seen to be more vital than before. Everywhere there has been a passage from the static to the dynamic. Thus the new revelations of the constitution of matter have shown the very dust to have a complexity and an activity heretofore unimagined. Such phrases as "dead" matter and "inert" matter have gone by the board.

The new theory of the atom amounts almost to a new conception of the universe. The atom is no longer the indivisible particle of matter it was once understood to be. We know now that there is an atom within the atom—that what we thought was elementary can be dissociated and broken up.

The advent of the electron theory has thrown a flood of light on what before was hidden or only dimly guessed at. It has given us a new conception of the framework of the universe. We are beginning to know and realize of what matter is made and what electric phenon enon means. We can glimpse the vast stores of energy locked up in matter.

As in chemistry and physics, so in the science of living creatures there have been recent advances that have changed the whole prospect. A good instance is afforded by the discovery of the "hormones," or chemical messengers, which are produced by the ductless glands, such as the thyroid, the suprarenal, and the pituitary, and are distributed throughout the body by the blood. The work of physiologists like Professor Starling and Professor Bayliss has shown that these chemical messengers regulate what may be called the "pace" of the body, and bring about that regulated harmony and smoothness of working which we know as health. It is not too much to say that the discovery of hormones has changed the whole of physiology.

J. Arthur Thomson, regius professor of natural history in the University of Aberdeen, thus introduces his reader to his four volume work on science. Naturally it would be impossible for Professor Thomson, in a work of this size, which touches upon very many different phases of science to be exhaustive, but he is, very often, distinctly illuminating. A consecutive abridgment of this work, in a limited space, would be unfair to the author and disappointing to the readers. Therefore you will be asked to judge the nature of the books from the bits reproduced and to remember that much interesting and important material set down by Professor Thomson is not so much as hinted at in this condensation.



¶ Science *loses the* terror of technical phrases *in the hands of* J. Arthur Thomson *whose four volume work* paves *the way to* entertainment *and* learning.

There are, the author says, many interesting questions raised by a study of the solar system, such as, what is the size, mass and distance of each of the planets? What are their temperatures? What are comets and meteors? How do they originate and what are their movements? And the sun, what is its composition, the source of its heat and its origin and is it running down? These questions about the sun, he says, are of primary importance:

To us on the earth the most patent and most astonishing fact about the sun is its tremendous energy. Heat and light in amazing quantities pour from it without ceasing.

Where does this energy come from? Enormous jets of red glowing gases can be seen shooting outward from the sun, like flames from a fire, for thousands of miles. Does this argue fire, as we know fire on the earth? On this point the scientist is sure. The sun is not burning, and combustion is not the source of its heat. Combustion is a chemical reaction between atoms. The conditions that make it possible are known and the results are predictable and measurable. But no chemical reaction of the nature of combustion as we know it will explain the sun's energy, nor indeed will any ordinary chemical reaction of any kind.

The best explanation that we have today of the continuous accretion of energy in the sun is that it is due to shrinkage of the sun's bulk under the force of gravity. Gravity is one of the most mysterious forces of nature, but it is an obvious fact that bodies behave as if they attracted one another, and Newton worked out the law of this attraction. If the diameter of the sun were to shrink by one mile all around, this would mean that all the millions of tons in the outer one-mile thickness would have a straight drop of one mile toward the center. And this is not all, because obviously the layers below this outer mile would also drop inward, each to a less degree than the one above it. What a tremendous movement of matter, however slowly it might

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take place! And what a tremendous energy would be involved! Astronomers calculate that the above shrinkage would require fifty years for its completion, assuming, reasonably, that there is a close and continuous relationship between loss of heat by radiation and shrinkage. Even if this were true we need not feel over-anxious on this theory; before the sun becomes too cold to support life many millions of years would be required.

Recent study of radio-active bodies has suggested another factor that may be working powerfully along with the force of gravitation to maintain the sun's store of heat. In radio-active bodies certain atoms seem to be undergoing disintegration. These atoms appear to be splitting up into very minute and primitive constituents. But since matter may be split up into such constituents, may it not be built up from them again?

The question is whether these radio-active elements are undergoing disintegration, or formation, in the sun. If they are undergoing disintegration—then we have another source of heat for the sun that will last indefinitely.

In considering the planets, Professor Thomson takes up the question of life on Mars and while he makes no definite statements, he says, "It is possible that there is advanced life on Mars, and it is not impossible, in spite of the very great difficulties of a code communication, that our 'elder brothers' may yet flash across space the solution of many of our problems." He disposes of the other planets briefly and speaks of the moon as a "dead world." He notes that the influence of the moon upon the earth tends to slow down the diurnal movement of the earth and that this slowing down may go on until the day and the month are of the same length, a condition that now exists upon some of the other planets. Passing to the earth and its beginning he speaks of evolution as a master-key that opens many doors and so comes naturally to a consideration of the Nebular Hypothesis:

One of the grandest pictures that the scientific mind has ever thrown upon the screen is that of the Nebular Hypothesis. According to Laplace's famous form of this theory the solar system was once a gigantic glowing mass, spinning slowly and uniformly around its center. As the incandescent world-cloud of gas cooled and its speed of rotation increased the shrinking mass gave off a separate whirling ring, which broke up and gathered together again as the first and most distant planet. The main mass gave off another ring and another until all of the planets, including the earth, were formed. The central mass persisted as the sun.

Laplace spoke of his theory with scientific caution: "Conjectures which I present with all the distrust which everything not the result of observation or of calculation ought to inspire." Subsequent research justified his distrust, for it has been shown that the original nebula need not have been hot and need not have been gaseous. Moreover there are great difficulties in Laplace's theory of the separation of successive rings from the main mass, and of the condensation of a whirling gaseous ring into a planet.

So it has come about that the picture of a hot gaseous nebula revolving as a unit body has given place to other pictures. Thus Sir Norman Lockyer pointed out (1890) that the earth is gathering to itself millions of meteorites every day; this has been going on for millions of years; in distant ages the accretion may have been vastly more rapid and voluminous; and so the earth has grown! Now, the meteoritic contributions are undoubted, but they require a center to attract them, and the difficulty is to account for the beginning of a collecting center or planetary nucleus. Several other theories have been propounded to account for the origin of the earth, but the one that has found most favor in the eyes of authorities is that of Chamberlin and Moulton. According to this theory a great nebular mass condensed to form the sun, from which under the attraction of passing stars, planet after planet, the earth included, was heaved off in the form of knotted spiral nebulae, like many of those now observed in the heavens.

Of great importance were the knots, for they served as collecting centers drawing flying matter into their clutches. Whatever part of the primitive bolt escaped and scattered was drawn into independent orbit around the sun, forming the "planetesimals" which behave like minute planets. These planetesimals formed the food upon which the planets subsequently fed.

It has been calculated that the newborn earth—the "earth-knot" of Chamberlin's theory—had a diameter of about 5,500 miles. But it grew by drawing planetesimals into itself until it had a diameter of over 8,100 miles at the end of its growing period. Since then it has shrunk and it now has a diameter of 7,918 miles. But during the shrinkage the earth became more varied.

A sort of slow boiling of the internally hot earth often forced molten matter through the cooled outer crust, and there came about gradual assortment of lighter materials nearer the surface and heavier materials deeper down. The continents are built of the lighter materials, such as granites, while the beds of the great oceans are made of the heavier materials such as basalts. In limited areas land has often become sea, and seas have often given place to land, but the probability is that the distinction of the areas corresponding to the great continents and oceans goes back to a very early stage.

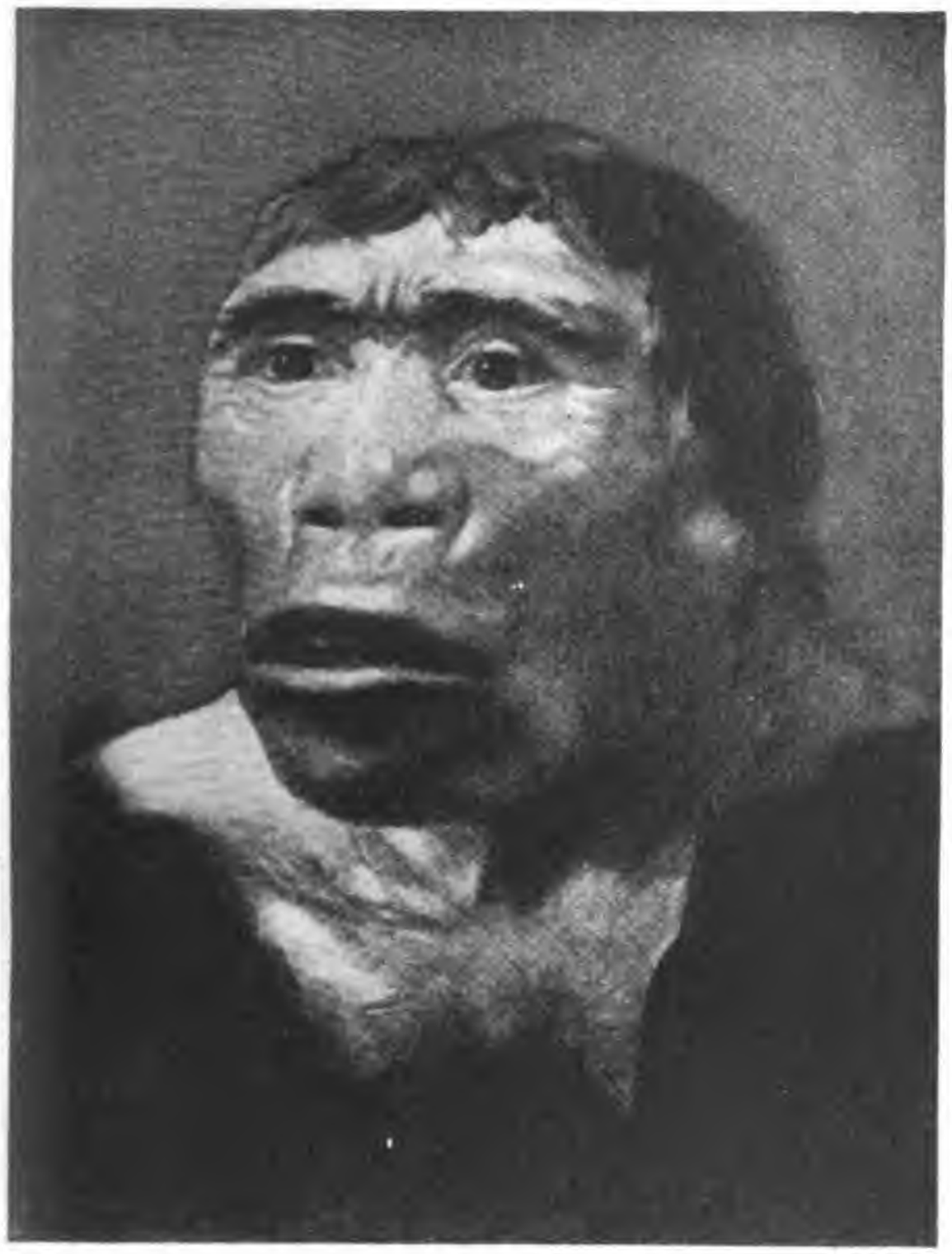
The lithosphere is the more or less stable crust of the earth which may have been, to begin with, about fifty miles in thickness. It seems that the young earth had no atmosphere, and that ages passed before water began to accumulate on its surface—before, in other words, there was any hydrosphere. The water came from the earth itself, to begin with, and it was long before there was any rain dissolving out saline matter from the exposed rocks and making the sea salt. The weathering of the high grounds of the ancient crust by air and water furnished the material which formed the sandstones and mudstones and other sedimentary rocks, which are said to amount to a thickness of over fifty miles in all.

We cannot have more than a speculative picture of the first living creatures upon the earth or, rather, in the waters that covered the earth. A basis for speculation is to be found, however, in the simplest creatures living today, such as some of the



¶ *A full grown* gorilla, *the largest* of anthropoid apes, *stands about* five feet high, *walks with a* shuffling gait, *has* enormous *strength and a* ferocious temper.

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¶ *The* earliest members *of the human family were not* exactly handsome, *according to present* standards, *as is proven by the* reconstruction *of the* Java Man, *who lived many* thousands of years ago.

bacteria and one celled animalcules, especially those called Protists, which have not taken any very definite step toward becoming either plants or animals. No one can be sure, but there is much to be said for the theory that the first creatures were microscopic globules of living matter, not unlike the simplest bacteria of today, but able to live on air, water, and salts.

From such a source may have originated a race of one celled marine organisms which were able to manufacture chlorophyll, or something like chlorophyll, that is to say the green pigment which makes it possible for plants to utilize the energy of the sunlight in breaking up carbon-dioxide and in building up carbon compounds, like sugar and starch. These little units were probably incased in a cell wall of cellulose, but their boxed-in energy expressed itself in the undulatory movement of a lash or flagellum, by means of which they propelled themselves energetically through the water. There are many similar organisms today, mostly in water, but some of them—simple one celled plants—paint the tree stems and even paving stones green in wet weather.

On another tack, however, there probably evolved a series of simple predatory creatures, not able to build up organic matter from the air, water, and salts, but devouring their neighbors. These units were not closed in with cellulose, but remained naked, with their living matter or protoplasm flowing out in changeful processes, such as we see in the amœbae in the ditch or in our own white blood corpuscles and other amœboid cells. These were the originators of the animal kingdom.

What would one not give to be able to account for the making of a body, one of the great steps in evolution! No one knows, but the problem is not altogether obscure.

When an ordinary protozoon, or one celled animal, divides into two or more, which is its way of multiplying, the daughter-units, thus formed, float apart and live independent lives. But there are a few protozoa in which the daughter-units are not quite separated off from one another, but remain coherent. Thus Volvox is a colony of a thousand or even ten thousand cells. It has almost formed a body! But in this colony-making protozoon and in others like it the component cells are all of one kind, whereas in true multi-cellular animals there are different kinds of cells, showing division of labor. There are some other protozoa in which the nucleus divides into many nuclei within the cell. If a portion of the living matter of these protozoa should gather around each of the nuclei, then that would be the beginning of a body.

It was possibly in some such way that animals and plants with a body were first evolved. It should be noticed, that body making is not essentially a matter of size, though it made large size possible.

AFTER considering the origin and growth of the lower animals, Professor Thomson comes to man and at once submits proof of man's relationship with simian stock:

THE ANATOMICAL structure of man is closely similar to that of the anthropoid apes—the gorilla, the orang, the chimpanzee, and the gibbon. Bone for bone, muscle for muscle, blood vessel for blood vessel, nerve for nerve, man and ape agree. As the conservative anatomist, Sir Richard Owen, said, there is between them "an all-pervading similitude of structure." Differences, of course, there are, but they are not momentous, except man's big brain, which may be three times as heavy as that of a gorilla. The average human brain weighs about forty-eight ounces; the gorilla brain does not exceed twenty ounces at its best. The capacity of the human skull is never less than fifty-five cubic inches; in the orang and the chimpanzee the figures are twenty-six and twenty-seven and a half, respectively.

Man alone is thoroughly erect after his infancy is passed; his head weighted with the heavy brain does not droop forward as the ape's does; with his erect attitude there is perhaps to be associated his more highly developed vocal organs. Compared with an anthropoid ape, man has a bigger and a more upright forehead, a less protrusive face region, smaller cheek-bones and eyebrow ridges, and more uniform teeth. He is almost unique in having a chin. Man plants the sole of his foot flat on the ground, his big toe is usually in a line with the other toes, and he has a better heel than any monkey has. The change in the shape of the head is to be thought of in connection with the enlargement of the brain, and also in connection with the natural reduction of the muzzle region when the hand was freed from being an organ of support and became suited for grasping the food and conveying it to the mouth.

There is neither agreement nor certainty as to the antiquity of man, except that the modern type was distinguishable from its collaterals hundreds of thousands of years ago. The general impression left is very grand. In remote antiquity the Primate stem diverged from the other orders of mammals; it sent forth its tentative branches and the result was a tangle of monkeys; ages passed and the monkeys were left behind, while the main stem, still probing its way, gave off the anthropoid apes, both small and large.

Ancient skeletons of men of the modern type have been found in many places and they are often referred to as "cave men" or men of the early stone age. They had large skulls, high foreheads, well marked chins and other features such as modern man possesses. The "cave men" lived between the third and fourth ice ages, along with cave bear, cave lion, cave hyena, mammoth—taking us back to 30,000 to 50,000 years ago.

SO BY evolutionary changes modern men came from these forerunners of the human race and Professor Thomson points out that the evolutionary process is still going on and as to its effect upon the future of mankind, he says:

IT IS not likely that man's body will admit of great change, but there is room for some improvement, e. g. in the superfluous length of the food canal and the over-crowding of the teeth. It is likely, however, that there will be constitutional changes, e. g. of prolonged youthfulness, a higher standard of healthfulness, and a greater resistance to disease. It is justifiable to look forward to great improvements in intelligence and in control. The potentialities of the human brain, as it is, are far from being utilized to the full, and new departures of promise are of continual occurrence. What is of great importance is that the new departures or variations which emerge in fine children should be fostered. The evolutionary prospect for man is promising.

IN A FURTHER development of the theory of evolution Professor Thomson considers the position of Darwin in the light of scientific progress during the past fifty years and says: [*Continued on page 119*]

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Should Parents *Be Abolished?*

By Walt Mason

Illustrations by L. Strothmann

¶ *Bachelors Can Get Along in Harmony for Uncounted Years, But Where There Are Parents There Are Fireworks*

THROUGH all my younger years Lemuel J. Lushington was my bosom friend. People with a command of language called us The Inseparables, and likened us unto David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Alpha and Omega. We confided to each other our secret ambitions, hopes and fears.

When at last Lemuel went to the altar, leaning upon the arm of a blooming and beautiful bride, I acted as his second, and after the ceremony I threw after him a package of rice, and a pair of old shoes that needed half-soling, in conformity with an ancient and kindly custom. That was long ago, and since then our paths have lain far apart; but whenever I have felt the need of sympathy or wise counsel, whenever I have had a secret sorrow that needed an airing, I have yearned for the presence of Lemuel. I have wished with an unspeakable longing that he would take me to his heart as of yore, over my slumbers his loving watch keep, and so on.

One Autumn night, when a sad wind was wailing, and a persistent rain was beating against the windows, there came a knock at my door. I called, "Come in," and the portal swung open, and who should step in but Lemuel J. Lushington. It was Lemuel, but he seemed a hideous travesty upon his former self. Where were the raven tresses he wore in the days of his youth? Where the blooming complexion, the sparkling eyes, the smiling lips? Lemuel looked like something purchased at a rummage sale. He was bald, and his face was haggard, and his eyes had a parboiled appearance, and his mouth suggested that he had got the wrong bottle in the dark.

I was glad to see him, melancholy wreck as he was. I had many carking cares in my bosom, and had long been suffering to tell someone all about them, but nobody would listen. All my neighbors selfishly insisted that they had troubles of their own, and the policeman on our block indignantly informed me he would run me in if I didn't quit pestering him. But here was Lemuel, the friend of my youth, to whom I could lay bare the poignant secrets of my heart.

But Lemuel beat me to it.

When I tried to interest him in a set of blue prints illustrating the progress of my rheumatism, he held up a thin, pallid hand and bade me wait.

"I HAVE come from my distant home," he said, "to talk about grief; grief with the original bark on it. For years I have been trying to find somebody who would listen to me with understanding and sympathy, like the Ancient Mariner of the poem; but always, when I got fairly started, the hearers said I was heartless, a monster, and I should be in jail. At last I thought of you. When we were young I listened patiently to all your passionate narratives, and now I feel that it is your turn to lend me your ears.

"When last you saw me I was departing from the sanctuary with my bride, and the future seemed rosy and gay. Many years have passed since then, and I have been promoted to parenthood five times. Two girls and three boys call me 'Daddy'

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and remind me that they need new shoes and schoolbooks and hats and roller skates and fishpoles and ouija boards and bicycles and Airedale pups——"

"Now, Lemuel, try to control yourself," I interrupted, for he was pacing the floor in a frenzy, and upsetting furniture I had just bought at the instalment store. "Eat these mothballs; they will have a quieting effect on your nerves."

"The American parent is the universal goat," proceeded Lemuel, in a calmer voice. "You know how I always hated advice and admonition; I believe that every free-born American has the same feeling. Before becoming a parent I never experienced enough to ruin my sunny disposition, but since parenthood overtook me I am up against advice all the time. Everybody thinks the parent is fair game. Is our civilization in danger? It is because parents don't train their children properly; is our government about to collapse, with nobody to save the pieces? It is because parents don't read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States in the family circle every morning. The unhappy parent can't go anywhere without being lectured and abused.

"PARENTS seldom advise each other concerning the proper way to rear children. The advice always comes from people who have no children. Old maids are especially proficient along this line. They are forever reading papers at club meetings, in which they demonstrate that parents don't know enough to come in out of the rain; whenever possible they break into print, arguing that fathers and mothers are ruining the young ones by giving them too much freedom, or by not giving them enough; they intimate that the only people capable of properly educating children are those who never had any.

"Old beldames actually come into my house and ask a lot of questions as to how we are bringing up our kids. Do we have their hair cut by a barber, or by ourselves? Do we feed them vermifuge at proper intervals? Do we take scientific precautions against ingrowing toenails? Do we paste the rules of the Board of Health in their hats? Do we see that their marbles are properly sterilized before they play with them? Do we have dentists examine their teeth, and aurists their ears, and chiropodists their feet, and chiropractics their backbones, and——"

"Now, Lemuel, Lemuel," I exclaimed, "you must quit biting pieces out of that priceless tapestry, and kicking holes through the Japanese screen. Be calm. Let your heart be still a moment, and I'll start up this electric fan, and perhaps a current of cool air will make you feel better."

"They say a child in the house is a wellspring of pleasure," continued Lemuel, "and it is true. Far be it from me to point the finger of scorn at children as an institution, but they impose a frightful responsibility upon their parents. We have five wellsprings of pleasure in our house, and I don't know what I'd do without them, but sometimes I feel things wilting inside of me when they come up and call me 'dear old daddy,' and ask if I can't let them have a few bones to buy the Decline and Fall of Ancient Rome, and a shotgun, and a box of wintergreen chewing gum, and a pair of gloves, and an Angora cat, and a radio outfit, and a lot of jazz records, and the complete works of Harold Bell Wright, and——"

"I have mixed up a nice flaxseed poultice, Lemuel, and I am going to place it on your brow. I think it will have a soothing influence, and if you must continue this distressing narrative it may not excite you so much. But I wish you would rest a while and let me tell you how I have been soaked by the tax gatherers. I am paying taxes in two states on the same property——"

"I don't want to hear your piffling story just now," sighed Lemuel. "I want to thresh out this parenthood graft to the bitter end; and having once unburdened my soul I can go back to my family and my duties a giant refreshed.

"The lot of the parent is truly a pathetic one. I believe my five wellsprings are as good as any you will find in the country. I have done my best by them; I have clothed them in purple and fine linen, and fed them the best the market affords, and educated them regardless of cost, and of course they take it all as a matter of course; I expect that, but it hurts me to find that they look upon me as a back number, as something antediluvian, an interglacial relic, a paleozoic remnant. I can't get on intimate terms with them; they belong to one generation and I to another, and the gulf between is a thousand miles wide, and no human skill can bridge it.

"Every day I make sacrifices for them—sacrifices they know nothing of. In the place where I am employed the boss is an insolent, overbearing man who loves to abuse the employes. I have endured his bullying for years, for parenthood has made me a caitiff. If I followed my natural impulses I would climb upon the person of that boss, cave in the top of his head and dislocate his ribs, for I come of a haughty and martial race. But I have to think of the five wellsprings. What would become of them if I lost my job?

"For years I have been longing to punch the boss's head in a workmanlike manner; it has been the supreme ambition of my life; I talk about it in my sleep and grind my teeth when awake. I look forward to the time when my children may be self-supporting; then I hope to corner the boss where none may interfere, and swat him roundly in the midriff, and pull out his whiskers. But I fear that when the time comes I'll be too old and feeble to put up a decent scrap.

"NO ONE but a parent can realize what liabilities children are. This is not the fault of the children, of course; it is the fault of our alleged civilization. Last year I had a fine offer from another city, so I threw up my job, and went to that city to find a house or apartment or wigwam to live in. There were plenty of desirable houses, but when I was obliged to confess that there were five children in my train, the landlords and landladies bade me go to.

"That is the burden of my lamentation: Parents are always being lectured, rebuked, advised, reprimanded, held up to public scorn. I have been the fall guy so long I felt I must confide in somebody, and I traveled across three states to enjoy your sympathy.

"But you mustn't think that parenthood hasn't its joys, as well as its cares and penalties. Who can describe the happiness that permeates a tired parent when he goes home in the evening, and is surrounded by his loving children, who call him 'Daddy Darling,' and ask him if he can't spare a few bucks so they can buy freshman caps, and a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, to give to their beloved teacher, and a stuffed alligator as a class emblem, and a brick of ice cream, and a case of grape juice, and a pair of boxing gloves, and some giant firecrackers, and——"

"There, there, Lemuel," I said, soothingly, "try and get a grip on yourself. Drink this glass of sparkling peruna, and then I'll sing you to sleep as in the old days, when we were children together."

¶ *Brickbats for* Father

THE sad-eyed parent stands aghast, upon the marketplace; his course is full of errors vast, his life is a disgrace; and spinsters, as they journey past, rebuke him to his face. If he would rule with iron hand the kids who bear his name, indignant voters round him stand and say it is a shame; and as they rant their wrath is fanned into a fiercer flame. If he's inclined to spare the rod and let the children spoil, all moralists who are abroad kick up a great turmoil; he is a piker and a fraud who should be boiled in oil. Old maids and bachelors abound, a wise and noisy crew, and they are full of precepts sound, and texts as good as new, and ever more they gather round, to tell him what to do. He's always followed by a throng of counselors sublime; they counsel him in deathless song, in prose and libre rhyme; and everything he does is wrong, his every plan a crime.

Walt Mason

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Richard Washburn Child's Study of a Rage Complex—From page 88

A Streak of Personality

father, other blows. But now he hated his father. At last he was free.

"Hate me, do you? Won't obey, eh? Well, I'll teach you!"

That was the voice. And he felt his father's hands close on his face. Before his eyes were covered he could see the reality of rage in his father's contorted countenance. Then he felt the awful bite of those fingers.

In the end some strange hunger of the child that he should be killed to give fierce fullness to his father's passion had been left like a surgeon's sponge in a wound. A thorn in the mind. Day to day restraint never removed it. It was buried deep. It was there unseen, varnished over after all these years. How clear the picture was now. His father was choking someone. A blind rage. Grasping hands in all the detail. Black hair on the back of the first finger joints. On a throat. It had come at last—the unfinished rage. His father was choking Constance—to death! The thorn was out! He was free! At last.

He found himself going in the door of his own office. Reality forced itself on him. He was not free. He was engaged in the most important moments of his life. He was in the compelling business of self-preservation. He was alive with self-preservation. It was tingling every nerve. He must be cool, act casually, carelessly.

"Oh, you still here?" he said to Miss Smith. "Ah, of course. I forgot when I ran over to the bank, that you were staying on."

"Bank?" she asked without raising her head from her stenographer's note book. She repeated the word "Bank? It is late for the bank. It is after six."

She gazed steadily at her employer for a long composed estimate. He had always liked Miss Smith. Now she was a menace! Why did she stare at him in this insolent manner.

"You look tired," she said twirling her horn-rim glasses. "I dislike persons who tell others they appear ill or tired. It usually does no end of harm. But I wish I could persuade you to go away for a time, Mr. Harden."

"Never felt better in my life," he replied.

He had tried to be natural but he found her looking at him in new astonishment. He sat down. He could feel his breathing picking up speed; his heart began to pound again. His face felt hot and flushed.

THE EYES of Miss Smith were still upon him. He dared do no more. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and his hand touched his nose. It gave forth a rank, sickening effluvia.

"Ha!" he said, wetting his parched lips. "So you've taken to using scented soap!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Harden! I use scented soap?"

"Don't you smell a perfume—nothing?"

"Nothing but your cigarette."

He lit another.

"Good night, Mr. Harden."

"Good night." Then a sudden suspicion filled his being with a miserable toxic poisoning. He said, "Has anybody telephoned?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"A man. Wouldn't give his name."

Harden turned white; he asked hoarsely what the man had said.

"Something about a key. I suppose he wanted to look at one of your houses. It was just before you came in."

"Did he say I dropped it in the snow?"

"Dropped what?"

"A key?"

Miss Smith laughed. This was one of his jokes perhaps. When he turned around she had gone. He fell forward on his desk, palms of hands spread over the papers, forehead on the blotter.

The door opened and in came Miss Smith. Was it morning again? Had he been there all night?

"Here they are," she said flapping a sheaf of newspapers down on his desk.

"What?" he asked. "My God, newspapers! Why did you bring me these? It isn't there?"

"I don't know what you are looking for. I only know you asked me to get the evening papers."

He stared at her; something in him must have talked while his thoughts had galloped off in a mad rout.

"Did I say anything else?" he asked brokenly.

"Yes." Miss Smith said rather impatient with his banter. "You said you thought something ought to be discovered and announced by you, that it would mystify everybody."

He was absurdly cool now. He asked, "What did I say it was?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Harden. I was putting on my hat. I didn't pay any attention."

Miss Smith coolly took her leave.

SO THAT was it? He had a guiding genius. He had a something wise enough to advise him to go back, ring the bell, and when the lame janitor with furnace ashes in his hair had let him in, inquire for Constance, climb the stairs, discover the horror, raise the alarm. It was a final masterpiece of deception and safety.

But now he had cut himself off from doing it. He had said something about discovery and announcement by him and mystifying everyone! Now he could not do it. In this there was the agony of lost worlds, all the throes of tumbling civilizations and vanishing races.

He knew he must go back. She was alone there and he was tied to her. The trail of the sandalwood reek was like a leash. It would go around the world but never break. It was an elastic band pulling him back. There it was now—a thin draught of sickening perfume flowing in from the corridor under the office door.

The streets reeked with it. His breath showing on the frosty air left it on corners. He began to run. He ran up the Elevated stairs. A train came clattering in and a guard bellowing, "Cortland! Cortland!" flung open the gates for Harden. Passengers looked at him sniffed and moved away slightly. He knew! They were sickened by the sandalwood. The warm air from the radiator beneath his knees sent up a nauseating flood of the smell. He came down the stairs of her station.

HE PULLED the bell. He hardly knew why he had come back. It was death to him to come back—it was useless self-destruction.

He rang again. There was no answer. The snow driven in upon these steps had been trod down by many feet. He tried the front door. It opened as easily as if it were never locked.

The hallways were quite dark but he knew them. He knew the stairs and he knew when he was passing those deserted schoolrooms with their atmosphere of chalk, of thumbed books and pencil shavings. Now they were laden with the odor of the sandalwood. It staggered him as a poisoned gas would stagger him.

He tried her door with a trembling hand. He had not turned the key; it opened. He stepped in softly. The air was warm.

He closed the door, but it was several minutes before he dared to strike a match.

At last the circle of the rays touched the edge of the couch, lightened the tan-colored cover, spread, took in the whole.

They had been there!

They had taken her away.

He heard the faint sound of steps below. He cared nothing. She had gone. They could do as they wished.

Then suddenly came the glare of the electric lamp.

Dazed, he heard a voice say, "I thought you'd come back. I've been out. I've bought two tomatoes instead of one."

He could only stare, gaping, trembling, unable to believe. He could not move. It was Constance—Constance with her little upturned nose and firm chin, pulling off a rubber shoe from one foot with the toe of the other.

"You were rough," she said. "Very rough. It must never happen again."

She took off her coat.

"But after this, if you don't mind, I wish you'd show your love some other way."

HE WAS on his knees beside her, pressing the back of her competent warm hand to his lips. He was trembling in every nerve.

"Where did you get that perfume?" he asked. "Where?"

"I never used perfume in all my life," she said indignantly.

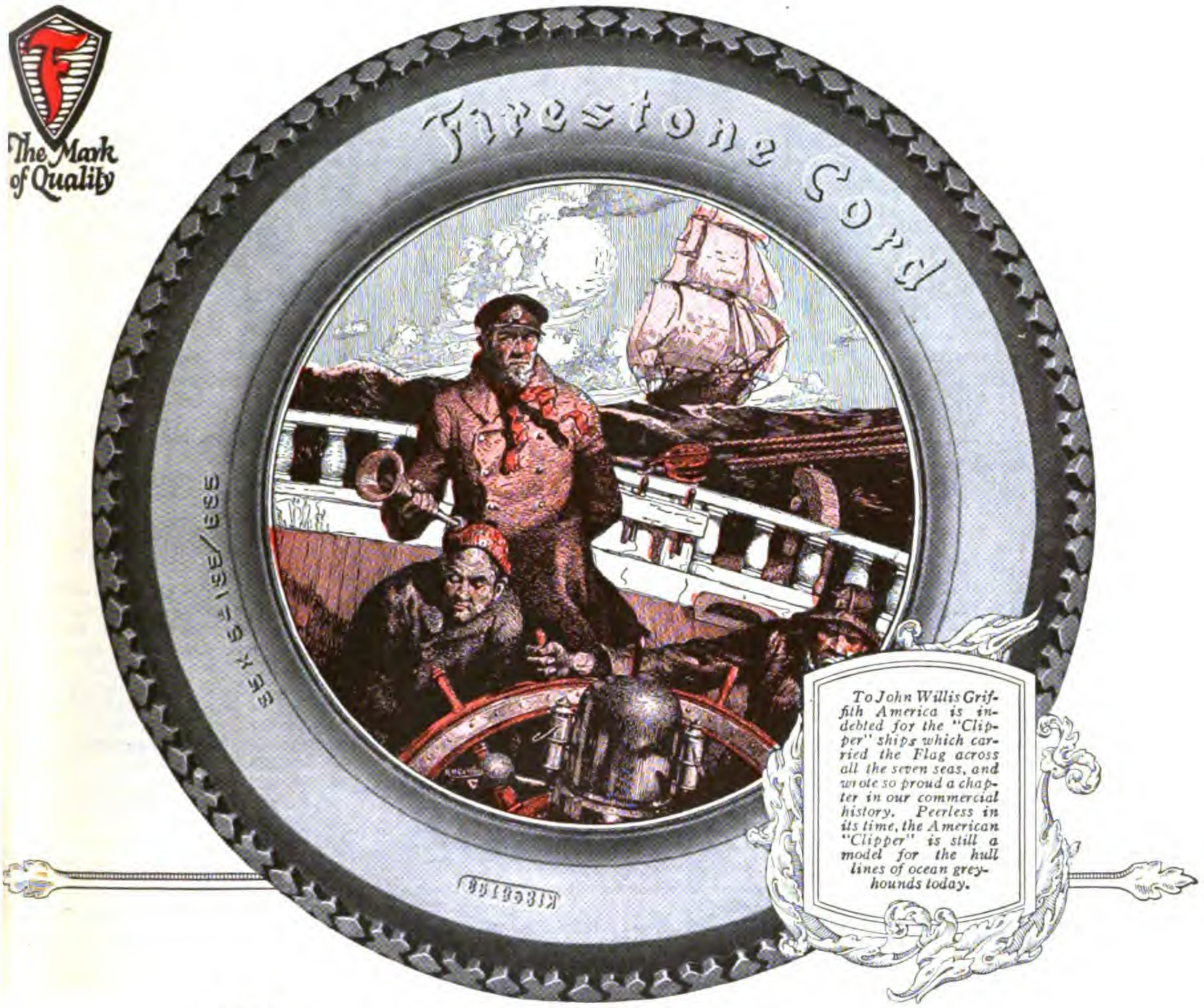
And then suddenly it came back into his memory. From far away and long ago. A hand clutching his face. His father's hand. Its palm had closed down cruelly on his little nose and that palm had been covered with sandalwood perfume.

"What are you thinking of now," she complained. "You better kiss me."

He was staring out into nothingness, as he held her close to him; he said:

"I was thinking of parenthood."

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The Spirit of Leadership

NOWHERE has the characteristic spirit of leadership in American industry shown itself more strikingly than in the development of automotive transportation.

Only the invincible determination of American manufacturers could have brought the automobile and the motor truck to their present high point of utility in so brief a time, and could have provided tires of corresponding excellence.

Imbued with this spirit from the beginning, Firestone set the pace in fine tire building by pledging car owners the Most Miles per Dollar.

The Firestone Gum-Dipped Cord today is carrying on this high standard of worth and raising it to a level never before attained.

Into this tire's building has gone the full cumulative force of twenty-two years' experience and the efforts of an organization numbering thousands of workers.

The great and ever-widening popularity of Firestone Cords—their adoption for America's leading cars, is a gratifying and inspiring reward to the men who have made Most Miles per Dollar the objective of their life work.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

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Norman Hapgood Shows How the Courts in America are Menaced—From page 61—by

The New Threat of the Ku Klux Klan

officers of the army and navy, and other officials of national reputation. It is questionable if this effort is as serious as the more secret ones.

The value of having Klansmen in the right place is illustrated by the fact that Clarke claims to have a Klansman in the U. S. Secret Service at Washington, D. C., who keeps him advised whenever that branch of the Federal Government does anything in connection with the Ku Klux Klan. On one occasion, about July 2, 1922, Clarke was heard to narrate the attempt of a man who was in Washington in conference with Burns, urging him to arrest Clarke. Burns, according to Clarke, said he could arrest Clarke, but why make a martyr of him? In comment Clarke said:

> "Burns may be persuaded to arrest me, and if so, I shall not be constrained longer to keep off the dogs of war; it may mean a revolution, for I believe the Klansmen would stand by me."

THE secrecy with which the Klan surrounds its political pressure comes out in the *Destroy This Letter By Fire* of the following:

> "Knight of the Ku Klux Klan,
> Propagation Department.
> Dated at Walla Walla, Wash., 6-27-22.
> Faithful and Esteemed Klansmen:
> At the regular meeting on June 24th of the Walla Walla Provisional Klan, it was unanimously voted that this Klan should contribute an amount equal to two dollars ($2.00) per member to assist in financing a recount and other such legal action as is necessary in order that the will of the majority of the people of Oregon may prevail in the recent Primary Nominating Election.
> Evidence has been submitted which leads us to believe that Charles Hall was nominated but was out-counted by corruptness which can be substantiated by a recount: the estimate of the total cost is approximately fifty thousand dollars and the burden will not be great if equally divided among the Klansmen of the Northwest.
> We have until July 6th to file the intention of the recount and finance it; therefore kindly get your contribution into my office as early as possible.
> Make checks payable either to *Cash* or to P. L. Wadley, and immediately *Destroy This Letter By Fire* upon reading it.
> Yours in the Sacred and Unfailing Bond,
> T. A. Rogers
> Super-Kleagle
>
> Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,
> Realms of Eastern Oregon, Southeastern Washington."

Secrecy can be dispensed with when the Imperial Wizard thinks such dispensation good politics. During the last Texas political campaign, Robert L. Henry, Earl B. Mayfield, and Senator Culbertson were among those seeking the Democratic nomination. Henry was authorized to "uncover" (make himself known as a Klansman) in order to make the Culbertson forces center their attack on him. Earl B. Mayfield, another Klansman, did not disclose whether he was a Klansman, but he was the dark horse of the Klan, by which they undertook to beat Culbertson. The telegram giving Henry permission to "uncover" follows:

> "Fy Little Rock Ark. 518 Apl. 6, 1922
> Judge E. J. Clarke,
> Waco, Tex.
> Your request regarding Henry granted. Good luck and best wishes to you.
> E. Y. Clarke and H. W. Evans.
> 534 P"

The principle of uncovering was touched upon in a secret statement made by Clarke, as Acting Imperial Wizard, on July 11, 1922, in which he outlines the advantages of having this new "Imperial" refuge for politicians, judges, and such forces. We put part of the statement in emphatic type. Clarke said:

> "I think it will give us an instrument very muchly needed for another purpose. We are face to face with the opportunity *Of Bringing Into the Organization Men Of Large Type, But Men Whose Identity We Want to Absolutely Conceal From Even Their Local Klan—The Klan Which is Located Where They Live. For Instance; Congressmen, Senators, Governors, Judges, and Others Whom We Can Line Up As Real Klansmen, But Whom It Would Be Best For Them and For Us for Their Identity To Be Completely and Absolutely Concealed. These Men Can* be passed upon in the Imperial Klan and put upon the roster of the Imperial Klan and given the Imperial Passport to enter their local Klan at any time it was thought best to let them go there and uncover their identity as Klansmen. I believe that this feature of the Imperial Klan's possibilities alone justifies its establishment at this time. . . . It will not be long before Klans in all parts of the nation will begin to send in petitions of various kinds to be discussed by the Imperial Klan, problems of local character, problems of national character, will come before this body to be discussed by the heads of the operating forces of the organization and the action taken will be passed down in full detail to all of the Klans throughout the nation. I think we have made a forward step, and I am heartily in favor of it."

THAT the "Imperial" refuge is being used by many of the rulers of our life we now proceed to illustrate. In giving an account of his trip to Washington in February, 1921, Mr. Clarke said

> . . . He found that several senators and representatives had been naturalized among others, due to the activity of Captain William S. Coburn. He also found that several copies of the Searchlight had been circularized among the members of Congress wherein appeared the picture of Congressman W. D. Upshaw, and that Congressman Upshaw had been seriously put to it to deny his connection with the organization and at the same time square himself with his conscience as a preacher and church member.

On April 15, 1922, the local Klan in Atlanta, Georgia, in a special notice sent out to its members, announced:

> "Next Thursday Night, April 6th, a well-known Klansman from Washington, D. C. will be present to address the Klan on matters of urgent importance."

Upshaw was "the well-known Klansman from Washington D. C."

IN a statement given out by the Imperial Wizard mention was made of the receipt of many unqualified endorsements of the Ku Klux Klan. Among these was the following from Upshaw:

> "If anybody doubts the patriotic purpose of the reincarnated Ku Klux Klan or questions the wisdom of its organization he has but to read the press report of the recent speech of Col. William Joseph Simmons, the Imperial Wizard, in the Atlanta Theater. Packed to standing room, even in the galleries, that great throng sat or stood for three hours, listening to the wonderfully eloquent story of the 'birth and re-birth of the Ku Klux Klan.' It was a fascinating, inspiring message—a message of love and loyalty, of beauty and bravery, of patriotism and purpose, of human interest and uncringing heroism, of community peace and even-handed justice, of Anglo-Saxon achievement and unhindered Anglo-Saxon guardianship of the South's best ideals and the nation's highest happiness."

Imperial Wizard Simmons has stated that to be eligible for membership in the organizations the applicant must be registered and eligible to vote in every election. The reason for this insistence is made even clearer when one reads the Imperial Wizard's definition of "Klanishness," which gives him and his co-promoters the key by which the political thought and vote of Klansmen are directed. This "Imperial Klanishness" is:

> "Give due respect at all times, and maintain the klanish regard for the person and authority of its chief officer—the Imperial Wizard—and thereby facilitate his efforts in perfecting the work he has to do for the glory of the Invisible Empire in its development and government. . . . Your respect for him, his official decrees, edicts, mandates, rulings and instructions mean much for you in approximating the common ideal of Klansmen."

Soon after Organizer Clarke had made his first visit to Washington, D. C., he stated that Washington was making rapid strides in Klankraft; and included in its membership some of the most prominent men in the nation's life. Toward the end of 1920 Imperial Wizard Simmons claimed the membership of "members of congress, judges of the courts of our land, state attorney generals, sheriffs, chiefs of police and some of the most prominent citizens of America."

Next month Mr. Hapgood will give further inside documentary information about the Ku Klux Klan, including its attempt to establish branches in Europe. See Hearst's International for March, ready February 20th.

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The trick is to land right side up for a score.

Hundred-Foot Jumps

Little Raisins Help to Make Them

FULL of energizing nutriment and natural iron, luscious little raisins fit you to make "the long jumps" *in business* and land right side up with the big orders and well turned deals. For it's the *energetic* people who put over the real stuff.

The boys with three o'clock fatigue every day are seldom chosen.

Eat a 5c package of Little Sun-Maids about 3 P. M. and you'll stay on your toes all day.

Raisin's nutriment is in practically predigested form so it goes to work at once—you feel the difference.

Try *today* and see how they work—delicious, nutritious, refreshing, little natural confections.



Had Your *Iron* Today?

Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins

5c Everywhere

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Betty's mother knew why

IT was Betty's first dip into social activity since she returned from boarding school.

Naturally, she was thrilled when the invitation came; and even more thrilled when she discovered in a roundabout way that Howard was coming back from school for the week-end to attend the same party.

Betty and Howard had been just a little more than mere good friends during their high-school days at good old Ellsworth.

Indeed, lots of folks thought they were much more than good friends. You know how a small town will jump at conclusions.

• • •

Howard never looked more gorgeous than he did that evening. And Betty found herself more fond of him than ever. The whole party quickly focused itself around her anticipation of the first dance with him.

They did dance—but only once.

And all the rest of the evening Howard devoted to girls who were really much less charming than she.

Betty went home broken-hearted. She might never have known the reason but her mother, quick to perceive, and courageous enough to talk frankly with her daughter, knew why and told her.

• • •

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

W. Somerset Maugham Paints a Strange Orient—From page 33

Bewitched

"The poor thing. What's the matter?"

"He's got hiccups."

Mrs. Hamlyn laughed.

"Hiccups don't make one ill, do they?"

"The surgeon's rather worried. He's tried all sorts of things, but he can't seem to stop them."

"How very odd."

She thought no more about it, but next morning, chancing upon the surgeon, she asked him how Mr. Gallaher was. She was surprised to see his boyish, cheerful face darken and grow perplexed.

"I'm afraid he's very bad, poor chap."

"With hiccups?" she cried in amazement.

IT WAS a disorder that really it was impossible to take seriously.

"You see, he can't keep any food down. He can't sleep. He's fearfully exhausted. I've tried everything I can think of." He hesitated. "Unless I can stop them soon I—I don't quite know what'll happen."

Mrs. Hamlyn was startled.

"But he's so strong. He seemed so full of vitality."

"I wish you could see him now."

"Would he like me to go and see him, do you think?"

"Come along."

Gallaher had been moved from his cabin into the ship's hospital, and as they approached it they heard a loud hiccup. The sound, perhaps owing to its connection with insobriety, had in it something ludicrous. But there was nothing ludicrous in Gallaher's appearance. It gave Mrs. Hamlyn a shock. He had lost flesh, and the skin hung about his neck in loose folds; under his sunburn his face was pale. His eyes, before full of fun and laughter, were haggard and tormented. He smiled when she came in.

"I'm sorry to see you like this," she said.

"I shan't die of it, you know," he gasped. "I shall reach the shores of Erin all right."

There was a man sitting beside him and he rose as they entered.

"This is Mr. Pryce," said the surgeon. "He was in charge of the machinery on Mr. Gallaher's estate."

"Well, sir I'll be getting along," Pryce said to Gallaher.

MRS. HAMLYN asked the sick man whether she could do anything for him and in a minute or two left him with the doctor. The little cockney, Pryce, was waiting at the door.

"Can I speak to you a minute, miss?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I don't know exactly 'ow to begin," said Pryce uncertainly, a serious look oddly changing his lively, puckered face. "I've been with Mr. Gallaher for five years now an' a better gentleman you wouldn't find in a week of Sundays." He hesitated again, then blurted out: "I don't like it an' that's the truth."

"What don't you like?"

"Well, if you ask me 'e's in for it, and the doctor don't know it. I told 'im, but 'e won't listen to a word I say. You know when it come on? Just out of sight of land. She said 'e'd never see 'is 'ome."

Mrs. Hamlyn turned and faced him. "What *do* you mean?"

"My belief is, it's a spell been put on 'im, if you understand what I mean. Medicine's going to do 'im no good. You don't know them Malay women."

For a moment Mrs. Hamlyn was startled, and because she was startled she shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"Oh, Mr. Pryce, that's nonsense."

"That's what the doctor said when I tell 'im. But you mark my words, 'e'll die before we see land again."

"Why should anyone cast a spell on Mr. Gallaher?" Mrs. Hamlyn asked.

"Well, it's a bit awkward speakin' of it to a lady."

"Please tell me."

Pryce was so embarrassed that at another time Mrs. Hamlyn would have had difficulty in concealing her amusement.

"Mr. Gallaher's lived a rare long time up-country, if you understand what I mean, and of course it's lonely, and you know what men are, miss."

"I've been married for twenty years," she replied, smiling.

"I BEG your pardon, ma'am. The fact is he had a Malay girl living with him, if you'll excuse me mentioning it, and she'd been with him I don't know 'ow long, ten or twelve years, I think. Well, when he made up 'is mind to come 'ome for good she didn't say nothing. She just sat there. He thought she'd carry on no end, but she didn't. Of course 'e provided for 'er all right. 'E wasn't mean, I will say that for 'im, an' she knew all along 'e'd be going some time. She didn't cry or anything. When 'e packed up all 'is things and sent them off she just sat there an' looked at them go.

"And when it was time for 'im to go so as to catch the boat she just kept on sitting on the steps of the bungalow, you know, and she just looked an' said nothing.

"He wanted to say good-by to 'er, an', would you believe it, she never even moved. 'Aren't you going to say good-by to me?' he says. A rare funny look come over 'er face. And d'you know what she says? 'You go,' she says; they 'ave a funny way of talking, them natives, not like we 'ave. 'You go,' she says, 'but I tell you that you will never come to your own country. When the land sinks into the sea, death will come upon you, an' before them as goes with you sees the land again, death will take you.' It give me quite a turn."

"What did Mr. Gallaher say?" asked Mrs. Hamlyn.

"Oh, well, you know what 'e is. 'E just laughed. 'Always merry an' bright,' 'e says, and 'e jumps into the motor, an' off we go."

"What was she like?"

"Oh, well, to my way of thinking them Malay women are all very much alike, you know," Pryce answered. "Of course she wasn't so young any more and you

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know what they are, natives, they run to fat something terrible."

She did not know why he left her with a vague uneasiness. She could not get out of her mind that picture of a stout woman, no longer young, in a sarong, a colored jacket, and gold ornaments, who sat on the steps of a bungalow looking at an empty road.

And presently, no one quite knew how, the idea spread through the ship that Gallaher was bewitched. While the ladies sat about on their deck chairs, stitching away at the costumes they were making for the fancy-dress party on Christmas day, they gossiped about it in undertones, and the men in the smoking-room talked of it over their cocktails.

IN THE HOSPITAL cabin the sick man, shaken by the cruel spasms, gasped for life. Then the passengers became conscious that the ship's course was altered and they heard that the captain had made up his mind to put in at Aden. Gallaher was to be landed there and taken to the hospital where he could have attention which on board was impossible.

Mrs. Hamlyn saw Gallaher every day. With the suddenness with which after tropical rain in the spring you seem to see the herbage grow before your very eyes she saw him go to pieces. Already his skin hung loosely on his bones and his double chin was like the wrinkled wattle of a turkey-cock. His cheeks were sunken.

"The doctor's tried everything 'e knows, and 'e's wirelessed all over the place, and what good 'as 'e done?" Pryce said once to Mrs. Hamlyn. "Tell me that. Can't 'e see the man's dying? There's only one way to save 'im now."

"What do you mean?"

"It's magic what's killing 'im, and it's only magic what'll save 'im. Oh, don't you say it can't be done, I've seen it with me own eyes." His voice rose irritable and shrill. "I've seen a man done to death by the spell what some woman cast over 'im, an' I've seen a man dragged from the jaws of death, as you might say, when they got in a pawang, what we call a witch-doctor, an' 'e did 'is little tricks. I seen it with me own eyes, I tell you."

Mrs. Hamlyn did not speak. Pryce gave her a searching look.

"One of them Lascars on board, 'e's a witch-doctor, same as the pawang that we 'ave in the F. M. S. An' 'e says 'e'll do it. Only he must 'ave a live animal. A cock would do."

"What do you want a live animal for?" Mrs. Hamlyn asked, frowning.

The cockney turned and looked at her with quick suspicion.

"If you take my advice you won't know anything about it. But I tell you what, I'm going to leave no stone unturned to save my governor."

That night, after Mrs. Hamlyn had been asleep a little while, she awoke weeping. It dismayed her that she should cry in her sleep. It was as though when the weakness of the flesh mastered her, and, her will powerless, she was defenseless against a natural sorrow.

She slipped on a kimono and went on deck. With bare feet she groped her way slowly along the deserted deck. It was so dark that she could not discern the sea. She came to the end of the



Whatever else may fail

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promenade deck and leaned against the rail. Suddenly she started and her attention was fixed, for on the lower deck she saw a fitful glow. She leaned forward cautiously. It was a little fire, and she saw only the glow because the naked backs of men crouched round hid the flame. At the edge of the circle she guessed rather than saw a stocky figure in pajamas. The rest were natives, but this was a European. It must be Pryce. She guessed immediately that some dark ceremony of exorcism was in progress.

STRAINING her ears she heard a low voice uttering a stream of secret words. Suddenly, rending the sultry silence of the night like a piece of silk violently torn in two, came the crowing of a cock.

Then in the dark circle there was a movement, something was happening, she did not know what; there was a cluck-cluck from the cock, angry and frightened, and then a strange, indescribable sound; the magician was cutting the cock's throat; then silence; there were vague doings that she could not follow, and in a little while it looked as though someone was stamping out the fire.

Later in the morning when the ship's life was set upon its daily round Mrs. Hamlyn passed Pryce on the deck, but he gave her a brief greeting and walked on with quickly averted gaze.

It was fearfully hot. She knew now why the night had been so dark. The sky was no longer blue, but a dead and level white; its surface was too even to give the effect of cloud; it was as though in the upper air the heat hung like a pall.

The passengers began the day in a state of exhaustion; when they walked round the deck they panted and beads of sweat broke out on their foreheads. They spoke in undertones. Something uncanny and disquieting brooded over the ship, and they could not bring themselves to laugh. When Mrs. Hamlyn awoke from a troubled sleep the dawn was breaking. She looked out of her porthole on the morning before Christmas and saw that the sky was clear and silvery; during the night the haze had melted, and the morning was brilliant. With a lighter heart she went on deck.

She turned to look at the sun rising in the east rosy and green and yellow and saw, coming toward her, the doctor. He wore his uniform; he had not been to bed all night; he was disheveled, and he walked with bowed shoulders, as though he were dog-tired. She knew at once that Gallaher was dead.

THEY buried him when the sun was high in the heavens. They stood on the lower deck and on the hatches, the first and second-class passengers, the white stewards and the European officers. The missionary read the burial service.

When the service was finished the passengers scattered. The second-class passengers returned to their quarters and a bell rang to summon them to their luncheon. But the first-class passengers sauntered aimlessly about the promenade deck. Most of the men made for the smoking-room and sought to cheer themselves with whiskies and sodas and with gin slings. But the consul put up a notice on the landing outside the dining saloon summoning all the passengers to a meeting at four o'clock that afternoon. Most of them had an idea for what purpose the meeting was called and at the appointed hour they assembled. They were more cheerful than they had been for a week, and they chattered with a gaiety which was only subdued by a mannerly reserve.

The consul, an eyeglass in his eye, said that he had gathered them together to discuss the question of the fancy-dress dance on the following day. He knew that they all had the deepest sympathy for Mr. Gallaher and he would have proposed that they should combine to send an appropriate message to the deceased's relatives, but his papers had been examined by the purser and no trace could be found of any relative or friend with whom it was possible to communicate. The late Mr. Gallaher appeared to be quite alone in the world.

Meanwhile he (the consul) ventured to offer his sincere sympathy to the doctor who, he was quite sure, had done everything possible under the circumstances.

"Hear, hear," said the passengers.

THEY HAD all passed through a very trying time, proceeded the consul, and to some it might seem that it would be more respectful to the deceased's memory if the fancy-dress ball was postponed till New-year's eve. This, however, he told them frankly, was not his view, and he was convinced that Mr. Gallaher himself would not have wished it. Of course it was a question for the majority to decide. The doctor got up and thanked the consul and the passengers for the kind things that had been said of him; it had, of course, been a very trying time, but he was authorized by the captain to say that the captain expressly wished all the festivities to be carried out on Christmas day as though nothing had happened.

And so the following evening Mrs. Hamlyn dressed herself as Carmen. She had no heart for the gaiety before her, but she could not resist the vanity of making herself as attractive as possible. When the bugle sounded and she went into the saloon she was received with flattering surprise. The consul (always a humorist) was dressed as a ballet girl and was greeted with shouts of delight.

A subscription had been collected to provide champagne at dinner and the meal was hilarious. They laughed and shouted. They were very gay.

As soon as dinner was finished they went into the saloon where the Christmas tree, with candles lit, was ready; and the children were brought in, shrieking with delight, and given presents. Then the dance began. The second-class passengers stood about shyly round the part of the deck reserved for dancing and occasionally danced with one another.

"I'm glad we had them," said the consul, dancing with Mrs. Hamlyn. "I'm all for democracy, and I think they're very sensible to keep themselves to themselves."

But she noticed that Pryce was not to be seen, and when an opportunity presented asked one of the second-class passengers where he was.

"Blind to the world," was the answer. "We put him to bed this afternoon and locked him up in his cabin."

The consul claimed her for another dance. He was very facetious. Suddenly Mrs. Hamlyn felt that she could not bear it any more, the noise of the amateur band, the consul's jokes, the gaiety of the dancers.

When the consul released her she slipped away, and ascended the companion to the boat deck.

Mrs. Hamlyn leaned over the rail and looked at the starry sky. Why did people make themselves unhappy? Let them weep for the death of those they loved. death was terrible always, but for the rest. was it worth while to be wretched, to harbor malice, to be vain and uncharitable?

SHE THOUGHT again of herself and her husband and the woman he so strangely loved. He, too, had said that we live to be happy so short a time and we are so long dead. She pondered long and intently. And presently a feeling which she did not know arose in her heart and filled her with tremulous surprise. She had no longer any anger with her husband nor jealousy of the woman. A thought dawned in some remote horizon of her consciousness and like the morning sun lit her soul with an exquisite glow of hope and understanding.

Out of the tragedy of that unknown Irishman's death she gathered the courage for a strange resolution. She was wonderfully elate. On a sudden she made up her mind.

The music had stopped, the ball was over; most of the passengers would have gone to bed and the rest would be in the smoking-room. She went down to her cabin and she met no one on the way. She took her writing-pad and wrote a letter to her husband. This is what she wrote:

"My dear: It is Christmas day and I want to tell you that my heart is filled with kindly thoughts toward both of you. I have been foolish and unreasonable. I think we should allow those we care for to be happy in their own way, and we should care for them enough not to let it make *us* unhappy.

I want you to know that I grudge you none of the joy that has so strangely come into your life. I am no longer jealous, nor hurt, nor vindictive. Do not think I shall be unhappy or lonely. If ever you feel that you need me, come to me, and I will accept you with a cheerful spirit and without reproach or ill will. I am grateful for all the years of happiness and of tenderness which you gave me, and in return I wish to offer you an affection which makes no claim on you and is, I hope, utterly disinterested. Think kindly of me and be happy, happy, happy."

She signed her name and put the letter into an envelope. Though it would not go till they reached Port Said she wanted to place it at once in the letter box. When she had done this, beginning to undress, she looked at herself in the glass. Her eyes were shining and under her rouge her color was bright. The future was no longer desolate, but full of hope. She slipped into bed and fell at once into a sound and dreamless sleep.

A. Conan Doyle brings back Sherlock Holmes and My dear Watson in finer form than ever, to solve the almost impenetrable mystery of "The Creeping Man" in Hearst's International for March.

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Gouverneur Morris's Moving History of a Bull Terrier—Continued from page 51

A Lonesome Dog

Before he could stop her she had caught me by the scruff of the neck with one hand and was whipping me over the nose with the other. It had rings on it, and these hurt my nose terribly, but I just laid my ears back flat and shut my eyes, as a bull terrier, even a puppy, should when he is being hurt, and took my licking.

The next day I laid the newspaper down outside the door—I had carried it so carefully that it was only a little dented with teeth marks, and hardly wet at all—and barked until My Captain came. And the way he petted me and praised me was wonderful. I knew that I had done right.

THE PRESIDIO of Monterey is just a hill with pine trees and a view that is too far off to be interesting. What made it beautiful was the soldiers, and the horses, and the children, and the saddles, and the smells around the stables, and the messes.

I never did think much of people; but I love soldiers. People don't understand soldiers; but dogs do, and soldiers understand dogs. I suppose one reason is that they both get such a lot of discipline and end by knowing that it's good for them. And they smell most delicious and interesting, what with leather and horse and saddle soap and boot polish. And of course dogs. Almost all cavalrymen smell a little of some dog or other that they've been petting and cuddling, and some of them have dogs of their own. Not all soldiers, though, not even all cavalrymen, smell the least bit of dog. And when a soldier doesn't smell the least bit of dog keep away from him!

I wish that the happy life we lived could have gone on forever, but of course it couldn't.

The real trouble was that My Captain's wife never ought to have been anybody's wife. And their little girl ought to have been his and not hers. She ought to have been a jimdandy little girl, and she would have been if she had had only her father to discipline her and keep her head filled with the right kind of ideas.

My Captain was the finest man that ever lived. His company would have died for him and so would I. He loved being a soldier and he worked all the time to be a better and better one.

But the finer and squarer he was the less his wife admired him. It made her mad to think she'd married into the Army anyway. She hadn't supposed he was always going to be a captain and that they'd always have to live on a captain's pay. Whenever they were together she found fault with him and nagged at him.

My Captain knew just how to discipline men and make good soldiers of them, and he made good mounts out of horses that nobody else could manage at all, and if I had been the worst puppy in the world to start with he would have ended by making a good dog of me, and the men and the horses and the dogs that he taught to obey all loved him; but when it came to disciplining his wife and making her love him, his system was no good.

My Captain's wife and Dorothy were away a great deal, and they always came back more spoiled and discontented than when they went away.

One day they went away while My Captain and I were at revolver practice and never came back at all.

My Captain knew from a letter he found on his bureau that they were never coming back; but I didn't. I didn't know for three days.

It wasn't until the night of the third day that I understood what had happened.

My Captain was writing some letters when suddenly he stopped and listened Then he got up and went upstairs to Dorothy's room. Of course I went along with him.

When we got there he turned on the light. There was her little bed and her little bureau, with the drawers all pulled out and empty, and only a few little shoes and duds and toys and things that she'd outgrown and hadn't taken with her. My Captain gave a shiver and said:

"I thought I heard her calling to me."

I looked at his face. It looked as if something was going to break in it.

Of course a well disciplined dog never puts his paws on anybody. But I *had* to do something. So I just stood up and put my paws as high up on My Captain as I could get them and he didn't seem to mind. He put his hands over my paws and pressed them hard. Then he stroked my head. Then he sat down on the floor and took me in his lap and in his arms. And he said:

"Scoop, old man, I've got nobody but you now."

I'm mighty glad nobody was with him for the next half-hour but me. There was no discipline for either of us. I'd been taught never to lick hands or faces, and he'd been taught never to show his real inside feelings to anybody. But he showed them to me. And I licked his hands and his face and his boots. And I tried to tell him that I would never leave him, and that I'd give all my life to trying to please him and make him happy.

WE WERE never far apart after that except when we had to be. Of course I couldn't go into every place with My Captain, but I could wait outside, and I slept in his room now instead of on the kitchen porch.

His mother came to visit us for a few days. She spoke always of My Captain's wife as "*that* woman," and when she went away, though she'd been a soldier's wife and a soldier's daughter, she cried over him. But he said: "Don't worry about me, mother. I'm not too lonely. I've got Scoop. If I didn't have this old dog I couldn't get along. I simply couldn't."

His mother would have liked to stay and keep house for us, but she couldn't because of daughters who lived thousands of miles away and needed her.

I can never forgive myself for what happened next.

My Captain went to San Francisco on business and couldn't take me. He told me to be a good dog while he was gone.

I don't know what got into me, but I couldn't just visit round the men's quarters or sleep in the sun. I just couldn't. I kept feeling that I ought to go somewhere. I didn't know where, exactly. But it was somewhere back in the hills, beyond the hills, maybe.

The feeling got so strong that I couldn't stand it.

The Filipino boy who worked for us had finished giving me my bath and he was waiting for me to dry before he put my collar on again. I thought it would be nice to go without a collar. So I stretched and yawned and walked slowly round the corner of the house until I was out of sight. Then I beat it for the Presidio gate, and after that I trotted right into Monterey and through it without stopping. Then I left the highway and took to the hills. I kept getting a clearer and clearer knowledge of where I was going. Only something a lot stronger than I—like My Captain's voice, or a bullet—could have stopped me.

I came to the top of a hill and went down on the other side, always at a steady trot. At the bottom of the hill was a road and I knew that by turning to the right and following it I would get to the place where I wanted to be. Just then another dog came out on the road on the other side and turned into it and went the same way as I was going.

Now I'd always been careful to look up a road and down it before crossing. My Captain had taught me that. But I forgot now. I challenged. I saw the big dog turn his head and I heard him snarl. Then I flew at him.

I heard an automobile horn and a child's scream. Then something hit me a terrible blow and something heavy went over me.

The people who had run over me were good people. They were a little girl and her father. But from what I have gathered I would be a dead dog at this moment if it hadn't been for the little girl. Her father had a pistol with him in the automobile and wanted to put me out of my pain, but she begged so hard that he couldn't.

I remember being carried a long, long way in the bottom of the automobile. Once I cried a little; but it wasn't from the pain. It was because I knew that I was being carried far, far away—I didn't know where—and that I wouldn't be at home to welcome My Captain when he came back.

They took me home with them and there for two weeks I hung between life and death. And ran up a big doctor's bill for them.

Then I began to get so that I wanted to live and get back to My Captain. But when I was well enough to limp a little Nancy took me out in the yard and I knew right away that getting back to My Captain was not going to be easy.

I could go and hunt for him when I was well and strong, and I promised myself that I would do just that, but it would take

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long time to find him. When I was well ough and strong enough to run away om little Nancy and her father I found at I couldn't do it. There had been a d woman in their house and she had ne away and left them, and they needed e. Little Nancy tried to be a wife and a other to her father; but she was only a tle girl and I saw that she really needed mething for herself. So I just stayed on.

ONE morning I waked with queer tin- ng feelings in the roots of my hair and a ld hope in my heart. I was so excited couldn't eat breakfast.

After breakfast Nancy put a leash on me d she and her father took me for a walk. he city we lived in was all dressed in gs, and the stores were closed. And ere was a wind blowing up the street, and knew that soldiers and horses were com- g. I could hear military music; but the ople couldn't hear it yet.

Our Colonel himself rode at the head of e regiment. The "Old Man." I had ver loved him before. He was riding s favorite bay, Jonquil.

There were horses that I had never seen smelled before, and soldiers; but not any. Company G went by. Then for moment I couldn't see anything. I was ind with excitement.

Then I heard a bull terrier barking furi- sly. It was me.

My Captain was looking at me. He ould have known me among all the dogs the world. Just for a fraction of a cond, when he heard my voice, he hadn't en able to help turning his head.

I was frightened. I was frightened for m. I knew what he almost did. It was his face. He almost broke ranks.

But he didn't. We were spared that. would have been too terrible. Think the scandal! A captain in the army to a thing like that! My Captain!

But oh how I wished to be in his arms! One good sudden jerk at the leash would ll it out of Nancy's hands. And then I uld join him and dance about his horse d go with him to the ends of the world.

My Captain turned his eyes front and le on with his head very high.

I didn't jerk loose.

Nancy had bent over and laid her poor tle thin hand on my head.

"See the soldiers, doggie," she said. ee the pretty soldiers."

As if I would ever see anything else!

My Captain had come, and passed, and ne. And I had stayed with Nancy. It d to be that way. I couldn't leave that tle scrawny, bony child, who had begged my life and saved it, and who needed . I just couldn't.

I never saw him again.

Now I know that there isn't any man at needs a dog as much as My Captain es. But how can I hope that he has nd another to take my place? How I?

Somehow I just *can't*. And that puzzles . I *try*. And I can't.

Sometimes even discipline is no good.

nold Bennett knows women. With amaz- simplicity he reveals the heart needs of a man no longer young—and gives trium- ant youth its proper place in "Last Love," Hearst's International for March.



In *Your* Country
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BY AN ENGLISHMAN

I HAVE been to Europe and the Orient—have climbed the Alps in Switzerland and Italy, and the Chinese Himalayas. I've seen the famous island of Capri. I've ridden camels on the great Sahara Desert at sunrise. Enjoyed, in fact, most of the beauties and the grandeurs that mark different portions of the earth.

And yet I've visited no one spot on the globe that combines "so many trips abroad in one" as one section of your own country provides.

• •

The railway journey there from your eastern cities is itself worth while, and the most comfortable that I've ever taken—summer or winter, and I've made it several times during both seasons.

But the most extraordinary thing about your Southern California, is that year-'round perfect climate, which I had heard about but never quite believed could be so delightful.

• •

In my country we love sports and follow them almost religiously in good weather.

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English golf courses are famous, but you have many of the world's best there, and you can play almost every day. Then there's fishing, hunting, yachting and sea-bathing of the finest kind. You ride your horses in the mountains, motor to your desert, enjoy the peaceful beauty of the rare old missions, or have tea at your hotel or modest boarding place in your great central city there, and all within a radius of two hundred miles which you travel on those incomparable motor roads.

• •

I don't see how anyone could be bored there, and I never met a fellow who was bored. He was always going here or there or doing this or that. And his children looked the happiest and healthiest that I have ever seen.

I hear that a hundred thousand new visitors went there last summer. My only wonder is that they had not been there before.

• •

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The International Institute of Economics

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

119 West 40th Street, New York

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¶ J. Arthur Thomson Writes the Book of the Month—From page 105

Outline of Science

If Darwinism means the general idea of evolution—that higher forms are descended from lower—then it stands today more firmly than ever.

In regard to the raw material of evolution, there is greater clearness than in Darwin's time as to contrast between intrinsic variations of germinal origin and bodily modifications imprinted from without, and there are grave reasons for doubting whether the latter do as such affect the race at all. Darwin based his theory of evolution very deliberately on the fluctuating variations which are always occurring. Given time enough and a consistent sieve will not nature achieve more or less automatically what man reaches purposely in his breeding of cattle and cultivating of wheat? Darwin meant by "fortuitous variations" that he could not give any formula for the causes of the novelties he observed. No doubt he also meant that the organism in varying was not aiming at anything. One of the changes since Darwin's day is the recognition that variations are often very definite.

PROFESSOR THOMSON deals briefly with mental processes, refers to the importance of complexes, lays particular stress upon the herd complex, and passes to a consideration of the two main types of human beings, the stable and the unstable, and so reaches psychoanalysis:

A COMPARATIVELY new branch of psychology is that closely associated with the work of Professor Freud of Vienna. It deals mainly with the phenomena of the unconscious. Part of Freud's doctrine has become fairly well established; on the other hand a great deal of it is regarded merely as ingenious theory which is not generally accepted.

The chief theory of the Freudian psychology is: that there is a great part of the mind of which we are unconscious; that this unconscious exercises an enormous influence upon our thought and actions, without ourselves being aware of it.

The work of Professor Freud has thrown a flood of light upon the working of the human mind, and has led to curious alterations of our views upon dreams, insanity, myths, art and religion. In dealing with patients who are suffering mainly from functional diseases of the nervous system, Freud found that what had been regarded as the symptoms of the disease were frequently connected in some definite way with the original onset of the disease. This connection was not as a rule recognized by the patient's waking consciousness, but it revealed itself occasionally to the doctor when the patient was hypnotized; some times also it was brought out by the dreams which the patient described; but in general the ordinary consciousness of the subject resisted all attempts to probe back to the original cause of the disease.

Turning his attention to dreams, Freud found that in the case of normal individuals there were painful experiences, never assimilated in the fully conscious mind, playing a great part in the dreams of the subject, appearing there in a more or less disguised form; and that the interpretation of the dream in both normal and abnormal subjects invariably led back to some wish or desire of the individual, which it was impossible for him to realize in waking life.

PROFESSOR THOMSON devotes many chapters to applied science and has an illuminating section on bacteria. From that he reviews what science has learned of geology and the history of the world as written in the rocks. Considerable space is devoted to the Einstein theory, the biology of the seasons and the long history of domesticated animals. In conclusion he says:

THE PRIMARY purpose of science is understanding, but knowledge is power. As Bacon said, "The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes and the secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible."

The two aspects are hardly separable. All the sciences, including mathematics, sprang from concrete experience of practical problems and the most theoretical investigations have made the biggest differences in man's everyday life today. Wireless telegraphy, the telephone, airplanes, radium, antiseptics, antitoxins, spectrum analysis and X-rays were all discovered in the course of abstractly scientific researches. If the utilitarian criterion is pressed in a short-sighted way, then, as to results, it defeats itself. And apart from this consideration, itself utilitarian, it is profitable to return to Bacon's distinction between those results of science which are of direct practical utility and those which are life-giving.

The old discouragement expressed in the saying that increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow has been replaced by a more robust confidence in what science may achieve in the control of life.

But what is distinctively modern is the ideal of bringing the light of science to bear on man's problems all along the line, on health of mind as well as of body, on education as well as on agriculture, on ethical development as well as on the more economical exploitation and usage of natural resources, on eugenics as well as on utopias. Just as many ills that the flesh is heir to are met no longer with folded hands, but by confident therapeutics, so over a wide range there is a promising application of all kinds of science to the amelioration of the conditions of human life. Great stores of wealth are awaiting the scientific "open sesame." A great heightening of the standard of health will be attainable in a few generations if men of good-will take science as their torch. But wealth and health are the preconditions of true progress. Which means a fuller embodiment of the true, the beautiful, and the good in lives which are increasingly satisfaction in themselves.



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Grace Flandrau's Story of an Idle Man and a Lovely Girl—Continued from page 27

The Path of Gold

"Maybe I am, but I know, anyway, that flamingo isn't a flower. It's a large aquatic bird, having lamellated bill, belonging to the Phœnicopteroideæ——"

"Why, you must have been looking under the F's, old dear. Try the Ph's next time." Then Lonny turned his back on Harold Smythe. He forgot Harold Smythe and so did Corinna. She was looking up at Lonny and his eyes, as he looked at her, lost themselves in hers.

Corinna was spending the week with the Sumner Vaughns at Clearbrook Farms. Clearbrook was the sort of farm the owner brags about if it almost pays its expenses. Of course it never paid any others, certainly not those of the hunting stables or the hothouses. But that could not be expected of a gentleman's farm.

THE DAY after the Ludlows' dinner, Corinna telephoned to Lily Vaughn that she would like to spend the ensuing week at Clearbrook Farms 'away from people.'

"Excepting, of course——" Lily began.

"Expecting no one." The answer was emphatic and was one which, under the circumstances, surprised Lily.

A time of radiant days set in, days that lingered tranquilly over Clearbrook. In the mornings Corinna rode with Sumner Vaughn. The rest of the day she dawdled in the garden or walked over to the huntsman's cottage to play with the hound puppies. She did not read, and refused to go to the telephone. It was an idle and abstracted, a new Corinna.

Lily, who was conventional, was disturbed by Corinna's whim. "It positively is not right," she protested at last. "Winter will think Summy and I are conspiring against him. I'm going to ask him for the week-end, I warn you."

"All right, Lil," she replied languidly, adding after a moment; "let's have some more people, too. I think it would be rather nice."

"What's up, Corinna?" Sumner Vaughn asked her when they were alone. "You're going around like Madonna Dolores of the purple tear. Is there anything I can do?"

She turned to him impulsively and laid both hands on his shoulders, looking at him almost tearfully. Sumner groaned.

"When you look at me like that, you make a criminal of me, you beautiful angel."

"Ask Lonny for over Sunday, will you, Summy?"

He stared at her. "Well, I'll be—Lonny!"

"Yes. And don't tell anyone I said so, not even Lil. Promise me you won't."

It had been a golden, blue-skyed day. Corinna was behind the huntsman's cottage drinking milk. The huntsman's daughter, aged 'going on six,' played in the little yard, picking the heads off dandelions or hovering about Corinna.

"Nothing was ever so beautiful!" thought Corinna. "It is sweet to live." She left the huntsman's place and took a path that wound through the grove of birches down the hill to the brook. Lonny was coming up the path to meet her.

The Smythes' dinner that night was just like every other dinner in every other country house of its kind. The same food, flowers, talk and pretty, well-dressed women, too well-dressed perhaps, if such a thing is possible. People with a paramount respect for material things.

It was a dinner of forty or fifty, and afterwards, as usual, there was dancing and bridge of a desultory kind.

Lily was flirting in her ladylike way with a visiting man, and Sumner attached himself to Corinna, who encouraged him outrageously. Winter Hale, a trifle jealous, left them for an indifferent tête-à-tête with a girl who was no longer young.

"Don't let's dance any more, Summy!" Corinna exclaimed suddenly. "Let's go out on the terrace."

"I'm all for the terrace, Corinna, fairest of distracting women."

"Will you wait till I get my cloak?"

"Cloak! What's the idea? I should say it's a shade hotter outside, if such a thing can be, than in this furnace."

"I want my cloak. Will you wait?"

They strolled down the terrace away from the house. "Summy," she said suddenly, "what cars are over here?"

"Swenson drove some of the girls in the closed car, and I came in Lil's runabout. Lonny has mine."

"Let's go for a ride, Summy."

"I say, are you vamping me, darling? I warn you it's dangerous."

"I want you to do something for me. I want you, just tonight, to do everything I ask, will you, Summy? I've always loved you so much. We've always been friends, such friends, haven't we?"

"My God, don't make me cry. Sounds like a death-bed scene."

SHE LAUGHED a little excitedly. "It's not. It's something nice. Something glorious and wonderful and—and *darling!* You'll see, dear old Summy. Dash off and get the car, the runabout. I'll meet you down the drive, beyond the curve."

They swept clear of the Smythe place and out into the highway.

"Any particular direction, Cora?"

"Yes, to the village. And don't let's talk. Don't ask me any questions."

They flew past darkened houses, and farm dogs ran out to bark. The little village was still awake. Movie houses were brightly lighted. Soda fountains were crowded. A square or so farther up, where the rarer street lights scarcely penetrated the deep shadows of the elms that thickly arched the streets, Lonny hailed them from the curb.

"Here it is, Sumner!" Corinna exclaimed.

Lonny helped her from the car and wrung Vaughn's hand.

"Ouch!" bellowed Sumner Vaughn.

"Corinna," Lonny whispered, "you'll never be sorry?" And she only laughed.

A moment later they stood in the stuffy parlor of a small frame house. A gas lamp, shaded with green, shed a grudging light over the prayer-book in the minister's hand. It was here that Lonny and Corinna were married. When it was over, Sumner and the minister's hired girl signed the witness blank.

"This is the worst movie I ever saw." Sumner complained." Who ever heard of an elopement without an irate Pa and a bloodhound?"

"You've been a father to us, darling." Corinna said, raising radiant eyes to his, "and I do love you for it."

He snorted. "Deceived and bamboozled from the start—and at my age! If you don't come home with me long enough to have a glass of champagne I'll tell the sheriff on you."

SO THEY skimmed back over the rushing white roads to Clearbrook. The house was deserted and in the quiet dining-room they drank to each other, to romance, love and joy eternal. Then Corinna's bags were brought down to the car, and she cried, rather, when she kissed Sumner good-by.

"You'll explain everything to everybody, Summy? Tell them just what happened and that I'm sorry and so glad I don't know what to do? You know—just explain, won't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he grumbled.

It was a week after the foregoing events. The Leonard Fricks sat together on the spotless deck of the yacht Bertie Winston had thrust upon them for their honeymoon.

"Corinna, there is something I must tell you," Lonny said suddenly.

"Fire away."

"You know your mother and the town car and all the rest of it——"

"'All the rest of it' is exact."

"Well, you needn't worry about that, Corinna. I—as a matter of fact, I happen to be rather rich. Funny, isn't it?"

Corinna did not move, but two fringed eyelids unfolded and two startled eyes surveyed him with an incredulous and slightly amused stare.

"I made it in glass. Don't laugh——"

"Flamingoes?" She gasped.

"But isn't it funny?"

"Not at all. Something like this always happens when mother's in debt. It's Ludlow luck. But why didn't you tell?"

"Well, you see, Bertie and I had an argument——"

"That was a good reason."

"No, wait. Bertie and I had an argument. He bet me five thousand that modern girls never marry for love."

"Monster! So you married me for five thousand dollars."

He smiled. "You were worth it," he answered, bending over her with a look that had nothing to do with what he said.

Blackburn, the slum boy had only one chance in a million to make good. Read what he did with his slim chance in "The First Ace." by Holworthy Hall. Hearst's International for March, ready February 20th.

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The World's Best Stock Company Furnishes the Play of the Month—From page 95

A Russian Drama

Boris Godunov, who says, "Seven years have passed since Tsar Ivan died. And now the country is hardly any stronger. Everything I have been able to do for the empire is crumbling." Godunov decides he must make peace with the Shuiski faction. His followers object but he replies, "In a storm at sea, which threatens to destroy a boat and all its cargo, a man were mad not to throw overboard a part of his treasures in order to save the whole. I will throw away part of my rights but I will save my ship from disaster!"

THE COURT gathers to witness the reconciliation of Boris Godunov and the Shuiskis.

The Shuiskis arrive in the midst of an enthusiastic throng. The Tsar asks Shuiski why he hasn't seen more of him—whether he is occupied with family matters and so doesn't go to the Duma any more. Shuiski replies that there is nothing for him to do in the Duma—that Boris, not the Duma, rules Russia, and there are enough Boyars, without him, to pay homage to Boris.

The Tsar, grieved, asks Boris to make an offer of peace, which he does. Shuiski refuses to make peace without a pact.

At the urgent request of the Tsar, and also of the Tsarina, he agrees to make peace with Boris on condition that none of his followers suffer for having taken his side.

The next scene shifts to a room in the palace, with the Tsar, Tsarina, Godunov, and others present. The Tsar merely makes decisions as Boris suggests. The Tsarina urges on the Tsar the return of his little brother, and the Tsar wishes to agree, but Godunov refuses, and scolds his sister for interfering in matters he says she does not understand.

TSARINA (to the Tsar)—I know you are right in giving the government over to my brother. No one else can govern as well as he does. But this is not an affair of state. It is a family matter, and you alone should be the judge.

TSAR—Boris, you hear what she says. It is the truth. You will not let me take a step of any kind. It is my will that Dmitri be brought back. You know when I speak in this way I do not go back on what I say.

GODUNOV (to the Tsarina)—You should not interfere, sister, in what you do not understand. (To the Tsar) The Tsarevich cannot be brought back.

TSAR—No! This is too much. I am not a child. (A servant announces Prince Ivan Petrovich Shuiski.)

GODUNOV—His Majesty cannot receive him today.

TSAR—Who told you so? Let him come in! . . . Good morning, Prince. Thank you for coming. You are just the man I want to see. I want to talk to you about my brother Dmitri.

SHUISKI—Your Majesty, I, too, have long wished to speak to you about the Tsarevich Dmitri. But first I want to petition you about your wife's brother——

TSAR—What! Boris?

SHUISKI—Yes.

TSAR—What has he done?

Shuiski tells of the capture of all his adherents in spite of the oath of peace.

GODUNOV—I swore not to punish them for past deeds, and I did not. They were today arrested because after we made peace they tried again to stir up a strife between the Shuiskis and myself.

The Tsar strives to reconcile the two by saying that the oath had not been interpreted in the same way by both sides.

SHUISKI—Almighty Tsar, I cannot understand you! You saw, you heard from his own lips that he is playing with his oath. . . . Almighty Tsar, one of two things! Either I am a cheat and then you must punish me for deceiving you, or you must dismiss Godunov for treason!

The Tsar wavers. Shuiski considers that he, the Tsar, has debased himself, and leaves. Godunov refuses to remain in power unless he can have a free hand to deal with the Shuiskis. This the Tsar refuses in spite of a letter which Godunov produces, telling of the conspiracy of the Shuiski faction to dethrone him and make his young brother, Dmitri, Tsar.

TSAR (after a long struggle)—Yes, brother, yes! In this matter I myself shall accept the responsibility. I do not believe in the treason of the Shuiskis: and even if I did believe it, I would not send them to their death.

GODUNOV—But, Your Majesty——

TSAR—I know what you are going to say—that because of this the kingdom will be thrown into confusion? Is that not so? Let God's will be done!

In the next scene a group of Shuiski followers gather in front of a prison—a singer chants the exploits of Prince Shuiski.

All the Shuiskis, except Prince Vassili, are brought in in chains. An attempt is made to rescue them but Prince Shuiski calms the people.

THE TSARINA enters. She makes a plea for Shuiski.

TSARINA—He repented. We can trust his word. The Tsar's magnanimity conquered him. What are you afraid of?

GODUNOV—His heart is filled with love and kindliness. And it is as though bells tolled gently in his inmost self. But what is the use of all this kindliness and piety since the man has no strength? Should the most insignificant enemy desire it, he could win over the Tsar's heart, and my own will, with which I steeled his heart, he will forget. I respect the Shuiskis—but their loyalty is stupid and short-sighted. Moscow is as blind today as ever. The one who, in the very heart of our country, rebels against the Tsar is much more dangerous than the Khan.

IRINA—If I could persuade myself that they must perish for the good of the empire, then perhaps I should find enough courage to stifle the grief in my heart. But I do not believe, brother, I do not believe that this bloodshed will help the land.

Next comes a scene in front of a cathedral. Beggars crowd about the entrance. In the background are many people.

The Tsarina comes in with Princess Mstislavskaya and ladies-in-waiting. The Tsarina is advising the young Princess to throw herself upon the Tsar's mercy, pleading forgiveness for her uncle. The Tsar enters, hears the pleas of the young Princess and of the Tsarina, and agrees to release all the Shuiskis.

TSAR—All the Shuiskis are to be released immediately. Ivan Petrovich is to be brought to me at once. (Turenin does not budge.) You have heard?

TURENIN—Almighty Tsar!

TSAR—Well?

TURENIN—Last night he hanged himself.

PRINCESS—Dear Mother of God!

TURENIN—We are to blame. We should have watched him more carefully.

TSAR (in a terrible rage, to Turenin)—Prince Shuiski hanged himself? Ivan Petrovich? You lie. He did not kill himself. He was strangled. (Seizes Turenin by the collar, with both hands.) You strangled him! Murderer! Beast! (To Godunov) Did you know this?

GODUNOV—God is my witness, I knew nothing.

TSAR—Executioners! Let a scaffold be erected. Here! At once! In front of me. At once! I was lenient with you too long.

MESSENGER (his clothes covered with dust, holding a paper, in his hand, approaches Godunov hurriedly)—From Uglich—to Boris Godunov!

TSAR (tearing the paper out of his hands)—Give it to me. When the Tsar himself stands before you, Boris does not exist. (Looks at the paper, and begins to tremble.) Irina, dear, my eyes are growing weak—I can hardly see. You had better read it.

IRINA—Merciful God!

TSAR—Fell on a knife? And stabbed himself to death? Is that what it says?

IRINA—Yes, Feodor.

TSAR—Is it really true, Irina? Perhaps you did not read right. Give me the paper. (Takes the paper and glances at it, then drops it.) To death—to death—yes—he stabbed himself to death! I cannot believe it. Is it not all a dream? Brother Dmitri was to me like a son. You and I have no children, Irina!

IRINA—God has plunged all Russia into sorrow! I loved him like a son. Dear husband! In prayer alone can we look for consolation!

TSAR—Yes, Irina. You and I remain childless! Through my fault we lost my brother. I am the last of that branch of my family which has ruled Russia. My race will die with me. If Ivan Petrovich Shuiski were alive, I would have willed the throne to him. But now God knows in whose hands it is to fall. Everything had happened through my fault! And I—strove to do good, Irina! I longed to straighten out everything. God, God! Why did you make me Tsar?

[Curtain]

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Royal Brown Mixes a Scientist, a Girl and a Poet—From page 57

Eve of Eden Point Island

kitchen he found a slip pinned to a shelf. This read:

"I. O. U.
Four slices of bread
One can of deviled ham
One slab of butter
One orange.

P. S. I'll pay promptly as long as my $16.73 holds out. After that I'll have to fish and eat fish until my ship comes in."

THIS held his eyes much longer than the time needed to read it. He wondered if that was really all she had. And then remembered that all that could possibly interest him was the fact that she had made herself a lunch and gone off. He was glad!

Nevertheless, when ten o'clock came that night and passed and she had not reappeared he began to wonder what had become of her.

At a minute after eleven Eve came in. Came in, in fact, just as Wythe was about to start out. She had determined that henceforth she would conduct herself with a silent dignity that would put him in his place—and keep him there, too!

"I'm so sorry you shaved after all!" she announced. "You looked like a very vicious pirate before and now you look just like those horribly innocuous young men who advertise somebody or other's safety razor. Good-looking but——"

She finished with an airy gesture. He, for his part, silently stepped aside to permit her free entrance.

"Look out," she warned, "you're on my side of the chalkline. I——"

"*Eve!*"

The voice, poignant with surprise, pain and reproach, startled them both and Eve, turning toward the porch from whence it came, gasped:

"Tony! Good night!"

THE latest arrival stalked in. He was hatless, he wore white flannels—and had apparently worn them for some time—his feet were incased in tan sandals and no stockings chastely veiled his ankles.

"I have come to you," he announced, tossing his long black hair as if it were a mane, "as swiftly as the gray goose follows its mate, and I find—what?"

"What you deserve," retorted Eve promptly. "Nobody asked you to come. Who loaned you the price of your fare?"

Tony pointed a finger at Wythe.

"Who is this? I demand an explanation——"

Eve turned and looked at him.

"I beg your pardon?" she suggested.

"I—er—I——" floundered Tony.

"To err is human—but don't let it happen again," Eve cut in. And then relenting a little, "How did you get here anyway? From the station, I mean."

"I walked——"

"I never believed you'd do that for anybody——"

"For you, Eve, I'd move heaven and earth——"

Tony reached for her hands. She started to snatch them away and then she glimpsed Wythe's expression and changed her mind. To explain why is difficult, but any woman will understand.

At that point Wythe abruptly fled out-of-doors. "And I thought," he ruminated, "that I had found a lodge in the wilderness."

Then he went down on to the pier and glowered at the unimpressed Atlantic, until the light flashed on in Eve's room and he felt safe to return to the lodge.

In the morning when he awoke, a gray bank of fog swatched everything. He had overslept but so, he hoped, would the rest of the household. But he was doomed to disappointment. Tony was in the kitchen, busy over a skillet.

"Ah, good morning," said he, urbanely, as Wythe appeared.

"Good morning," Wythe answered. And added, in spite of himself, "I am glad that you are making yourself at home."

The sarcasm was lost on Tony.

"A philosopher," he announced, "is at home anywhere."

"I had an idea somehow," observed Wythe, "that you were a poet."

"A POET is a commercialized purveyor of a commercialized product," Tony explained. "I am a troubadour, singing for the pure joy of singing."

"Aren't those eggs done," snapped Wythe.

"So they are," Tony agreed, and, removing the skillet added, graciously, "The stove is yours."

"Many thanks," said Wythe, drily.

The Villager was still at breakfast when Wythe sat down to the table.

"This bracing air sharpens the appetite," said he, expansively.

"So I perceive," said Wythe. "Are you planning to stay long?"

"I never plan," Tony assured him.

From above came the sound of footsteps. Wythe rose instantly.

"Sorry," he said, brusquely, "but I've got to get to work."

"Ah yes. You are, I believe, an inventor." Tony inhaled smoke deeply. "Invention, mother of mediocrity. Think it over. Were it not for invention——"

But Wythe was already on his way to the boat-house. Once there he stood with his hands in his pockets and glowered at his apparatus.

Now this was the tenth of August. Time passed, as is its immemorial habit, but he remained of the same opinion still—only more so. He and Eve had settled into their accepted pose, each was apparently unconscious of the other's existence.

As for Eve—well, any woman would have understood just why it was that she flirted so outrageously with Tony whenever Wythe was within sight. But Wythe, being a mere man, never guessed.

The afternoon was of a still, blistering brilliance that held a subtle menace.

"We'll have thunderstorms before night," he thought.

The lodge seemed deserted; he believed that Eve and the superman had departed

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for a walk. But as he entered the living-room, his approach rendered noiseless by rubber soles, he realized his mistake.

"Eve!" the superman was saying, his voice a throbbing crescendo. "To me you are woman incarnate, the enigma of the ages. Why not surrender yourself to the inevitable. Why struggle?"

Then Wythe saw them. A breath of time he stood transfixed and then he turned abruptly and passed out again into the flooding sunlight.

THE scruo pines began to creak and toss, an eddy of sand swirled by the boat-house windows. The handkerchief of cloud was become a black and ominous canopy with torn edges, the storm was about to break. But of this, or even the passage of time, he was unconscious until the door of the boat-house was flung open. He turned, startled—and there stood Eve.

"I," she began, and then caught at her breath, like a frightened child.

That he did not see. A wave of anger swept him, blinding him. It was as hot as flame, yet his voice was cold as ice.

"This," he said, "is one place I must insist upon retaining as my own."

Eve, flattened against the door, looked at him. It seemed to him, ever so briefly, that her wide eyes reproached him. Then:

"You—you can have the whole darn' island to yourself!" she flashed. "I won't stay on it another minute!"

"You'll have to wait until the tide goes out anyway," observed Wythe.

"I won't!" she retorted.

A bolt of lightning, outrunning the storm center, struck somewhere on the island; involuntarily she shrank back against him. The next instant he had drawn her inside the boat-house and shut the door.

"In five minutes the sea will be running high enough to swamp a boat," he told her grimly. "Unless you are determined on suicide I advise you to wait."

Eve started to annihilate him and then caught her breath. As the thunder crashed again she wasn't sure but what she was glad he had intervened. But she was too truly feminine to admit that. Instead:

"You haven't lost any of your talent for interfering with other people's affairs!" she observed, and then bit her lips—she hadn't meant to say *that*.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Eve hesitated and then her chin went up. "Evidently you have forgotten, but I haven't—or ever forgiven you, either. Oh, don't strain your memory. It was at the Thousand Islands and I was only twelve!"

In a flash it came to him. She had started to swim out to the men's raft, anchored far beyond the others and a goal safe only for the strongest swimmers. He had overtaken her, and, overruling her passionate protests, made her turn back. . . . It was no wonder he hadn't recognized her. She had been a leggy, big-eyed twelve then—a skinny, shivering little thing that, halfway between tears and fury had delivered an ultimatum to him as he put her on shore:

"I'll do it the minute your back is turned," she had promised. "And I'll—I'll hate you as long as I live!"

Now he searched—and in vain—for some resemblance between Eve at twelve and Eve as she stood there, in tan smock and boyish breeches.

"Tell me I've changed and get it over with," she advised, cuttingly.

"I don't think you have changed much—in some ways," he retorted.

The lightning had been playing incessantly these last few minutes, but in the distance. Now it had flashed again, so close that for a breathless instant Eve believed that the boat-house had been struck.

Eve, who had never suffered from nerves, suddenly let go of herself. She had been through one strong emotional scene that afternoon—that flash and crash finished her. So it was that, without thought, she turned blindly toward him, like a frightened child and he did not deny her the sanctuary she sought.

"Steady!" he soothed. "It's a terror but it won't last much longer."

At length Eve, regaining self-control turned and flung open the door—and as promptly slammed it again.

"Here comes Tony!" she gasped.

Ever so gently he moved her to one side.

"I'll attend to him," he promised and stepped outdoors.

EVE stood with her ears strained and her eyes on the door for minutes that seemed hours. . . . But when he finally returned, her back was to the door.

"What happened?" she asked, in a voice she hoped did not sound as odd to him as it did to her.

"Nothing. I—er—reasoned with him and he agreed that the best thing for him to do was to go down and sit in the motorboat until I can get a chance to transport him ashore."

"Oh," said Eve, inadequately.

Silence followed, but it was as electric as the storm that had now passed out to sea. Then he took a step toward her.

"Eve—you came to *me* for help. Does—did that mean anything?"

"I—I don't see what difference it makes to you," she murmured.

"It makes all the difference in the world!" he broke in, passionately—and surprisingly enough he knew that this was true. "I—can't you see I mean it? Eve—please turn around——"

Now that, as the disconsolate philosopher who sat in the motorboat awaiting transportation hence, could have told him, was no way to make her believe he meant it. Deeds are better than words at such times, even though in Tony's case they had landed him where he was, with an aching head and a general feeling that all was not well with the world. But Wythe was fearful of his fate, as a true lover always is. Who is he among mortals, that the miracle should be vouchsafed him?

"If," she murmured, in a voice as small as that reputed to conscience but which came to his ears like a bugle's notes, "if—if you really mean it why—why don't you turn me around?"

What is the coward test? Was Philbrook really one? There's such a lot of psychology mixed up with fear, it is a hard question to answer. But Arthur Stringer's "The Coward" makes interesting reading in March Hearst's International, ready February 20th.

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It's None of His Business?

"NOW I could sell you this tooth-ache remedy you ask for and it would relieve your ache for the time being, Mrs. Benson, but you know what I think of such remedies. I have been talking to you about care of the teeth for some time now."

"Yes," said the woman who was seated with her husband in the A. D. S. drug store, "you have been talking teeth to us since John and I used to spend nickels at your soda fountain. Remember, John?" she asked turning to her husband. And he remembered with a smile.

"I'm not going to give you a lecture, but besides suggesting that you see your dentist right away, I'm going to show you something," said the druggist as he called "Alice" to someone in the rear of the store.

A pretty little girl of about eight came running to him. Holding open the child's mouth he said, "There is no reason why your teeth should not be as white and perfect as those. Regular brushing with the right dentifrice, and the advice of your dentist will keep them so. Alice has been using this since she was big enough to hold a tooth brush, and, though she is my niece, I predict that her smile is going to charm quite a few young men some day. I am recommending it for you and Mr. Benson too." And he handed them a tube of Chlor-E-Dixo.

Genuine concern about his customers' teeth was none of this druggist's business. It might have been better business to sell the tooth-ache remedy, without comment and say "Thank you" for the quick profit.

But these A. D. S. druggists are different. They are interested in their customers. Their customers have confidence in them.

Ever since the 26,000 of them voted on every ingredient of the formula, through representatives, they have been watching their customers' teeth. At every opportunity they have recommended Chlor-E-Dixo, and because they are sincere, customers know that the objective is not so much sales as the betterment of teeth. Too, they make it in their own factory at Long Island City, N. Y., and sell it only in their own stores. That's why they guarantee every tube.

While the above is not a verbatim report of the conversation in a drug store, in substance it is taking place in A. D. S. stores throughout this country.

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Charles Merz Writes of The World's Richest Man—Continued from page 35

Zaharoff

with two handles. One of them is in London—the other is in Athens.

Zaharoff, for the last five years, has been the one big man behind the successive governments that ruled Greece—the man who paid the bills—and the dominating force behind those Greek thrusts into Asia Minor against the army of Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

At the other handle of the pincers, in London, Sir Basil is backing something much more interesting than any Greeks. He is backing the high-explosive cartridge called Lloyd George. Some of the most able British journalists I know have told me that there is no other backer to whom Lloyd George owes so great a debt of gratitude. They say that Zaharoff is the biggest of all contributors to Mr. George's campaign funds—that he is the man, well hidden behind the scenes, who bought the powerful Chronicle in London, and turned it right about face to support the Premier.

EVEN the Paris Matin, that great semi-official journal with its fingers deep in everybody's pie, has never got at Zaharoff—knows little more about his story than the gossip of the streets. His best enemies, the Turks, who might be expected to know a lot about him, in fact know next to nothing. He is said to have declared, on one occasion, that no one knew enough to write his story, and no one ever would.

I pursued the trail across seven countries on the Continent, from London to Constantinople. The bulk of my information came from three chief quarters. With discretion I tell you what they were:

An official report prepared somewhere in Europe for the Government of the United States; a high executive of an official, governmental bank—corresponding in its own country to the U. S. Treasury; and a British army officer in Constantinople.

ZAHAROFF'S story begins at the Golden Horn, at the farthest end of Europe, where the minarets of countless mosques rise high above Constantinople. Streets wind in and out between the markets, swarming with merchants selling cakes and strings of beads, with dancing dervishes, veiled women, and beggars telling fortunes. And tearing through those streets, occasionally, comes one of the strangest sights in all the world—a regiment of "pompiers."

Now these pompiers are unique. I do not know of any other city in the world that has precisely the same thing. In prosaic terms, they are Turkish firemen.

Zaharoff began as a pompier, racing through the streets of Constantinople with a purple veil around his head.

"Z. Z."

That's what those iron letters say, above the door in Paris. And what they say is right. For there wasn't any "Basil" when the story started, back here in Constantinople. This man began life with another name. It was "Zaharia Zaharoff." Not until years later—and then only for that door in Paris—did Sir Basil turn around, go back, and get that other Z.

Zaharia Zaharoff, to give him the name he started with, was born in the Tatavla district of Constantinople. That was in 1850. His family was Greek—though, like everything else about the man, even that fact is hidden in a good deal of mystery. I've heard him called a Russian, an Armenian and a Turk. It's true that his father was a Russian subject, and hence the Russian name. But Greek is right. That was the nationality of both his parents. And the young Zaharia took it very seriously.

Years later, he backed the government of Greece in its campaign against the Turks. If the Greeks had come off victors in that struggle, Zaharoff would probably have been extremely well rewarded.

A few of the old-timers who knew something of young Zaharia in those early days tell me they've seen him as a ragamuffin on the famous Street of Steps—that when he was a boy, perhaps fourteen, he found employment in a shipping firm, as clerk—that he was quick-witted and alert—above all, amazingly adept at languages.

This young Greek must have been a marvel at getting hold of languages. For when the second chapter of his story opens, he is expert at English. So expert, in fact, that Englishmen are actually mistaking him for a fellow-countryman.

SIR BASIL, when that chapter opened, was a young man of twenty-eight. Constantinople had taught him several lessons. He had a good idea of the strategy of markets in the Near East—and the tactics of getting on in a business world where competition was completely international. But he had amassed no fortune at this age—he was only a moderately successful young merchant-shipper who had recently graduated from a post as clerk; and certainly no one would have picked him, at this stage, as likely to develop into the richest man in Europe.

Then, twenty-eight years old, he left his native city and went overseas to Cyprus.

Now Cyprus is an island tucked up in the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean; and about the time Sir Basil got there, the British Empire was quietly slipping into it—for annexation later. That was why Sir Basil came. He saw a chance to sell supplies, with little competition, to the British army that moved in to take command. He arrived as "Z. Z. Williamson"—I have this on the authority of a man who occupies, today, a high governmental office in southeastern Europe, and who was on the spot in Cyprus when Sir Basil came along. . . . "Z. Z. Williamson"—the two Z's again.

From the start "Mr. Williamson" was a great success in Cyprus. He carried papers as a British subject. Heaven knows how he had got them. He spoke English fluently. He became a good friend, on the basis of his very charming personality, of the commanding British officer, General Garnet Wolseley (afterwards Viscount Wolseley). And he made, in this strange enterprise, a gallant profit.

And then suddenly, without warning, the Cyprus venture ended. Zaharoff left the island—and returned to Constantinople. A certain lawsuit followed. It is still talked about, in Constantinople, as "the Z. Z. Williamson case." But all the records of the court have long since disappeared. Sir Basil left the city. This time he went to Athens.

HERE, AGAIN, some sort of trouble met him. Just what it was, no two men agree. But the fact remains that Sir Basil went to prison—to face a charge that had been brought against him. Once more you'll find the record missing in the courts. In the absence of evidence in such a case as this, there's only one thing to say about a man who's sent to prison: a miscarriage of justice in the courts. The interesting thing is that Sir Basil, being a man of enterprise, and knowing how tediously Greek justice sometimes works, wanted keenly to get out. This is the story a British Major tells me, an officer in the Intelligence Section who has made a study of Sir Basil's life:

He bought a corpse. It had been shot full of lead. He bribed his guard. He escaped from prison. And the corpse went to the prison authorities, next morning, as the body of one Zaharoff—"shot, attempting to escape."

It is at this point in the story that "Zaharia" disappears, and "Basil" takes his place. That much is definite. But for the rest, this middle period in the life of Zaharoff is the hardest one of all to follow. Some people say that when he came away from Athens, he started his career in Paris with five francs in his pocket. Others say that he began in Germany, as a day laborer for the Krupps. There are stories of his having gone to South America—even fairy tales about his once having been President of a small republic, under still another name!

WHAT SEEMS fairly certain, in this middle period of Sir Basil's story, is that he started off in Paris as a trader. He may or may not have saved something from the Athens wreckage. He tried exporting. He was moderately successful. But still he hadn't found the thing that was to lift him up to power. Shifting from one business to another, Sir Basil tried munitions. He became an agent of the firm of Vickers. He was just a traveling salesman—just one small cog in a vast machine.

His company sent him off to Spain.

Now, in the story of a modern Monte Cristo like Sir Basil, you'd expect that when he went voyaging off to a romantic spot like Spain, somewhere on a train he'd meet a charming Señorita. They'd strike up a friendship. And then suddenly it would develop that the unknown lady's father was the very man who bought munitions for his government—the very man a young munitions agent ought to

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know. And that's just what happened to Sir Basil.

With this flying start he scored, in Spain, his first real triumph. He was sent to other countries; and with the impetus of his first successes, plus his own energy and skill, he fed Vickers with more orders to the month than they'd expected in a year. He went to Russia. There, in 1906, he placed his first great contract—one that ran well above ten million dollars.

ZAHAROFF made rich profits with the firm of Vickers—reinvested them in securities, and made more. There are stories in Paris of his raids upon the Bourse. They say, some of the Paris bankers, that he dealt especially in Rio Tinto shares—a stock which at that time was fluctuating as much as twenty points a day—and never missed a turn. He began to acquire an interest in banks and transport companies. Vickers made him their chief agent on the Continent. Meantime, early in the days of these successes, he went back to Constantinople for a bride.

He is one of those men, blessed with the faculty of arriving at the right spot just a bit ahead of time. He is not another Henry Ford or Rockefeller—or a Hugo Stinnes, creating new combinations every day in Germany. He is no great organizer, like these men. There is nothing of that sort in his story. His great successes have always been with enterprises someone else has started—enterprises in full swing before he came along. He has never taken anything and built it up, layer on layer, with his own hands. He is a genius, but not that kind. His forte is guessing what will happen next—and being there in time for it.

Zaharoff speaks English, Spanish, French and Russian as easily as his native Greek. This cosmopolitanism is part of his success, and part of it, no doubt, is the product of that myth of mystery and power which has enveloped him so many years. I believe Sir Basil has aimed systematically at the creation of that myth—and studied the cultivation of his own mannerisms. I believe he knows the market value of inscrutability.

THE LAST chapter of this man's life, closely interwoven with the war, is the story of munitions triumphant over everything.

Sir Basil went to Russia and sold munitions to the Tsar. I have heard something of those days from a former Ambassador of the Russian Government. Sir Basil acquired influence in the shadowy court of black-robed Rasputin. Russia was a good market for munitions on the eve of war—a good market, indeed; one of the very best—and again Sir Basil prospered greatly. He was the man behind the scenes who brought about a series of important mergers.

Meantime, without sacrificing his cloak of mystery—and managing the affair so as to add to his reputation for eccentricity—Zaharoff began acquiring prestige. Part of it came from the rapidly expanding rumors of his wealth and power, and part from his gifts to various institutions prominent in the public eye. He founded chairs of literature and languages and aviation at Oxford and at Paris. He gave money

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to train French athletes for the Olympic games—money to zoos—money for the repairing of Westminster Abbey.

I know of other gifts that never have been chronicled. There was a clerk he had, once upon a time, in Cyprus. His name is Rossides. He has fallen on hard times. Zaharoff is taking care of him. In similar fashion, long ago he sent to Constantinople for his two sisters, and set them up in style. They are all the "family" he has left, now that his wife has died. He has no children.

Prestige as a result of all his gifts—prestige and great wealth—Zaharoff acquired rapidly in this last chapter of his story. I have already sketched the way he backed the government of Greece, and brought Venizelos to the fore. From the first, as long ago as 1910, Venizelos was the champion of a Greater Greece—a Greece reaching out into Asia Minor for more territory, to gratify the ambitions of the great Greek corn and cotton merchants—and incidentally, of the great Greek financiers like Zaharoff himself. This policy of expansion, through the rivalries and counter-tactics it initiated, helped pave the way for the Balkan wars, and for the struggle of the larger Western Powers for "zones of influence" in the East. Moreover, in addition to his share of influence in the policies that followed Venizelos into power, Sir Basil has been active in the diplomacy of Europe in Rome, in London, and in Paris. There is good reason for believing that he was an important intermediary in the diplomacy of bringing Italy into the European war; at the Peace Conference in Paris, when it came to drawing a treaty for the Near East, his influence was unquestionably a great factor.

The French gave him the highest decoration in the coffers of the Third Republic; the British made him a Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire, and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Bath; Oxford has made him an honorary Doctor of Civil Laws—this young Greek fireman from Constantinople!

DOCTOR of Laws at Oxford, and a Fireman in Turkey. . . . It would not make a bad epitaph to sum up this man's life. For the span between those titles not only tells Sir Basil's story, it reveals him in one way the measure of his age.

An age, thanks to new inventions and new opportunities, that has craved continually for new power. Through the world of European finance stole the notion that Sir Basil had it. And to him flocked new opportunities, asking only that he turn them into gold.

¶ *Edward Hale Bierstadt Pleads for the Foreign Born—Continued from page 73*

Help The Immigrant

deported. For what? For speaking in a foreign tongue! The reason given was not that, but the reason given was false.

A meeting of a hundred Russians gathered to discuss the complexities of the alien income tax was broken up by force. A Government agent even was arrested by local authorities for speaking a language other than English. An American citizen walking on Boston Common was arrested because he had a red necktie and a beard. A group of Ukrainians were taken and held for deportation until it was discovered that they had gone to *protest* at the Bolshevist meeting where they were found. And in that last sentence we find a keyword to the situation—Bolshevism.

I BELIEVE there is some justification for believing the foreign born of America more radical than the native born. I believe that this particular type of radicalism is constructive rather than destructive, and that on the whole the nation can get along much better with it than without it.

As a rule the immigrant comes here in a healthy revolt against an old world order precisely of the same nature as that which drove the founders of this nation to the new world. But the immigrant is looking ahead as well as backward. And generally there are two concrete things in his mind: one is the Declaration of Independence, and the other is the Bill of Rights, now embodied in the Constitution. These two documents contain all those things that the immigrant and his remote forebears have dreamed of for generations. He comes here expecting to find them living forces in actual operation, literally interpreted. It is quite right that he should believe this. But he does not find it.

The native American has not had to fight for his civil and political liberties for so long a time that he hardly knows they exist. He doesn't particularly care at present whether they exist or not so long as their absence doesn't inconvenience him personally. As principles on which to base a mode of life and of conduct they mean little or nothing to him. He is comfortable, contented, why should he bother? And he doesn't bother. But the immigrant does.

In all ages any change has been called Radical by those who underwent it. Take the point of view of the immigrant, and set it up against that of the late rulers of the nations he came from, and the immigrant is not only a radical, but a very dangerous one. But so was Washington to King George; so was Christ to Herod. On the other hand to call the views of the immigrant radical in America, that radical among nations, is absurd. It is simply that the native born have slumped back a little from colonial days, and not that the immigrant has advanced beyond them. He comes here expecting to be met with 1776 percent Americanism, only to find the 100 percent variety which, in the hands of a few, has come to him to mean oppression. It is distinctly up to America to show the immigrant that the Americanism of 1776 and that of 1922 are fundamentally the same.

When the immigrant thinks of the old European despotisms he cries "Down with the government!" and ten men in Wall Street promptly faint on the floor of the Exchange.

THERE are nearly 1,500,000 people in America who cannot read, write or speak the English language. Almost 3,000,000 more can best be reached through the medium of their native tongue. These, with about 10,000,000 others go to make up what we call our immigrant population. This population has its own press, consisting of some 1,200 periodicals, papers, magazines, fraternal organs, and religious periodicals. It has its own organizations and societies which, including the various local branches reach above 35,000 in number. It has its own churches, and in a few instances its own schools. A civilization within a civilization. How can the smaller be gradually absorbed without losing any of its fine qualities? I believe that this can be accomplished by the sympathetic and practical use of exactly those elements which we now condemn as un-American. Chiefly I mean by this the foreign language press, and the foreign language organizations.

Not long ago an analysis was made of the political tone of a considerable group of foreign language papers. The percentages showed that five percent of the papers could be classed as Reactionary, forty-one percent as Conservative, fifty-one percent as Liberal, and three percent as Radical. Surely a press of which these figures are typical cannot be incendiary, or in any way inimical. Unless indeed it is too Reactionary! Before the War these papers derived the major portion of their news from Europe. They were the connecting links between the old world and the new. But during the War communications with the other side were cut off in large part, and the editors began to form the habit of printing much more news about America.

THIS habit must be carefully fostered. This press must be one of the strongest links between the native and the foreign born until such time as a link is no longer necessary. But—no propaganda! The immigrant has been propagandized so thoroughly that he is wary.

And then there are the organizations and societies. They are the highly important. The immigrant has a natural tendency toward fraternalism. It is traditional with him.

So far as I know though there has been no attempt on the part of any of the great native American fraternal organizations to reach out to their foreign born brethren. If this were done, and I for one see no reason why it should not be, the result might well be of the highest importance.

We speak of Americanizing the immigrant as we might of painting a house. But an immigrant isn't a house: he's a human being. If we are to achieve national unity, we must help the immigrant to Americanize himself.

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Blasco Ibañez's New Novel of Paris and South America—Continued from page 13

The Temptress

do to satisfy her curiosity. She wanted to know all the thrilling episodes of his adventurous life! Nor would she believe that he wasn't rich. How unlikely that anyone from America—either North or South America, it didn't matter which—should not have millions!

"But I'm not rich at all," protested Robledo.

HE BEGAN to talk about Patagonia and his undertakings there. With his partner, a young American from the States, whom he had met in Buenos Aires, he had tried to colonize several thousand acres near the Rio Negro. He had risked in this enterprise all his savings, and those of his partner, as well as whatever sums he could persuade the banks to advance to him; but he felt certain of the safety of the investment.

"In a few years, or even in a few months, I may strike gold," he was saying. "Everything depends of course on how the river behaves. It may rise suddenly, in the grip of one of those violent convulsions which are so frequent there, and which destroy the work of years in a few hours. Meanwhile my partner and I have been constructing with the strictest economy all the minor canals and the other arteries which are to irrigate our waste lands; and on the day when the dike is finished, and the Rio Negro waters flow outward into our desert property. . . ."

Robledo stopped short, smiling.

"Then," he went on, "I shall be a millionaire in regular American style. One square mile of irrigated land is worth several millions, and I own several square miles."

Elena was listening breathlessly. But Robledo, as if made uneasy by the admiring glance Elena's green gold eyes shot at him, hastened to add:

"On the other hand these millions may not come for many years! They may not arrive until I am at death's door, and then my sister's children, in Spain, will enjoy the money."

Elena wanted to hear about his life in the Patagonian wilds, that immense plain swept in winter by freezing hurricanes that raise towering columns of dust, and whose sole inhabitants are bands of ostriches and straying pumas, that sometimes, under stress of hunger, will even risk attacking a solitary explorer.

Elena was listening delightedly, with the same pleasure she would have felt at the theater or cinema.

"That's what I call living," she exclaimed. "That kind of life is worthy of a real man!"

She turned her goldflecked eyes away from Robledo to look at her husband almost pityingly.

"And that's the way to make money," she went on. "Really the only men worth considering are those who win wars, or those who win fortunes! Even though I am a woman, I'd love a life so full of danger. . . ."

Robledo, after this first luncheon at his friend's house, became a frequent visitor at the Torre Biancas, dropping in as informally as though he were a member of his host's family.

Robledo was somewhat disconcerted by Elena. She always treated him with a gracious familiarity, quite as though he really were her husband's brother.

Her mischievous and childlike expression, her imperturbable way of looking at him, the childish lisp with which she pronounced certain words, all had a certain fascination for the engineer.

"She's a child," he told himself. "Her husband is right about that. She has all the tricks of the dolls that society turns out—and she must be fearfully expensive! But, underneath all this, there is probably a very simple woman."

When he was not with her, however, he was less optimistic about his friend's wife, and smiled somewhat ironically at the latter's credulity. Who was this woman?

He knew concerning her only what his friend had told him. As to that distinguished functionary of the Tsar's court, her deceased husband, it was difficult to gather just what the nature of his services had been. Torre Bianca delighted to repeat his wife's statements concerning a host of personages of the Russian court, many of them great ladies, who were relatives of Elena's.

Some of Elena's allusions puzzled Robledo. She had never, so she told him, been in America, yet, one afternoon as they sipped their tea at the Ritz, she mentioned her trip through San Francisco when she was a little girl. On other occasions she would mention places in remote parts of the world, or persons well-known in contemporary society as though she knew them intimately; and he never succeeded in finding out how many languages she knew.

His attempts to sound his friend on the subject of the Marquise had only one result. They showed that Torre's confidence in his wife hedged him round like a thick wall of credulity.

OF COURSE, when he married her Frederigo must have seen some of the papers required for the civil ceremony. . . . But no, apparently he had not. The marriage had taken place in London, and had come off as rapidly as a film wedding. All that was needed was a minister to read the prayer-book, a few witnesses, and some passports and papers, probably lent for the occasion.

Little by little Robledo met all who usually appeared at the formal dinners given by the Torre Biancas. Elena invariably presented him, not as an engineer whose enterprises were in their first and most precarious stages, but as one whose work was already a success, and who had returned from America well provided with millions. She took care however to impart this misinformation behind his back, and Robledo was somewhat at a loss to understand the respect and deference with which he was treated.

The most important guests were several deputies and journalists, friends of Fontenoy, the banker. The latter was a man of middle age, clean shaven, entirely bald, who affected the dress and manners of an American business man.

As the three friends were leaving the theater one evening, Elena expressed a desire to go to a certain Montmartre cabaret that was causing a stir in Paris by the magnificence of its new decorations, in the style of the Thousand and One Nights.

In an open space between tables groups of dancers came and went. The women's dresses and hats, like rainbow-hued foam, floated in and out among the black coats of the men and the white squares of the tablecloths.

A forced merriment prevailed, a desire to revert to the stammerings of babyhood, as though this would give new incentive to the monotonous sinnings of middle age.

Elena seemed delighted.

"There's nothing like Paris, after all, is there Robledo?" she cried.

Robledo smiled with indifference. The three ate and drank though they were neither hungry nor thirsty. At every table the champagne bottles appeared, nestling in their silver pails. And always, before one bottle was empty, another took its place as though it had grown out of the frosty depths of the bucket.

ELENA who was looking about with a certain impatience suddenly smiled and waved to a man who had just come in. It was Fontenoy, who joined them.

Robledo suddenly remembered that Elena had mentioned the banker several times while they were at the theater. Perhaps she and the banker had arranged this "chance" meeting at Montmartre?

But Fontenoy was saying to Torre:

"What a coincidence! I have just been dining with some business friends, and I thought I needed something frivolous to take my mind off my work for a little while. I might have gone to any one of a dozen other restaurants, but I just happened to drop in here—and here you all are!"

When the champagne bottle had renewed itself three times, Elena began to look enviously at the dancers. Finally she exclaimed, "I'd give anything to dance, and yet none of you give me an opportunity!"

The Marquis got up as though at an imperial command, and husband and wife threaded their way in and out among the other couples.

When they returned to their table. Elena was protesting, "Here I've come all the way to Montmartre to dance with my own husband!" With an affectionate glance at Fontenoy, she went on, "Of course I wouldn't think of expecting you to dance with me. You don't know how, and anyway it's too frivolous. Some of your stockholders might see you, and they'd be sure to lose confidence in you."

As though he had heard what she was saying, a young man came toward their table, a young dancer whom they had often seen at well-known dancing palaces.

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The youth enjoyed a certain celebrity. Someone had ironically indicated to what heights of glory he had attained by calling him "the tango-god." Robledo guessed from the smallness of his feet, always encased in high-heeled shoes, and the brilliance of his thick hair, as black as Chinese lacquer, that he was a South American.

This "tango-god" who allowed his partners to pay for the dances they had with him—or so those envious of his celebrity whispered—had no difficulty in persuading Elena to dance with him.

Several times she came back to her place to rest but in a few minutes her eyes would begin following the dancer, and he, as though conscious of an inaudible summons, made haste to seek her out again.

Meanwhile Torre Bianca was not concealing his disgust. Fontenoy appeared impassive and smiled absently in those intervals Elena spent with them. But Robledo remembered the absent-minded gestures he had observed among people who have a promissory note falling due.

He looked more attentively at the banker, who seemed absorbed in the thought of distant things. But little by little Elena's persistence in dancing with the young South American had induced on his face an expression of annoyance quite as marked as her husband's. Yet as she passed by in her partner's arms, she smiled mischievously at Fontenoy.

Robledo, sitting between the two, thought to himself:

"To look at them it would be hard to say which one looks more like a jealous husband than the other. . . ."

THE WARM spring-like day, coming in midwinter, delighted Robledo as he left his hotel after a hurried breakfast.

Happening to stop at a café, he bought a newspaper, and even before opening it, had the premonition that in this sheet, fresh from the press, there was something that would startle him. In some obscure way he felt that he was about to learn things that until that moment had been vague and mysterious. . . . As though he had known about it beforehand, his eyes immediately fell on the headline,

BANKER COMMITS SUICIDE

He did not need to read the suicide's name to know who it was. Of course, it was Fontenoy! There were the details, quite as he expected them to be, as though they had all been revealed to him.

The article ended by prophesying the arrest of whoever held important positions in Fontenoy's company.

Robledo's thoughts turned abruptly from the suicide to his friend. What was to become of Frederigo? He ordered the taxi-driver to take him to the Avenue Henri Martin.

The butler received him with a funereal air. No, the Marquis was not at home. He had gone out at noon, when someone telephoned him about the suicide, and hadn't yet come in.

"And Madame la Marquise," continued the servant, "is ill, and can see no one."

Robledo returned to the center of the city for dinner, and called up Torre Bianca several times during the course of it.

At nearly twelve o'clock the butler replied that his master had just come in, and Robledo hurried to his friend's home.



Good News

That millions of women tell

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to prettier teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test.

They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see glistening teeth, and more smiles to show them.

We urge you again to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Must combat film

That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar.

It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains

The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Pepsodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

It does far more

Pepsodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

You'll know at once

Pepsodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see and feel them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Pepsodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 958

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 595, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

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He found Frederigo in the library. He had aged overnight as though the last few hours had been so many years. Impulsively Torre embraced his friend, turning instinctively to him for support.

"Robledo," he said to his friend, "I'm scared! And the worst of it is that now I myself can't understand why I signed those accursed reports which I did not read. They didn't seem to me so particularly important. . . . How could I possibly have such blind faith in what Fontenoy was doing?"

Even in the midst of his tormenting anxieties Torre Bianca was thinking more of his wife's distress than of his own.

"Poor Elena! I've just been up to talk to her. She nearly collapsed when I told her I had seen Fontenoy this morning. The whole thing has been such a shock that her nerves are all unstrung."

"You'd better think about your own situation and stop bothering about your wife. You've got more than a matter of 'nerves' to face," said Robledo brusquely.

As soon as Robledo got up the next day he sent for the newspapers. One glance at their headlines showed him only too plainly that Fontenoy's suicide was assuming the proportions of a public scandal. It was intimated that several persons well-known in society were threatened with arrest within forty-eight hours, and in one of the papers he thought he discerned allusions to Torre, in a somewhat vague sentence about a certain engineer, "reputed to be a protégé of the banker."

When he returned to Torre Bianca's he found the Marquis nervously scanning the newspapers in the library.

"They want to put me in jail," he said dolefully. He looked old and broken, but curiously resigned.

"And yet I never hurt anyone," he went on. "I can't understand why they come after me."

Robledo had been listening patiently. He understood his friend and gravely he replied, "Come to Argentine with me!"

Calmly and methodically, as though he were explaining a matter of business or an engineering project, he told his friend what he wanted him to do.

Torre Bianca remained impassive, as though he didn't understand, or as though he thought the suggestion absurd. His silence annoyed Robledo. Walking up and down he answered, and his voice sounded very loud:

"I won't have you die, you old fool! You're taking your orders from me now! Pretend, if you like, that I'm your father—no, your mother, rather. Look upon me as your poor old mother. She wants you to obey her, Frederigo, by doing what I tell you!"

His friend's vehemence made its impression on the Marquis. He covered his eyes with his hands and sat, head bowed, in silence. Using the advantage he had gained, Robledo went on, with something that was far more difficult to say.

"I'll get you out of here, you can rely on that, and we'll go together to America. You can begin life all over again there. It will be hard work, but you'll find a satisfaction in it that you never knew in this old world. And perhaps, after going through a lot of hardship you will become rich. But, in order to accomplish all this, you must come to South America."

The Marquis turned to him. His reply was ready. But Robledo checked him with a gesture.

"You understand the conditions. . . . You must go out there as you would go to war, with little baggage and no encumbrances. A woman, in this sort of expedition, is nothing but a burden. Your wife isn't going to die of grief just because you leave her in Europe."

Torre Bianca remained silent for a space. Then he got up, made a gesture which Robledo interpreted as meaning that he was to wait, and left the room.

The American did not remain alone long; nor did he remain altogether in silence, for through the walls and hangings, came, as from a great distance, the sound of voices, that rose once or twice to the intensity of angry cries. Then came the sound of approaching steps, and Elena appeared, followed by her husband.

"What is this you sent Frederigo to tell me?" she demanded harshly. "Is it true that you want to take him away with you and leave me here, to face our enemies?"

Unmoved either by her voice or her eyes, Robledo replied coldly, as though explaining a matter of business.

He and Frederigo had just been discussing the best means of getting the Marquis out of Paris. It was his intention to have an automobile ready for his friend the following morning, quite as though it had suddenly struck his fancy to take a trip to Spain. Obviously certain precautions were necessary. Torre Bianca was free to go and come as he liked but it was quite possible that, while the judge was making up his mind as to how to carry on the case, he was being watched by the police.

Elena listened frowning.

"All that is very beautifully worked out," she rejoined. "But why is this plan to include only my husband?"

Her tone now was so gentle and expressed such distress that Robledo felt sorry for her.

Torre Bianca, as though aware of his friend's sudden weakening, announced resolutely, "Either with her, or not at all, Robledo. I am not afraid to stay here."

Still Robledo hesitated. At last he raised his hand, accepting his friend's condition.

"But we can't leave without paying our debts! And what are we going to do it with?" asked Torre Bianca.

There was a long pause; finally, as though he had found a solution, the Marquis exclaimed:

"Fortunately there are your jewels. We can sell them before we sail."

Elena looked ironically at the necklace and rings she was wearing.

"We won't get two thousand francs for the lot. They are all paste, Frederigo."

"But the real ones?" exclaimed Torre Bianca. "Those you bought with the money from your estate in Russia?"

Robledo thought it the moment to intervene.

"Never mind the jewels, Frederigo. I'll pay your servants and the trip . . . for both of you."

[To be continued]

So this strangely assorted trio are to invade South America. How will Elena's Parisian ways please the less-sophisticated natives? And is Robledo, Torre Bianca's friend, safe from the wiles of The Temptress? See Hearst's International for March.

¶ *Bernice Brown's Story of a Woman Who Understood—Continued from page 41*

April Floods

to her. What if it was out of his way, was it not his duty to drive her there? Instantly too he knew the reason for his falsehood. He would want to see her again and he would wish the meeting to appear casual, unpremeditated. "You have never taught before?"

She shook her head. "Without influence, or luck, you can't get a city school until after you have had rural experience. I've got to earn a living and fellowship beggars can't be choosers. I've another year at the university ahead of me."

That evening they sat as usual on the doorstep. Sina looked up at him often when she thought he would not notice.

"Gustaf——" She stretched out her hand toward him and touched his sleeve. "It seemed a long time you were gone today, gee whiz. But I bring in all the tomatoes and cabbage. And I go across to the cows in the pasture. Brindle's neck is almost cured now where she cut it."

While Sina was undressing, Gustaf opened the package in the kitchen. There were two of Anatole France in it, an Ibsen, a copy of Bergsen. They had cost him fifteen dollars. He was crazy, like the man who dropped dead from hunger standing at the opera.

Then he thought of the girl with the eyes like the Florentine painting. Outside a hoot owl called into the silence, and the night wind drew in at the open door bringing with it the smell of dusty leaves and wood smoke and the damp low fog of autumn. Well, he would not anticipate. She would be here, whether he saw her or not. He felt suddenly the richness of a man who decides not to go to the opera but to sit at home and smoke his pipe. He felt less lonely to know there was someone who could dispel his loneliness—even though they should never meet.

On a Sunday early in November he and Sina drove into Black Cloud to church.

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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

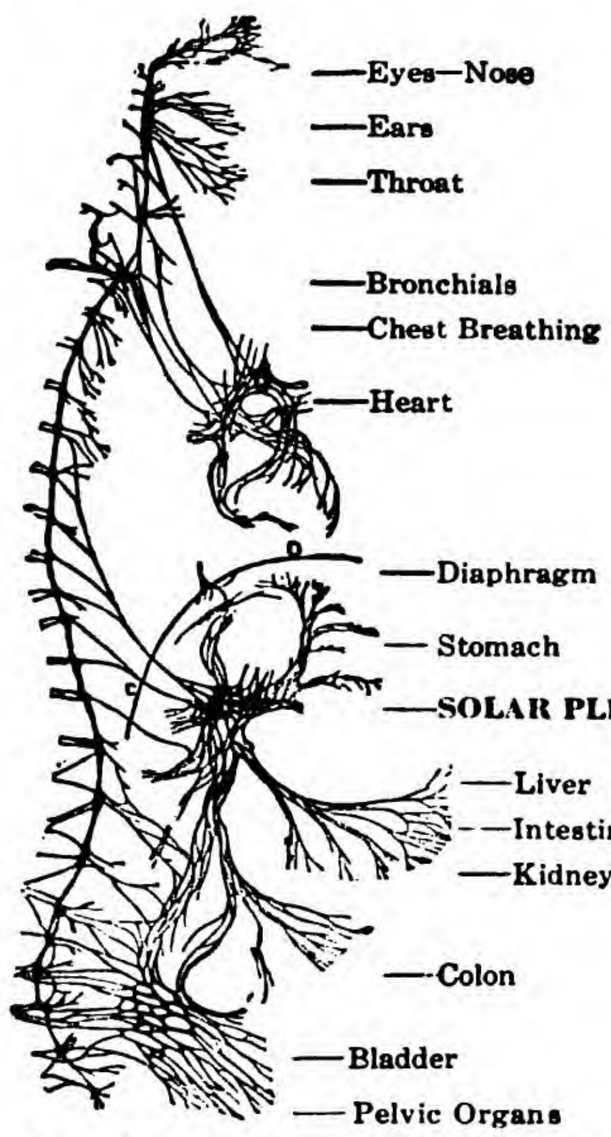
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion; constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from everyday Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book, "Nerve Force," solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all the other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have read your book at least ten times."

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Sina wore a shawl of gray homespun over her head and her lips were blue with the chill. On her lap she held the hat she would put on just before they should drive into town. The straw was rose-colored and faded and it was trimmed with a wreath of cotton cherries. Gustaf remembered the first time he had seen it. It was as though someone had struck him.

In church Gustaf knew the girl from Minneapolis sat behind him. One Sunday in the month Pastor Nordlie spoke in English. This was the Sunday. Gustaf wondered what she was thinking of the pastor's naïve acceptance of every Evangelical incredibility, of his unmasked satisfaction in the wrath to come. He supposed she must know by this time that he was married, that she must also know the kind of girl he had chosen as his wife.

AFTER CHURCH they came face to face in the narrow entryway. Sina stood beside him and he knew that her eyes were fastened on the stranger's.

"How do you do?" Jeanne de Royer said. Then after a second, "It is a great treat to be told occasionally of what feats of vengeance the Christian religion is possible. You Norsemen are still worshiping your Thor and your Wodan." Her mouth held an elf-like malice.

Gustaf knew she was tantalizing him deliberately and he was not unflattered. "Our deities are not so wordly or so versatile as the Gods of you Normans," he retorted, for Jeanne de Royer was Canadian French. Their eyes held each other as though they alone stood in the crowded vestibule. Then he turned to the woman beside him. "Miss de Royer," he said, "this is my wife."

The two women shook hands in silence. Then the girl in the blue suit turned back to Gustaf. "Country school teaching," she said, "is nothing to write home about."

Four times that winter Gustaf saw Jeanne de Royer, once by chance in the village. Once, when it was his turn to distribute the mail along the Christian Bridge road, he brought her a letter at the schoolhouse. It was after school when he arrived but she was still sitting at the desk. The air in the room possessed the frugal warmth generated by human bodies and carefully guarded against outside freshness. He noticed her face was pale and there were shadows under her eyes.

"You don't get exercise enough," he said.

She regarded him a moment. "No, I suppose not. But I can't seem to face striking out into that terrible prairie alone. It puts you so on the defensive." She was embarrassed at her confession. "Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

He picked up a book on her desk. "Minstral——" His face glowed.

"Yes," she said. "I'm working for my thesis."

"I've got the other volume," he said.

"Oh!——"

He looked at her an instant. "Friday I drive into the village again for the new harrow. I will bring you the book on my way back."

It was seven days till Friday, seven days whose monotony had taken on new significance, seven days that were made longer because of that brief moment at the end. They were both too well disciplined to yield to the temptation of creating their meeting a dozen times in anticipation. A hundred things might happen to prevent his coming. She was a fool to set so much store by the half hour they would be together. Something would surely happen. But on Friday he came.

It was after school and the room was deserted. As he pushed open the door the wind carried in with him a thousand sparkling flecks of snow dust. Overhead the sky was as blue as July's and the air was a heady tonic.

"I brought the books," he said, "and something else." He pointed to the doorway.

"Snow shoes——"

For a long moment they looked at each other. They were like truant children on a school day. It was unsafe to make a comment. Words might give the episode a significance they could not face.

"Let's——" she said.

For a long time they walked in silence on the path that led to the birch grove above Christian Bridge.

"Tell me," she said at last, "why you are here."

It was the first time he had ever recounted the story, the political intrigue in which he had become involved at the university that had ended in his expulsion, in his being cast off by his uncle, whose ward he was, and finally in the diplomatic insinuation by the government that the land of opportunity was America.

It had come at the beginning of a promising career and it was a punishment over severe in comparison with the crime. But the memories of the '48 revolutions on the continent, all of which had been bred within the universities, were still too recent to lead a monarchial government to look leniently upon the electoral reforms blatantly promulgated.

BITTER, disgraced and without money, Gustaf had come to the States and he had followed the trail of his countrymen away from the sea coast and down the Great Lakes to the land they had wrung from the forest, to the homesteaded farms of Minnesota and Wisconsin and Michigan.

"In three months it will be spring," she said, "and I shall be gone." She had only half intended to wound with her remark. Woman-like she wanted him to discover in advance whether he was going to miss her and she wanted also to discover how much she cared to have him care.

At the schoolhouse gate he said good-by. It was never easy to leave her and he did it awkwardly, even rudely, and he tried not to think of her face as she stood there in the twilight on the dreary trek home.

When he reached home he hurried out to the cow barn. He would be late with the milking and he set about unhitching the horse with a guilty haste.

Down in the basement, where the cows were kept, there shone a pale radiance. At the bottom of the ladder steps Gustaf stopped. Sina had preceded him and the task was all but finished.

"Old Hilda holds up tonight on the milk," she said. "It is in the weather."

He picked up the pail of milk and he followed her out of the barn, through the twilight and into the house.

The snow went early that spring and before they knew it farmers were ploughing

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and planting, pasturing the cattle out in the open, mending fences and bridges. Gustaf like all the rest was up before daybreak and he worked with a panic of haste not only because there was much to do but because it was easier to drive back the tortures of longing when one was too busy, too weary to think.

Jeanne de Royer he determined never to see again. In six weeks she would be gone, in a month, in two weeks. With a subconscious accuracy, of which he was only half aware, he kept track of the days. Once the thought came to him she might be gone already and it seemed for an instant his heart had stopped beating. Well, it was better so. They would be to each other only a torment and the pleasure in it was not worth the pain.

LATE one afternoon in May Gustaf came back from the wheat field to work in the garden. It was going to rain soon and he wanted to get the sweet corn and cabbage seeds in before the deluge. Sina had gone across the river to inspect the cattle and he hoped she had noticed the black clouds to the west. Yes, it would surely rain fiercely inside of an hour.

As he trudged along the path toward the house he was startled by the sound of a horse's hoofs. Someone was driving in at the gate. It was Jeanne. "You!" He ran toward her, at once as gay as a schoolboy. "I thought you had gone."

"Gone," she said and her eyebrows lifted in quaint sarcasm, "and bearing off with me all these books of yours?" She pointed to the pile on the seat beside her. "Oh, Mr. Franzen, you do me an injustice." For a long moment they stood looking at each other. It was enough some way that the other one was near.

"Won't you come in?" he said finally. "You must be stiff after the long drive." He hesitated an instant. "My wife will return shortly." How blunt and ill-bred it sounded, like a servant's intrigue. "She went across the river to see the cattle. She is as clever as any stockman in this part of the country."

Jeanne de Royer stood up and he helped her over the wheel. "Thank you."

They faced each other a moment, undecided. "Show me your books," she said finally.

She followed him into the kitchen and he opened the door Sina always hesitated to enter. They did not close it, nor had they closed the outside door of the kitchen. They had nothing to hide.

"Oh——" An instant she looked around her, her eyes bright with curiosity and surprise. "I didn't have any idea. I thought you might have brought over a dozen or so, not all this wealth." Suddenly she turned toward him. "You can never be lonely, can you?"

A long moment they stared at each other. "Yes."

He had not meant to have spoken but her question had startled him into honesty. At once she could see in his face all the hunger and longing any effort of will could no longer fight down. He was old suddenly, old with the sense of defeat that foreshadowed the battle.

Outside the storm had come but they did not notice. Jeanne de Royer looked away from his eyes but Sina Franzen, in the kitchen doorway, watched his face as a mother watches the face of a child. They had not heard her enter, for already the noise of the wind rocked the house.

"I know——" Still Jeanne de Royer did not meet his eyes. "I know" Then suddenly she turned toward him, her own eyes black and her whole body tense with emotion. "But why should it be this way? What have you done to be banished off here? It's cruel and it's unintelligent. You've got everything, youth and background and ability. You could go a long way; I know it. You could be a great person some day, somebody with a real contribution to make."

She made a little desperate gesture with her arms. "Oh, you're a fool to defeat yourself this way. It's only a half life you're leading, a shadow life, full of heartbreak and labor and loneliness!"

"Jeanne——" He seized her wrists and they stood there breathless, their eyes burning into each other. "Jeanne," he repeated, "why do you say these things? Don't you know they cut like thongs?"

Still her eyes never faltered. "They're the truth." Then at once the tension went out of her body and her eyes were no longer defiant. "Oh, Gustaf, they're the truth," she repeated. "I know it—because I love you."

SINA FRANZEN crept out of the kitchen and closed the door softly behind her. Already the rain drove across the prairie in great slanting sheets. It was the first fury of a spring storm. After a while it would settle down into a gentle patter full of low, pleasant noises and the prophetic smell of new grass and blossoming woodland.

Sina drew a deep breath and closed her eyes. For a long time she stood there. Yes, spring had come early this year. Slowly she walked away from the house. It was like the caress of gentle fingers as it fell upon her hair and her cheeks and her shoulders.

As she passed the barn she saw that the gate to the chicken coop was drawn closed. The old weasel had been busy again there. Then she went on down the path across the field. At last she stopped and a smile crossed her lips. It was here that she had first seen him and how ridiculous she had looked in her bare feet and with the grunting pig in the sack on her back. She remembered too how he had looked. He had been angry with her for crossing over by the dam. How handsome he had been and how her heart had beat because he had been disturbed enough to be angry. How handsome he still was.

The water in the flume looked black as night and the river was high this year. No one but a fool would think of trying to cross now by the dam. Surely, no one but a fool. And still, with the storm coming on, one might easily imagine she had tried to take that desperate short cut to safety. Yes, one might easily imagine.

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A Flower of Deborah's Choosing

*Achmed Abdullah Writes of Love Triumphant Over Race and Creed—**Continued from page 67*

They pressed food and drink on him and on his cousin.

Othman er-Riffa was in his element. He was a success. Here he was and there and everywhere; slapping Saffar Elias on the back and cracking a wholly appropriate and wholly naughty joke; bending over Deborah's white, pleasurable hand and hoping in flowery phrases that she would bear a hundred and three hundred men children and adding under his breath: "to the man you love, O heart of a thousand and seven roses!"; addressing the whole merry company with quips and jests and puns.

"A worthy gentleman!" said Deborah's grandmother's mother-in-law, raising her glass. "May you live a thousand years."

"And may *you* live long enough to shed tears at my funeral!" came his quick rejoinder.

AGAIN he sang. Again he was congratulated. Again they pressed him to eat.

"Food to my cousin—a priest in Islam—thus always hungry!" laughed the poet, pointing at Hajii Nejm. "But to me—a flower!"

"Aye! A flower of Deborah's choosing!" chimed in Levy Tordjeman.

"A flower of Deborah's choosing!" the cry was taken up, and the young girl rose and stepped up to Othman er-Riffa.

Amidst the laughter and cheers of the crowd, she took a crimson rose from her wedding bouquet and gave it to him.

Once more he broke into song, improvising couplets in her honor.

Carried away by her beauty and by what he had read in her eyes, his fancy soared higher and higher. His young blood raced and throbbed. He was hardly conscious of the room, the people. He only saw her, tiny and soft and charming; he only knew that he loved her—and he told her so, with a poet's winged license, while people applauded and laughed:

> "Nehmet dagget elmezraq
> Aouida chooftha thamaq...."

Sublimely regardless of the fact that he had never to this hour seen her, he told her—and believed what he told—that daily his love for her echoed through the vaults of his life, that daily his love for her was born again, poignant, challenging, restless. He told her in skilled, impromptu rhymes that daily her pageant moved across the stage of his life, motley, radiant, inscrutable; that daily she came to him with flowers and songs; that daily he sought her, daily he found her; that daily the lute of his life was vibrant with the rhythm of hers.

"Bravo!" Saffar Elias, the bridegroom-to-be, splintered song and spell with vociferous applause. "Bravo!"

Othman er-Riffa dropped his guitar. A string snapped with a dry, dull click of finality. Tumbled from the pinnacle of his emotions, he looked at the other with distaste and mockery that as he told himself it was this man who tonight would take Deborah close to him.

"Bravo!" the guests echoed the shout; were silent when Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar stretched out a hand and turned to Rabbi Ishmail Azoulay:

"Time to end the feasting?"

"Yes," replied the rabbi. "Time for the blessed ceremony. It is nearly midnight. Let us be going."

Then, while the guests rose and while the banker stepped up to him and thanked him and paid him in crisp French banknotes, Othman er-Riffa glanced at Deborah.

"Shall I——?" the black eyes asked silent question.

"Why don't you take me—and kiss me—and hold me?" asked the brown eyes, and there was in them just a suspicion of tears.

"I will!" said the black eyes.

He faced the company with ringing words:

"I claim the Moroccan privilege!"

"What privilege?" demanded Saffar Elias who was vaguely suspicious.

"The privilege of bard and jester! Let me—so that her luck may always be white—carry the bride-to-be across the threshold. Let me escort her to her father's house. Let all you people follow later. It is the ancient custom." He turned to Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar. "I claim it."

"JUSTLY spoken!" laughed the banker.

"Justly spoken!" agreed Deborah's grandmother's mother-in-law. "The old customs are the right customs. It was thus that I was carried from my own wedding banquet in Tangier—seventy years ago."

"Justly spoken!" Rabbi Ishmail Azoulay smiled tolerantly.

"But——" spluttered Saffar Elias.

"Justly spoken!" Levy Tordjeman's deep basso drowned the talmudist's objections.

"Good! Good!" shouted the crowd; and the poet whispered rapid words to his cousin:

"Open the door. Lead the way."

Hajji Nejm rose. He sighed. He was worried. There was something in the other's accents and flashing eyes which he mistrusted as instinctively as a cat mistrusts water. But he obeyed, opened the door, and left the room while Othman er-Riffa bowed before Deborah.

"Hayah!" His accents were low. "Hayah, little, little flower of the Benni Israel!"

And amidst the applause and approval and laughter of the guests, he lifted her in his arms, raised her to his wide, supple shoulders, and swaggered gaily out of the banquet hall, down the stairs, out of the house. At the outer door he stopped for the fraction of a second. Holding the girl on his shoulder with his left hand, he fumbled with his right, sought the lock, found it, turned it, clicked it shut; and he ran away into the streets that lay now lonely and deserted beneath the purple night sky. He could hear Deborah's heart beat with a strong, staccato pulsing.

"I love you—love you!" he stammered, as he turned into a dark alley.

"And I love you!" her voice drifted down to him from his shoulder.

"I need you, little flower!"

"And I need you!"

"I want you, heart of my heart!"

"And I want you!"

"Good—by the Prophet!" he laughed. "So we both agree—that which augurs well——"

"For what?" demanded Hajji Nejm who was trotting at the other's heels.

"For married happiness, mud turtle!" replied the poet, putting Deborah on her feet.

"Whose?" asked Hajji Nejm, suspicion in his brain.

"Ours!" laughed the girl before Othman er-Riffa could find words.

Hajji Nejm fingered his rosary.

"Allaho Akbar!" he sighed. "O Lord of Justice! Protect Thou all true believers against the wiles of infidel women!"

But when a moment later, from the direction of the Great Zion Restaurant, he heard a humming and zumming of voices that steadily grew louder and nearer and more threatening, he girt up his burnoose and rushed rapidly after the other two; nor did they cease hurrying until they had safely crossed the edge of the Mellah and reached the Arab town where no Jewish mob would dare follow them.

They stopped in front of the mosque of Al-Mustansir b'Illah that jutted out with a squat lethargic trooping of shadows; and there Othman er-Riffa drew Deborah to him and smiled at her.

"Child," he said, "there are three ways of marriage for you and me. There is the Jewish Rabbi, but—" pointing a thumb at the ghetto's flickering lights—"to ask one of the Benni Israel to tie her life to mine would be like a dry weed seeking the friendship of the fire.

"THERE is the French way—I have heard of it—with a great French pasha speaking the words. But, being French, he may ask too many questions, and their laws are mad, and you know the saying: he who makes chaff of himself, the cows eat. There is finally the way of Islam—with a Moslem mullah blessing our hands." And, very tenderly, he added: "The Moslem is the only way. Do you mind, you being of the Benni Israel?"

"Anna buzilaq, yah Sidi—I have alighted at your tent, my lord!" she said rather solemnly. "There is no question of the splitting of faiths between you and me, Othman er-Riffa."

"Right—by the Prophet!" He laughed with full-throated gaiety. "Kool wahed alu din-hoo—everyone to his own religion. And are not your religion and mine the same, little flower? Love and desire and tenderness and friendship for each other? Right again! As to the Moslem priest—we have him with us." He turned to his cousin. "Yourself, mud turtle!"

"No, no, no!" Hajji Nejm protested and argued; and it was only when the other

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produced the money which Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar had given to him and mentioned that there were other mullahs in Tunis and that it would be easy to gild their crooked fingers with crisp French money, that Hajji Nejm surrendered.

So it was in the shadow of the mosque of Al-Mustansir b'Illah, above them the stars rushing over the crest of the dying night, that Hajji Nejm made them man and wife. Thus, hand in hand, they walked along toward Othman er-Riffa's house, while steadily the sun of young day rose stemming the night with gossamer vapors of rose and gold and while the voice of the world whispered to them through the easy, yellow roll of the far desert.

"Home!" said Othman er-Riffa, opening the door.

"Home, best beloved!" said Deborah ben-Riffa, a tiny catch in her throat.

"Home—pah!" Hajji Nejm grumbled. "Wait till Moise ben Yakoob Lebhar finds you!"

But when the following morning, accompanied by Rabbi Ishmail Azoulay and three respectable Moslem burgesses, the banker entered the house, prepared to threaten the runaways with the stern arm of civil law and with the curses of mosque and synagogue, he found it hard to withstand his daughter's pleadings and kisses and her husband's insolent charm, and so he gave in, with just a parting shot of advice as Othman er-Riffa escorted him to the street:

"I have heard tales about you in the bazaars."

"What sort of tales?" demanded the Moroccan, trying to look innocent.

"Wicked tales."

"Lying tales, belike, father-in-law!"

"No. True tales, son-in-law!"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"What will you?" he smiled. "I am a poet."

"But, in the future, a poet who will only sing on feast days——"

"And—the rest of the time——?"

"You will work!" laughed the banker.

So, too, it happened that a week later, with Hajji Nejm on his way home to the Riffian hills, when Henna el-Atteq, the Ouled Nayil, tried to enter Othman er-Riffa's house, she found her way barred by a black servant. The girl was furious. She had come ready to forget and forgive. Besides, had she not heard that Othman er-Riffa had married a wealthy banker's daughter? There was a moonstone-and-diamond bracelet she had seen in a jeweler's window of New Tunis, on the Boulevard de la République, which would look well on her rounded, golden-brown arm.

"I must see him!" she said. "It is important!"

"No!"

"Really—I must!" she implored. "Please—please——"

But the negro was adamant.

"You cannot enter," he said, "not today—nor ever!"

"Oh—is that so? You tell your master——"

"Master's orders! He thought that you might come. Go away!"

"By Beelzebub, Father of Fleas and Lies!" she shrieked. "Tell your master that he is a dog and the son of a dog! Tell him that his ancestors have been nosless for countless generations! May pigs defile his mother's grave! May——"

"Begone, shameless woman!" cried the servant, threatening her with his kurbash, his whip.

"Who was she?" asked Deborah, who had watched the scene from her latticed balcony.

"An Ouled Nayil—a dancing girl. Ah—the world is filled with sin!" signed Othman er-Riffa. "Don't you bother your pretty little head about her, child!"

"Yes—yes—" she said, with just the faintest tang of suspicion—"but who was she?"

"Oh—just one of Hajji Nejm's disreputable friends," replied Othman er-Riffa, lighting a cigarette; and tolerantly he added: "But I am not the sort to cast the first stone!"

The Inside Story of Dope in This Country

Sidney Howard Throws Light on a National Problem—Continued from page 21

legal right to sell, prescribe and fill prescriptions and 74,655 other persons dealt in and manufactured untaxed narcotic preparations. Inspections which should be made are impossible; checking systems which seem imperative of installation are quite out of the question. Small wonder the vice grows and the traffic thrives and defies such a limited effort to restrict it.

This is not to say that Federal agents and police narcotic squads are idle. During the year ending June 30, 1921, a total of 4014 cases of criminal violation of the narcotic laws were reported to the Federal authorities. The year ending June 30, 1922, increases this total by 2637 cases with 71,151 ounces of narcotic drugs brought into government possession by seizure. At the date of this writing, Commissioner Carleton Simon, of the New York Police Department, records 2095 arrests by his force, since the beginning of 1922. Of which 270 were made for illegal selling of dope. And the Federal Narcotic office of New York lists 325 arrested sellers in the same period.

ANTI-PROHIBITION propagandists have always groaned that the Eighteenth Amendment would drive the country to dope. They are still saying so. Without doubt, many links do bind the bootlegger to the smuggler and pedler of drugs, but to say that prohibition has increased drug addiction is as absurd as to claim that it has persuaded Americans to drink water.

In the first place, taste for liquor has nothing whatever in common with addiction to morphin or heroin. In the second, though alcohol and cocain run hand in hand as stimulants, whisky is still cheaper, more plentiful and infinitely more respectable than any of the three drugs with which these articles are concerned.

A good many causes and responsibilities may be listed. The ancient and dishonorable "house," with its red light, stood socially, geographically and definitely as the dope market. There the dealer knew that he could sell his *junk;* there the *junker* knew that he could buy it. When the red light had ceased to shine upon society, pedlers and addicts alike found themselves adrift and the pedlers went into the cold world to drum up business.

About the same time the Federal authorities ordained the drug problem to be a criminal rather than a medical one. Rightly or wrongly, doctors were prohibited from prescribing drugs in addiction cases. A later article will deal with this bitter controversy; for the moment it suffices to note that the addict, turned away by his doctor, had to seek refuge either in the painful and unreliable experience of an institutional cure or in the pedler in *joints* and on the street. This is no criticism of law enforcement; it is merely the statement of another boost to illegal traffic.

Medical politics and bickerings, legislative vagueness and official dishonesty have helped, as have panacea cures and politically influential manufacturing chemists. The Federal law is a simple revenue measure. Its application not only fails to reduce addiction, but directly fosters the pedler's trade and the panacea cure.

You will find on pages 14 and 15 photographs of dope smuggled from abroad and illegally abstracted from domestic factories. *Most of the foreign drugs come not from the Orient, but from Germany and England.* Literature and the press hold a wealth of picturesque mythology to describe lead pencils filled with opium and crystals of cocain concealed beneath postage stamps. The facts of the case are far more prosaic and serious.

Smuggling in large quantity can only be accomplished by a simple technique. There are pedlers who go abroad and to Canada and bring their stocks home with them in their trunks. There are dealers who operate through every legitimate channel known to man, and somehow pay no duty and go unmolested. When Ralph Oyler, the Federal Narcotic Agent of New York, seized the Greek ship King Alexander in New York harbor, the quantity of smuggled narcotics thrown over the side all but sank his launch.

Such drugs retail on the Public Library steps at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street in New York, in Grant Park in Chicago, in the corridors of the Post Office Building in San Francisco for from one to five dollars the *deck;* from twenty to seventy dollars the ounce. Profits are immense and traffic is persistent. After six weeks of Judge Monaghan's rigor of prosecution in Philadelphia, visiting New York Federal officials were able to buy drugs from eighteen pedlers in a single evening and to commit the whole obscene company to jail. Through six weeks of

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continuous campaign, the price of morphin had risen only fifteen dollars per ounce, from thirty dollars to forty-five.

The agents said: "Can you beat it? Six weeks' work on these damn pedlers, dozens of 'em jailed and business still good and so much of the stuff still around it isn't even expensive."

If a preliminary picture of the drug traffic in these United States could be drawn, every city of importance, every seaport of importance would become a center. Detroit and Buffalo reach into Canada and south to Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and the Ohio Valley. New Orleans, fed from the West Indies and South America, spreads its trade north up the Mississippi, east to Atlanta, west over Texas and Arkansas.

WE CANNOT but recognize a wicked situation here; we shall presently have got inside the scale on which it works. But we shall get nowhere toward solution until we have done certain quite definite things.

We must decide whether this problem is primarily medical or criminal. The doctors have no interest in the criminal degenerate who adds dope addiction to his other vices. The criminal authorities have no interest in the curable, non-criminal drug addict. We must separate the two classes and, as nearly as possible, ascertain their proportions, for neither single authority can cope with both. That accomplished we must find means to provide more judiciously for institutional cure and for scientific study of addiction. The only weapon against the demand for drugs is the real cure of drug addiction.

We must make a fresh legal approach. We must bring our laws to look at the medical proportion socially. We must care for the non-criminal addict more humanely and rid him of the stigma which attaches to his disease and which has twisted all the facts about him into lies and exaggerations. We must rely upon facts and facts only, for they are spectacular and terrible and disgraceful enough. We must have a revenue measure on drugs imported and manufactured which will supply enough revenue for its enforcement. Only so can we hope to restrict smuggling and illegal traffic and watch doctors and chemists and druggists.

And finally and above all, the world cries out its need for international regulation of production and export, and means to bring such regulation about must be found and put into operation.

NEW ENGLAND writes a sardonic epic of dope. It is an immensely complicated story, but I follow it through for the illustration it affords of so many aspects of the dope problem.

Dr. Erwin C. Ruth, formerly not wholly circumspect as Narcotic Chief of Kansas City, holds down the Boston office and Mr. Ralph A. Fry is his Dr. Watson. Dr. Ruth seems a personable young man, astute, of a ready wit, just a trifle too high-spirited. Mr. Fry is a heavyweight given to violence and general excesses.

Between them, in collaboration with District Attorney O'Brien of Boston, they hatch a scheme. They will all three go into pictures and screen drug addiction and the underworld. For this purpose they assemble a notable collection of souvenir opium pipes and hypodermics, recruit charming addicts from several of Boston's most popular cabarets and become, each of them, a miniature Merton Gill. After the picture is completed, the Mayor of Boston censors it out of existence, but that is another story. Our affair is with Dr. Ruth and Mr. Fry.

THE SCENE shifts to the byways of Woburn, Mass. Miss Grace Logue, whose portrait appears on page 18, is the office nurse and comrade of one Michael M. Stevens, M. D., in whose establishment, Christmas morning a year ago, she was found dead of morphin poisoning. There are marks of violence about her face and local rumors of sadistic Bacchic revels. The doctor is a man of generous impulse, casual about bills. The murder charge is dropped.

Nurse Logue's sister, Anna Logue, vaudeville artiste, comes in haste to Boston, proclaims her suspicion and has the corpse exhumed. Autopsy pronounces that a fatal amount of morphin had been administered. The doctor's version must be told again: how the dead girl's tooth ached, how the bottle of morphin tablets lay too carelessly within reach and how the overdose was self-administered. The sister, however, declares that Grace had long been an addict, and addicts are not easily killed by their own drugs. Still the thing is possible, and the doctor is cleared once more.

DR. STEVENS enjoys the fruits of a restored good name in Woburn. He would probably continue to enjoy them if a voice, long silent, had not spoken out of the past. By a curious coincidence, a former nurse of his, Elizabeth Houdé by name, is also an addict of morphin. She has written a diary which comes to light, a diary limited to a single day on which, in an attempt to free herself from the torture of unsatisfied addiction, she will *kill or cure* by the administration of cocain.

This precise and dreadful document is one of the strangest items in the whole literature of dope. "To all who are curious and the press——" so it begins, "Doctors will wisely shake their heads and say: 'Cocain poisoning administered by hypodermic.' I am either going to kill myself and end my misery or cure a morphin habit. . . ."

She is the perfect type of imperfectly cured addict. She has, in the past, descended to most of the moral and immoral depths to obtain her drug. She has tried cures and they have failed her. She has just completed one for which she holds, in spite of shattered nerves and suffering body, the highest hopes. She only dreads the drug itself; she craves it so and it seems so eager to renew its hold upon her. She is dying to save herself.

"I am so numb I can hardly write and my heart is racing about 160 to the minute. The effort of concentrating my mind and vision upon this epistle are helping some, though I am sure I am dying. This is but delaying the inevitable moment. For just as surely as another twinge of agony comes from the lack of morphia, just so surely will I take another *hypo* of cocain. The *hypo* is ready. When the agony comes I can't get the strength



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to fill it. I am gradually losing the *yen-yen* and getting slight convulsions in my abdomen. While they last they are dreadful, but not as bad as the *yen-yen*. That is the depth of agony. Just try to bear three days of it. . . ."

HER COLLAPSE approaches and she complains that she is growing delirious, that she cannot be sure of things, even of how to spell the simplest words. But she is a trained nurse, pathologically interested in her case and she wonders how long she can keep her head clear and control the paralysis of her arm and the speed of her heartbeats.

She blames all doctors for their use of narcotics. Like many, she has become an addict through medical treatment. The cure has uncovered her original suffering, as often happens, but she has fought her weakness. She tells how doctors have continued to prescribe morphin. She is courageous. The tablets are, at this desperate moment, in her bureau drawer, and she does not touch them.

But one doctor concealed the drug in a synthetic preparation. She took his tablets in all innocence. "I took them thinking they could do me no harm. . . . I am getting cramps all over my body now. Five hours I have been writing with intervals of filling and using the *hypo* and answering the bellboy's rap. . . . He had to ask me to repeat my remarks because I could hardly command my numb throat or my tongue which is thick. . . . I walked with him to the door and the effort nearly finished everything. . . . Well, I took those tablets and that night I began to realize that something was very wrong. . . ."

SHE IS only a few weeks from her last cure and addiction reawakens. "But I fought it out that night. . . . I nearly died getting my cure and to think I had become an addict again in just a few short weeks!"

She has concealed her relapse from her friends, stuck it out three days and taken this way at the end. "No human being can stand more than twenty-four hours of torture and know relief is near without getting it. Perhaps it *is* lack of will. Anyway this other deadly stuff is helping me, and I am *not* out searching for morph."

She leaves one final message. "There are only four physicians among the many I have known who deserve credit for withholding morph until all else has been tried. . . . No one will ever become an addict through them. There are two men in the world I curse. The one who got me into it first and the one who got me into it the second time. One tried to undo it by sending me to sanitoriums where I came away uncured and the one who started me knowingly the second time was an addict himself and didn't care. . . . This time I am curing myself."

There is a rambling postscript. I choose a single sentence for the familiar initials it contains. "Dr. M. M. S. did all he could to repair the mischief he had done. . . ."

SHE DID not die. She was discovered and saved to become an addict stool pigeon informant for Dr. Ruth and Mr. Fry at the narcotic office.

She has since disappeared.

Once more the scene shifts—this time northward, to Portland, Maine, to the sanitorium of Doctor Tozer.

One day, about the middle of last June, that same Mr. Fry of the Boston office came to visit the doctor. "At first," says the nurse then in attendance, "I thought Dr. Tozer seemed upset and nervous after these visits."

He had good reason as we now know. Mr. Fry arranged a settlement. Everything was to be on a cash basis—no checks. The doctor was to occupy the pivot position in the campaign Mr. Fry had drawn up for the enforcement of the Narcotic Laws in Maine, in other words, to be the go-between. Things went something like this in Portland last summer.

Mr. Fry would visit a dentist, a doctor or a druggist and call for the narcotic records which the law requires.

"I can't make head or tail of these," he would say. "I shall have to call again."

Then he would go.

In a few hours Dr. Tozer would telephone. "I understand that the authorities are planning to arrest you for violation of the narcotic laws. Why don't you do as I did?"

Arrest for violation of narcotic laws is not good for reputation or practice. The money would be paid Tozer to straighten matters out with Fry. So the trick was turned again and again on druggist, doctor and dentist through Dr. Tozer's Caligari's Cabinet.

One doctor, suffering from an incurable disease which absolutely required morphin treatment, had to pay a thousand dollars blackmail to save his name from disgrace. Another refused payment and was arrested.

Again and again Fry and Ruth appeared together in Portland and in the small towns of the vicinity. Sometimes they brought ladies with them, sometimes they contented themselves with native talent. They specialized in painting small towns red. Dope in their rooms, suspicious characters to call upon them, a sizable income pouring in from Dr. Tozer's hearty and enforced coöperation.

They would visit a town, blackmail addicts, *shake down* druggists and doctors and vanish.

Mr. Fry *shook down* a doctor of Fairfield, Maine, who bought immunity for $160. The Fairfield doctor borrowed the money from his local druggist, explaining why he needed it. The druggist attended a druggist's convention and told his friends the story. Official ears heard it. The United States Attorney summoned those concerned and began investigation. Dr. Tozer made a statement. The game was up.

FRY AND Ruth are arrested and dropped from the service. Dr. Tozer is committed to a cure and Miss Chapman with him. The Neal Institute, Portland branch, is one with Ninevah and Tyre, but Dr. Tozer plans to marry Miss Chapman and so the New England epic closes as happily as could be expected.

Next month Mr. Howard will follow the dope pedler himself from his headquarters in the underworld to his customers. These customers he meets on street corners and in joints. The article will show graphically, from first hand knowledge, how the pedler operates and also through what protection he is able to operate. Likewise, it will give the methods by which the agents of the government endeavor to run him to earth.

Cordelia, the Magnificent

Leroy Scott's Novel of New York Society and Blackmailers—Continued from page 79

When the dance ended, she crossed to Gladys and Jerry, her determination masked beneath her high-spirited smile.

"You'll excuse Gladys for a few minutes, won't you, Jerry? Gladys, I've a bit of news for you that I simply must tell you at once. Let's go up to my room."

Inside the room and the door closed, Cordelia spoke.

"First of all I wanted to tell you that Jackie Thorndike has asked me to visit her, and I'm leaving you in the morning."

"But, Cordie, you mustn't!" Gladys cried in dismay. "You promised to stay with me all summer."

"I've said I would go, and I'm going. Besides, I asked you up here on something far more important."

"Cordie," she gasped, "Cordie—you don't mean—you're going to tell?"

"No. But you are going to tell Jerry Plimpton."

"Tell Jerry Plimpton! I tell Jerry Plimpton!" Till now her voice had been low-pitched; it suddenly burst forth a defiant shriek. "I'll not tell him! And you can't make me!"

Just then the door softly opened.

Cordelia felt no surprise whatever when she turned and saw Mitchell.

"At it again, Miss Marlowe?" he remarked in his pleasant mocking tone. "When I overheard our dear Gladys's voice I knew that my place was here."

"She's asking me to tell Jerry Plimpton," Gladys angrily explained to him.

"You will tell!" Cordelia said. "It's not fair to Jerry for you to try to lead him on, with him in ignorance. Jerry's a gentleman; you can trust him."

"I tell you I won't do it!" Gladys's face twitched with convulsive hatred. "You're trying to make me do this so you'll have Jerry for yourself!"

Then the bland voice of Mitchell was gently raised.

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remedy. I take it that your chief desire, Miss Marlowe, is not so much that Mr. Plimpton be told the whole truth, as that he will be guaranteed protection against Gladys."

"That will satisfy me, yes."

"Now, Gladys, Miss Marlowe's yielding a point puts it up to us to give her this guarantee which she requires. You don't want Mr. Plimpton to know the whole truth. No more do I; it doesn't suit my personal plans to have a single extra person know. That brings us straight to an arbitrated agreement. On the one hand, Mr. Plimpton will not be told. On the other hand, Gladys, you'll have to break with Mr. Plimpton. Remember you have only the choice between giving him up of your own accord, or having him explosively removed from you by his being told."

There was a moment of silence. Mitchell stood up. "We're going to take our pen in hand and write a little letter."

Gladys hesitated, then sullenly followed him to the writing desk.

This is the letter as rebellious Gladys set it down:

"Dear Jerry:

You are such an old friend, and such a good friend, that I want you to be one of the very first to learn my secret. Remember it is a *secret*—you must not whisper it to a soul and you must burn this letter. I am engaged! And that is not the whole of my secret. I am not even telling you the name of my fiancé; that's the biggest part of the secret. There are circumstances which make silence necessary for a time—but then I don't need to go into explanations to you.

You may think my telling you this is a bit strange; but I felt I'd best do so. Otherwise you might misinterpret the way I behaved Saturday night—dancing with you so much—and other times. But I know you'll understand.

Always your friend,
Faithfully,
Gladys Norworth"

WHEN GLADYS had finished, Mitchell ordered her to address an envelope to Jerry's city home, to enclose the letter, seal it, and hand it over to him.

Then Gladys whirled upon Cordelia, all her passions blazing forth.

"You've done all this, Cordelia Marlowe!" she cried. "I'll not forget it! My time will come——"

Mitchell interrupted her. "Gladys! Do you think it wise to talk like that to Miss Marlowe?"

Instantly Gladys was once more cringing. "I didn't mean a word of it, Cordelia! It's just my nerves—I don't know what I'm doing."

With her propitiating, cringing look Gladys left them.

Mitchell turned to Cordelia and held out to her the letter Gladys had written. She took it.

"Mail it at once. It is your ticket to paradise. And while you still hold the ticket, I hope you will think over my few remarks of this morning upon the subject of blackmail."

The following morning Cordelia stood beside her roadster, saying good-by. A few of the other guests had not yet gone, and since there was an audience Gladys was effusively affectionate at the parting; but Cordelia knew that, in Gladys's heart,



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the urgent invitation to return soon was a malediction.

During the days which now followed Cordelia's life swept onward in what she excitedly and exultantly felt was the direction of her dreams, her greatest triumphs.

She had luncheon or tea with Jerry nearly every day; and several nights a week she ran out to Jackie's place.

HAVING eliminated Cordelia as his agent in Gladys's affair, Franklin's mind had turned to Mitchell as his most likely instrument for the furtherance of his interests.

About a week after Cordelia's departure from Rolling Meadows, Franklin motored out and had tea with Gladys.

Two days later Mitchell was in Franklin's office in response to a letter asking him to call. Franklin was cool, pleasant, direct.

"Visiting at Rolling Meadows I was much struck by your obvious superiority to your position," he said. "Now, I can use an intelligent man of your type, and it occurred to me that I might offer you something that you might consider an improvement upon your present situation. You can do the work—of this I have convinced myself."

Mitchell's face retained its thoughtful but otherwise expressionless look

"You have been most kind, Mr. Franklin," he said. "But I have no personal ability that could possibly warrant me in accepting a place with you."

"At least there has been no harm in making you the proposal?"

"Quite the contrary. I thank you for the compliment."

Franklin's only remaining course, so it now seemed to him, to make a profit out of Cordelia's information—the big profit of a great lawyer who was keeping safely within the law—was through direct dealings with Gladys. He planned with mathematical care, checked up and proved his results, again wrote a skilfully phrased letter, and two days after the call of Mitchell he received in his office another visitor from Rolling Meadows, this time Gladys.

Mr. Franklin made his approach with slow and devious consideration. He was gracious—then sympathetic—then apologetic. "Believe me," he told her, "I would not touch the matter I am about to broach to you, were it not for the certainty that some other lawyer would handle the matter if I declined, and I feel that I can give you consideration and perhaps protection that you might not receive from another. I daresay you have already surmised what the matter is that I am referring to?"

Gladys dared not trust her voice. She shook her head.

"I regret, then, that I must put so delicate a matter into words. Briefly, a person has just come to me with a most unfortunate story; an affair of the heart in wartime Paris, a child born out of wedlock—and everything most carefully concealed from the public. Also this person has proofs and requires a price—a large price, in fact—in return for his silence."

GLADYS attempted no denial. Her green eyes were now beginning to flash.

"What are the terms?" she asked.

"The essential requirement is that my client shall be fully protected. Blackmail has its very severe penalties when it can be proved. My client requires, for his safety's sake, that his identity shall remain unknown. He requires that the affair be disguised as a legitimate business arrangement, with documents to prove its legitimacy. His plan requires that I become your personal attorney, with a very large annual retainer. This retainer is, of course, to be the sum which I turn over to my client as the price of his silence. There will be a letter from you to me, in your handwriting. In this you will say that your affairs are in a very tangled shape, and that you would like me to undertake the handling of these affairs. The second document will be a contract, dated two days later than your letter, for my services for a period of years at a specified annual retainer, payable quarterly in advance."

"I suppose I'll have to agree to the documents. What will I have to pay?"

"My client has figured that. Apparently he knows how much you are worth. Sixty thousand a year for the retaining fee is the figure he fixed."

"Sixty thousand!" she gasped. "It's preposterous! But I suppose there's nothing for it except to agree."

"Yes, and since we have reached an agreement, and you are here, we might as well take care of the mere formalities. In fact I so far presumed as to believe that we would come to terms, and I have everything prepared, including the contract for my services. Suppose we first get rid of the letter you were to write me, asking me to assume charge of your affairs. Just date it——By the way, just when did Miss Marlowe begin her visit to you?"

"She came the early part of June."

"That was about when I thought. Perhaps it will help us all—in fact my client made a point of the matter—if we antedate both the letter and the contract a little. I will date the contract the seventeenth of May, and you will date the letter the fifteenth of May. Perhaps it will be easier for you if I dictate the letter's contents."

When Gladys had gone, Franklin stood exulting. Into his soaring mind there slipped the memory of Cordelia and Jerry Plimpton. One could not be too careful. He recalled that Cordelia had told him she had checked out the entire five thousand he had previously given her. Another check was the thing; the more canceled checks he had, the surer he would be.

He was spending a lot of money, undoubtedly. But then, one could not play for high stakes without putting a lot of cash upon the table.

[To be continued]

Cordelia has won for her employer but she has yet to pay for her ignorance aud unintentional spying. Will Gladys and Franklin make her pay bitterly when the time comes? See Hearst's International for March, ready February 20th.

The Intimate Life of Henry Ford

Allan L. Benson Tells of Cutting Profits and Making Millions—*Continued from page 72*

year was at the rate of $242,437 a day, not counting Sundays.

Or $30,304 an hour for each hour of an eight-hour day.

Or $505 a minute!

Or eight dollars a second!

If actual gold were running at this rate into a box on Mr. Ford's shoulder, he would be crushed before the end of the first day. His daily income is equivalent to more than 800 pounds of gold.

THE WHOLE world knows the story, of course, of quantity production in the Ford industries But there could have been no quantity production upon the scale that exists if there had been lacking in Ford the vision to see other things. In addition to special machinery, the cost of production must be reduced to the lowest point by taking up every particle of lost motion.

Nor must there be any unnecessary handling of materials. Things must be so arranged that every move wil bring the maximum of results. In the early days, each engine block—a block of steel weighing more than 400 pounds—traveled more than 4,000 feet from the time it was cast until the car in which it was placed ran off under its own power. This distance has been cut to about 300 feet.

The following table was prepared for this book in the offices of the Ford Motor Company by direction of Mr. Ford:

Year	Average Number of Employees for Year	
1903	125	Estimated by Messers. Hartner, Degener and Wandersee
1904	300	
1905	300	
1906	700	
1907	575	
1908	450	
1909	1,655	
1910	2,773	
1911	3,976	
1912	6,867	
1913	14,366	
1914	12,880	
1915	18,892	
1916	32,702	
1917	36,411	
1918	33,699	
1919	44,569	
1920	51,197	
1921	32,679	

THIS TABLE and the one mentioned concerning the number of cars sold each year are of value only for the drawing of approximate conclusions, since they are not for precisely parallel periods; and for the further reason that the latter table does not include the labor employed by outside concerns in the manufacture of parts. It is therefore impossible to divide the number of cars sold, by the average number of men employed, and say that the result is the

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number of cars that each man made in a year. But the Ford Motor Company now manufactures more of its parts than it did in the beginning and tne productivity of labor, as derived from the foregoing tables is even greater than the figures indicate.

What do the figures indicate?

If we divide the 1,695 cars sold in the fiscal year 1904-5 by the average number of 300 men employed during 1905 we find that each man made an average of five and two-thirds cars during the year.

If we divide the 933,720 cars sold during the fiscal year 1920-21 by the average number of 32,679 men employed during the calendar year of 1921, we find that each man produced twenty-eight and one-half cars. In 1920 the output was eighteen cars to each employee. The output in 1921 may not have been quite twenty-eight cars per man as some of the cars sold in 1921 were made in 1920.

If we compare the 32,679 men employed during 1921 with the 32,702 employed in 1916, we find that in the fiscal year of 1915-16 but 472,350 cars were sold as compared with 933,720 made by a slightly fewer number of men in the fiscal year 1920-21. It will be noted that during the fiscal year 1916-17 there were made and sold 730,041 cars which were perhaps produced by approximately the same number of men employed in part of the preceding fiscal year, but even the higher product for these two fiscal years is 203,000 fewer cars than were produced in 1920-21 by practically the same number of men.

What is the answer?

Improved Ford methods. There is no other answer. Early in 1921, Ford shook up the Highland Park plant with a vengeance. The men worked no harder that year than they did in any other year, but Ford worked harder. He thought more, and the result of what he thought is shown in the year's product.

A study of these two tables is a tremendous demonstration of what brains at the head of industry can do. In 1921 when Ford broke all records for profits and production, the Pierce-Arrow Company lost $8,000,000 and the General Motors Company showed a book deficit of $38,000,000 and an operating profit of about $5,000,000.

But to make a useful thing with the maximum of efficiency are but two steps toward maximum production and maximum profits. If the Ford car were sold for $2,000, the profit over the present manufacturing cost would be greater, but the market would be so narrowed that there might be no profits at all at the end of the year.

From the beginning, Ford thoroughly understood that a small margin of profit on each car would mean more sales and more profits at the end of the year than a large profit on each car. Ford marvels that so few American manufacturers see this. He believes they often kill their own market by keeping their prices high.

In 1920-21 Ford reduced the price of his touring car from $575, where it was at the close of 1919, to $348 and the price of his tractor from $750 to $395. As everybody remembers, he smashed war-prices again and again, while others were saying that prices could not be much, if any, reduced.

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—or all three







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By Coningsby Dawson

This is the kind of story that plays softly on the heartstrings. It is about Tabs, who came back from the war to find the Kingdom he had built up in his dreams fading from him. Terry, the beautiful, the audacious, had played a prominent role in his dreams, but now—Then it is that Tabs comes to learn that the kingdom of happiness, when things look blackest, may be just around the next bend in the road.

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TRADE MARK REG

BATHASWEET

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Such is the secret of Ford's great industrial and financial success: (1) A useful device developed to the utmost; (2) Special machinery and the best shop methods to make possible quantity production at low cost; (3) The narrowest safe margin of profit on each unit to make possible a large market and real quantity production; (4) Large annual profits to be derived from the aggregate of a great number of small profits rather than from a smaller number of greater profits. There, in a nutshell, is the business philosophy that, in a few years, has brought Henry Ford properties worth a billion dollars.

Ford went into a Detroit shoe store in the winter of 1921-22 to be measured for a shoe-model. While the clerk waited upon him he took advantage of the opportunity to ask the great manufacturer when he believed business would be back to normal. Ford answered him by asking some questions.

"How much would you charge a man like me for a good pair of walking shoes?" he inquired.

"Oh, about fourteen dollars," said the clerk.

"How much would you have charged before the war?"

"About six dollars," said the clerk.

"Well," said Ford, "business will be normal again when you charge six dollars and fifty cents for those shoes."

FORD has cut his own prices below what they were before the war. Of course he was big enough industrially and strong enough financially to compel those from whom he bought his raw materials to reduce their prices to what he regarded as reasonable figures. The little man, of course, could not do this. But Ford holds firmly to the belief that there need have been no hard times in the United States if business men had been willing to forego big profits.

I know of no period in Ford's life up to the present time when his mind gave so many indications of "hitting on all twelve," as it did in the operations that we are about to describe. We shall see Ford now, not as the marvelous mechanic, but as the marvelous industrial and financial administrator.

A serious situation began to develop, early in 1920, all over the country. War prosperity was collapsing. Failures increased. Business slackened. As summer began, the slump hit Ford. In September, he cut the price of his car below manufacturing cost. Business picked up for a little while, and then fell off again. To create a market for itself, the price of the car needed to be cut some more, but Ford could not cut it because those from whom he bought raw materials insisted upon sticking to war-prices.

It was at this point that Ford threw his mind into "high" and began the execution of what seems to me to have been the most brilliant piece of administrative strategy that has thus far marked his career.

What Ford did in the fall of 1920 was to cease buying raw materials while running his great Highland Park plant at full speed to work up accumulated stocks.

Late in December, 1920, Ford gave the order to stop the great Highland Park plant and ninety acres of whizzing wheels came to a standstill. At the same time, he gave orders to "clean up" in the company's thirty-five branches—to assemble into finished cars the parts on hand and turn them into cash.

Wall Street had misinterpreted Ford's strategic move against dealers in raw materials and underestimated his financial agility. The fact that the Highland Park plant had been closed, first for two weeks and then "indefinitely," was construed as a sign of distress due to lack of orders.

WALL STREET, early in 1921, sent a banker to see Ford. The Wall Street gentleman whirled out to Ford's house in a big car, rang the bell, was admitted, and soon faced Ford. There were few preliminaries. Wall Street had heard of Ford's troubles and was there with the money to "save" him. The plan for saving him was in writing. The gentleman would read it, and Ford, as a matter of courtesy listened, though he had insisted that he had no need of a loan.. In the middle of the reading, the gentleman stopped to inquire who was to be the company's next treasurer, the office having recently been vacated.

"What is that to you?" Ford inquired.

"It is everything to us," the banker replied. "We shall have to be consulted as to who is named for the post."

Ford could stand no more. He gave the banker his hat, opened the door, and told him to be gone. The next time Ford saw his son, Edsel, he told him that he was to be the treasurer as well as the President of the Ford Motor Company.

What Ford did to turn a $20,000,000 cash balance into enough to pay $58,000,000 was to realize on his assets and tighten some loose joints in his organization. He had in hand, for instance, when the Highland Park plant was closed, 93,000 finished cars. In January, nearly 60,000 of these cars were sold. Cars assembled from parts in twenty-two branches brought sales from stock to $24,700,000 by April 1st. Foreign agents were called upon to remit $3,000,000 that they owned and did so.

The sale of by-products brought in $3,700,000 more. Liberty bonds were converted into $7,900,000 in cash. Already Ford had increased his bank balance to $59,300,000 with which to pay $58.000,000.

FORD was not through, however. He saw a chance to release $28,000,000 invested in raw materials by speeding up railway shipments. He had recently acquired the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad. By reducing the time of goods in transit he cut down from twenty-two to fourteen days the period that elapsed between the shipment of raw materials and the reshipment of the same materials in the form of finished cars and the receipt of these cars by dealers. So great is the Ford output that this saving of eight days released $28,000,000, which until then had been tied up in stock.

All these moves ran Ford's bank balance up from $20,000,000 to $87,300,000, and he paid the $58,000,000 weeks before it was due.

And, after a six-weeks' shut-down, the dealers in raw materials having come down to pre-war prices, the order was given to start the Highland Park plant.

Wall Street could not see Ford's way through the tangle and believed he was wrecked. It may be added that a high official of the Ford Motor Company could see nothing simple about the problem. Asked what he suggested, he replied that he could see nothing to do but borrow $40,000,000 or $50,000,000. Ford received the suggestion in silence, but after leaving the meeting, gave orders to discharge the man immediately. Ford can be stern and even harsh when he believes the occasion demands. He was determined that Wall Street should not lay a finger on his industries and resented anything that suggested such a procedure. Moreover, he was entirely confident of his ability to get along without a loan.

Ford has always hated Wall Street and Wall Street has always hated Ford.

"I would tear down my plants, brick by brick, with my own hands," he once said, "before I would let Wall Street get hold of them."

Henry Ford will necessarily be remembered in the United States for centuries, and often, when he was talking to me, a little inquiry arose in the back of my head as to the thing for which he would be best remembered. After much consideration, I reached the conclusion that future generations would honor Ford most, not because he acquired a billion dollars by paying better wages and selling good automobiles for less than anybody else; nor because of his marvelous ability as an industrial organizer; nor because he took the first great steps to stop the waste of water-power; but because he revolutionized agriculture.

HENRY FORD is the first man in twenty centuries who has evolved a fundamentally new idea with regard to farming. It is because of this lack of new ideas that farming is today, so far as the farmer is concerned, substantially what it was twenty centuries ago. The farmer today has his telephone, his automobile, his city newspaper and his rural free delivery, but he is just as much the slave of his farm as he was 2000 years ago. His work is never done and his freedom never comes; and what is true of him is true of his wife.

I once asked Ford what was the first thing he would do if he were to take charge of American farms.

"Tear down all the fences," he said. "Fences interfere with the operation of machinery and prevent some of the land from being tilled."

"But what about animals overrunning your crops?" I asked.

"There wouldn't be any animals," he replied. "There is no reason why any farmer should have horses. Tractors are better and cost much less. Better milk can be and has been made out of vegetable products than any cow can give. The cattle that we need for food and the sheep that we need for wool should be raised on great ranges in the West.

"The day is nearly past," he continued, "when farmers will be the slaves of their animals. Just think what this slavery means to the farmer and his wife. It is almost impossible for either of them to leave home for more than a few hours. The farmer must get up early in the morning, feed his stock and milk the cows. His wife must take care of

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the milk and make butter. At night the stock must be fed again and the cows must be milked again—and again the farmer's wife must take care of the milk. All through the winter, horses—that will not do a day's work on the farm until the next spring—must be fed, and when the horses go to work they plow less land for a dollar's worth of feed than a tractor will plow for a dollar's worth of gasoline.

"THERE IS no place for a horse on a farm. Everything that horses now do should be done by machinery. The heavy work that farmers now do should be done by machinery. Do you suppose we let men lift and tug at heavy weights in our industries? We do not. We let machinery do the lifting and the tugging."

Mr. Ford's Idea is that every village should contain local industries, run by water power if possible, in which all the farmers in the surrounding country can be employed when they are not at work on their farms.

"Some of the finest workmanship in our cars," he said, "is performed in little shops that we have established on water power sites in villages around Detroit—shops in which only one thing is made and made well. Every village should have such industries. It is to the interest of manufacturers as well as of farmers that there should be such village industries.

"As it is now farmers waste most of their time. What I mean by wasting their time is that they are employed only a few days in the year at productive labor. The rest of their time they waste by taking care of animals or by doing things by hand that should be done in a jiffy with machinery. A farmer has his year's wood to cut, we will say. With a tractor to haul trees out of the woods and drive a saw to cut them up, a year's supply of wood can be provided in a short time."

Mr. Ford even has ideas of farmers pooling their land, working together and dividing the product on the basis of the amount of land put into the pool and the number of workers engaged.

"I also expect to see," he added, "farming corporations in which one may buy shares of stock just as people now buy shares of stock in manufacturing corporations. These men will market their products without middlemen and down will come the cost of living, since there will be no exploitation in connection with food production."

Mr. Ford is not blind, however, to the forces that he is setting in operation. If the nation's farmers are to do their year's farm work in twenty-five days and compete with city factory workers the rest of the year, it will necessarily follow that the industrial situation in the cities will be worse than ever.

"I can see that," said Mr. Ford, "but that constitutes no reason why farmers should continue to spend a year doing twenty-five day's work. That is an enormous waste of human energy. Surely it is not wrong to stop wasting men's labor. If the solution of one problem intensifies another our next business is to solve the problem that is intensified. I lay this down as a fundamental truth—that there is room enough on this earth for us all, and that the mere fact that we have become more skilful in producing the necessities and comforts of life is no reason why anybody should go without such things.

"When people have to go without because they cannot find employment, it is a sure sign that something is wrong."

WHEN HENRY FORD talks about farming he talks about something that he understands. He was born on a farm. He has plowed many a weary mile. He now owns and operates one of the largest farms in the United States.

This farm consists of more than 9000 acres. It is situated near his experimental laboratory at Dearborn. It includes his father's old homestead of 240 acres. Far back from the road, he has built on this farm a great stone house in which he now lives. Five thousand acres of this land is under a high state of cultivation.

Mr. Ford bought so much land primarily to serve as a proving ground during the years when he was developing his tractor. Farmers would not let him plow for them, even for nothing. His plowing did not suit them. So he bought a great farm upon which he could plow as he pleased and experiment with his tractor to his heart's content.

Mr. Ford put the farm in charge of an energetic young man who knew nothing about farming. It is Mr. Ford's contention that anybody, in a few days, can learn to farm with machinery. Of course, the chemistry of farming is another matter. One can study a lifetime at that and still have much to learn.

In the summer of 1921 Mr. Ford had 3,000 acres of wheat to harvest. Men were called out of the Ford factory and set to operating a flock of tractors and reapers. In four days the harvesting was done.

On the Ford farm plowing immediately follows the harvesting of a crop. In the fall of 1921 Mr. Ford cut down his wheat acreage to 2,500 acres. The plowing was done in five and one-half days.

All the work on the Ford farm is done in twenty-one days a year.

There are no farm animals on the place except a few saddle horses. Asked if animals were not necessary to the fertilization of soil, he said they were not.

"Land can usually be kept enriched," he said, "by deep plowing and subsoiling. We have experimented with deep plowing and found that while it does not enrich the land the first year that it does so after the air and frost have had an opportunity to work. We plowed a 300-acre wheat-field ten inches deep instead of eight inches, and thereby increased the yield ten bushels to the acre. We are experimenting with plows that will go down eighteen to twenty inches. Land needs a good stirring to do its best. If fertilizer is really needed it can be obtained from the air. That's why I want to make nitrates at Muscle Shoals."

[To be continued]

What has Henry Ford done since he attained great wealth? What does he think of the industrial life and opportunities in America? Mr Benson will answer these questions in the final instalment of his biography of Mr. Ford in Hearst's International for March.

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SHERWIN CODY

MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some persons spell calendar "calendar" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I," instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few persons know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. And very few persons use any but the most common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your English is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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Octavus Roy Cohen's Story of a Shooting Match for a Wife—Continued from page 102

The Wife Preserver

we is to make sech a pawtant bet, I siggests we gits someone to draw up a paper which says what we is doin'."

"Suits me."

"Lawyer Evans Chew?"

"He ain't no wuss'n no other lawyer."

To the office of Lawyer Chew they went. There, on the eighth floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building they explained to that legal luminary the details of their wager. Lawyer Chew listened in amazement. "You each shoots at the dancin' ball fifty times," he summarized. "The one which busts the most balls wins, an' the victor thereof gits ownership fully an' in fees, his heirs an' assigns forever, to both the frankfritter stan' an' also the shootin' gall'ry. Is that the way you gemmun comprehends this complex matter?"

They nodded. "I draws up cross conweyances of all right, title an' intrust, one to the other," Lawyer Chew went on. "In neither shall there be no mention of wagerin', on account accawdin' to the laws as made an' previded by this noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama a bet ain't no good consideration fo' no contrac'. But this shall be fo' one dollar an' other vallible consideration." He produced a dime. "I shall now toss this coin. Does it come heads, Mistuh Kite shoots fust; tails, Brother Tapp does so. Is you willin'?"

"We is."

THE COIN spun through the air. "Heads Mistuh Kite shoots first. Fifty shots each. Who you sillec's fo' a judge?"

"Reckon you suits me, Lawyer Chew."

"An' me."

"I is the judge, then. When does we hol' the contes'?"

"How 'bout t'morrow night, Mistuh Tapp?"

"Fine. The sooner the worser—for you."

Lawyer Chew summoned his stenographer and dictated the cross conveyances. And while her machine was clicking busily from the outer office Hyacinth argued, begged and pleaded with her husband. Adamant was soft by comparison.

He would have nothing to do with her as he stood by the window in stolid dignity, gazing down with mild interest upon the traffic seethe of Eighteenth Street and wondering whether, after all, there might possibly be some slight flaw in this apparently perfect scheme. He could see none, and so, when the papers were brought in they were duly signed and deposited in escrow with the leading authority of Birmingham's colored legal fraternity. Lawyer Chew pocketed his fee and ushered them out with much gusto. Mr. and Mrs. Tapp walked slowly home together. Once in their living-room, Hyacinth flumped into a rocker and buried her face in her hands.

"What you has done played now, Serious, is thunder."

"Reckon I ain't gwine 'low no cullud man to run it over me."

"But you di'n't have to go give him the hot dawg stan'. Mistuh Kite is the shootin'est man what is."

"Huh! Ise shootin'er than him."

"You is gwine wish you was."

"I has wished a heap of things which ain't never got me nowhere."

"You ain't never wished none mo' wisher than what you is gwine wish this. I c'n 'scuse a man fo' not havin' no sense but I ain't got no time fo' a idjit."

Serious, searching always for hidden meanings, took her comment as a personal affront and returned heartbrokenly to his truck. He considered his domestic situation critical, and the righting of it well worth the risk he was running.

With Henry Kite steadily in the company of his blooming wife, there could be no peace for Serious and peace was the thing which Mr. Tapp most craved. Too, there was small chance that things would go wrong. Cass Driggers was a friend of long standing, a man of unquestioned loyalty and integrity, one upon whom he could count with implicit faith. To make matters doubly sure, he visited the hot dog stand when he knew that Henry Kite was absent. To Cass he explained the situation in detail. Mr. Driggers pledged his assistance.

"You gits heah befo' the shootin' stahts, Cass, an' you lies yo'se'f down behime that counter. When you don't show up he gits Hyacinth to put new balls on the stream of water when the ol' ones git busted. Hyacinth ain't gwine say nothin' even if she sees you—which she mos' prob'ly won't. I c'n trus' her fo' that much."

News of the wager spread like wildfire through colored social circles. Florian Slappey sought Serious for confirmation and received it. His comment was pithy and personal——

"You is the fust man I is ever seed which is as big a fool as you look."

"Looks fool ain't is fool."

"It's might' nigh. What you is gwine do when Mistuh Kite is ownin' yo' hot dawg stan'?"

"He ain't gwine own it."

"You mus' be prospectin' fo' him to drop dead. 'Cause does he git there fo' the shootin' he's gwine make you wish no rifles never had of been inwented."

"YOU SAYS words, Florian, but they don't make no sense. When I finishes with Mistuh Kite they ain't gwine be no mo' lef' on him than one grunt."

But however confident Serious might have been, he found himself a victim to nerves during the long and dreary night preceding the contest. A thousand spectral doubts haunted him. Too, Hyacinth refused to hold converse with him, and he took that as an indication of her sympathy with the Kite cause.

As a matter of fact Hyacinth was grieving over their estrangement and its disastrous results. She had never loved Serious more genuinely than she did at this moment when he stood upon the threshold of ruin. She longed to console him as the hour of bereavement approached, but his aloofness and her pride conspired to forestall advances. And so each misunderstood the other and both wallowed in the slough of dank despair.

The contest was scheduled for eight o'clock that night. At seven-thirty the self-invited spectators commenced to arrive and long before the hour the space between the doorway and the rifle counter was jammed with a mass of colored humanity in all shades and hues and styles of ultra-dress.

Henry Kite was there, resplendent in white flannels and a-glitter with the full display of his imitation jewelry. Cass was not there.

AT THREE minutes before eight o'clock Serious Tapp arrived. He was doing his best to appear at ease.

Lawyer Chew explained that Cass Driggers was not there. He desired to know whether Hyacinth would make a satisfactory substitute. Serious nodded agreement.

Here was a dramatic twist to the situation; Hyacinth officiating in a contest which was more a duel over her than over the two businesses.

Lawyer Chew stepped pompously to the center of the stage. Silence. In a deep, sonorous voice which rolled mellifluously through the gathering, he explained the details of the contest—"... each man to fire fifty times at the ball which dances on the stream of water, and him which knocks the ball off the most number of times shall be declared, decreed, adjudged and pronounced the winner." He turned to the contestants. "Is that clear an' understood, gemmun?"

They nodded.

"No objections?"

"Not none," they chorused.

"Good. Mistuh Kite, you shoots fust."

Henry Kite walked to the counter and shed his white flannel coat, standing forth radiantly in his lavender-striped silk shirt. He picked up the brightest and cleanest of the rifles, dandled it lightly in his hands, put it to his shoulder, sighted briefly, and —"Crack!" The little ball smashed to bits and a muffled cheer arose.

Mr. Kite shot with utter confidence. He established a record which none but an expert could better. Lawyer Chew was reading off the score: "Thutty-nine out of fohty-five; fohty out of fohty-six ... fohty-two out of fifty! That ends you, Mistuh Kite. You busted fohty-two out of fifty shots which you took." He turned then to Serious. "Is you ready an' prepared to shoot, Brother Tapp?"

Serious nodded. His heart was thumping beneath the cheap, cotton shirt which he wore. He was exceedingly regretful of the whole affair. Premonition had clutched him, and he was obsessed by the hunch that all was not as it should be. He was trembling visibly. Drops of perspiration stood out upon his ebony forehead. His hands shook as though with palsy. If only Cass didn't fail him

A hand touched Mr. Tapp's arm, and Serious turned to stare full into the eyes of disaster and to discover that his

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statement of the immediate past was an error.

For, close at hand, gazing at him beseechingly, was Mr. Cass Driggers!

For a second the world went black before the eyes of Serious Tapp. In one fell swoop his cosmic scheme had gone flooie. Cass Driggers, the mainspring of his machinery, stood beside him; Cass Driggers who should at that moment have been prostrated behind the target counter, his hand upon the faucet.

A groan oozed from between the lips of Mr. Serious Tapp, a groan in which despair and grief were intermingled. Gone now was his last hope of success, gone his business, his wife. And, more bitter than all, his rival was about to mount to the crest of a tidal wave of triumph.

"My Gawd! Cass Driggers!"

Cass was meek. "Yassuh. Ise him."

Their conversation was conducted in discreet whispers. "Ain't you behime the counter?"

"Nossuh, Ise heah."

"Sufferin' tripe! Ise ruint."

"Yassuh. But I wa'n't aimin' to git ruint my ownse'f."

"What you mean, cullud boy: ruint?"

CASS EXPLAINED. "'Twa'n't my fault, Serious. I was hangin' 'roun' heah this afternoon an' Mistuh Kite was watchin' me, an' he happened to mention that the counter I was to hide behime wa'n't bullet proof. An' he said you was a bum shot an' mos' likely anybody which was behime there was gwine git shot up while you was shootin'." Cass passed a trembling hand across a perspiring forehead. "Ise got a idea mebbe he sispected somethin'."

"Yeh . . . I soht of guess mebbe he did. All I is sayin', Cass, you picks a hell of a time to tell me where you ain't at."

The crowd was growing restive. It was clamoring for action. From across the room the face of Henry Kite leered upon Serious. As for that gentleman, a mantle of gloom had enveloped him. . . . He pulled himself together. There was nothing for it now but to pray for a miracle. He saw Hyacinth start toward him. Hyacinth! He had done it all for her, and she, too, was lost. That was the most unkindest cut. If only Hyacinth yet cared.

Then Hyacinth circled the rifle counter and invaded the sacred precincts where the hot dogs were kenneled. She stooped, straightened and then returned in the midst of the crowd, a package in her hand; a large, cumbersome, unwieldly package. She drew her husband aside.

"Serious?"

"Yeh?"

"Does you love me?"

"The mostest what any man ever loved any 'ooman."

"Does you b'lieve I love you?"

"Does you, honeybunch?"

"Serious! I sho'ly does."

He glowed. The world was well lost for this. And then he noticed that her pretty fingers were busy with the wrappings of the huge bundle. The paper fell away and she produced its contents. A gasp arose—a gasp of surprise pierced through by a howl of protest from the lips of the astounded Henry Kite.

For the thing which the package contained was a new 12-gauge shotgun!

"I bought it today, sweetness," Hyacinth was explaining. "I know you is a swell shot with one of these. An' any man which c'n kill birds on the wing like you can never could miss one of them balls."

Slowly the idea penetrated Serious's consciousness. A shotgun . . . 12-gauge . . . couldn't miss to save his life. Henry Kite was leaping through the crowd, his sulphurous language rising above the bedlam. Lawyer Chew carefully read the articles of agreement which both men had signed—

"'Greement jest says, specifies an' prevides that each man is to shoot fifty times. Don't say nothin' 'bout what kin' of a gun he's got to use. Mistuh Kite has done shot his'n. If you craves to use a shotgun, Brother Tapp—they ain't nothin' in the 'greement which says you caint!"

Henry Kite's vociferous and profane protests were drowned in a roar of commendation for the erudite ruling of Lawyer Chew. And, the familiar feel of a shotgun in his hands, Serious Tapp stepped to the counter. His bird-shooting confidence returned to him now. With graceful nonchalance he flung the gun to his shoulder and it roared defiance to Henry Kite. The little silver ball dissolved into the atmosphere.

HENRY SWORE and Henry vowed vengeance. Serious continued to blaze away at the little balls. He couldn't have missed had he tried. Lawyer Chew tolled off the score:

"Fohty-nine out of fohty-nine. Fifty out of fifty!" A wild cheer arose. "You wins the contest, Brother Tapp, an' I 'stends my warmest congratulations."

The spectators were enthusiastic. Hyacinth snuggled in the arms of her husband. He gazed his gratitude. "You done it, sweetness. You sho' done me a good trick that time," he solemnly told her.

Henry Kite disappeared. Serious and Hyacinth were hemmed in by their congratulators. Florian Slappey was the first to shake the hand of the victor.

"C'n I ast you a question, Serious?"

"Sho'ly."

"What I craves to know is this: was you plannin' to use a shotgun?"

Serious shook his head. "Suttinly not."

"Then all I has to say," said Florian, "is that you has got a heap of nerve."

Serious was intoxicated by triumph. "Nerve! I has got so much nerve, Florian, that was I a tooth I'd be jes' one big ache!"

How would you like to be a human fly and crawl gaily up the outside of a high building? That's exactly the way Octavus Roy Cohen's character felt about it. He didn't care for it either. And that led to complications. See "The Fly in the Ointment," in Hearst's International for March, ready February 20th.

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H. G. Wells's Serial—From page 48—In Which There Are

Men Like Gods

aid Mr. Burleigh to Cedar. "If at first ou can spare us a little advice and help." Cedar and Serpentine remained with he Earthlings upon Quarantine Crag ntil late in the afternoon. They helped o prepare a supper and set it out in the ourtyard of the castle. They departed ith a promise to return on the morrow, nd the Earthlings watched them and heir accompanying airplanes soar up to the sky. Mr. Barnstaple was surrised to find himself distressed at their ing. He had a feeling that mischief as brewing amongst his companions nd that the departure of these Utopians moved a check upon this mischief. e had helped Lady Stella in the preparaon of an omelette; he had to carry back dish and a frying pan to the kitchen fter it was served, so that he was the last to seat himself at the supper table. He found the mischief he dreaded well afoot.

MR. CATSKILL had finished his supper already and was standing with his foot upon a bench orating to the others.

"I ask you, Ladies and Gentlemen," Mr. Catskill was saying; "I ask you: Is not Destiny writ large upon this day's adventure? Not for nothing was this place a fortress in ancient times. Here it is ready to be a fortress again. In such a war as will make the wildest stories of Cortez and Pizarro pale their ineffectual fires!"

"My dear Rupert!" cried Mr. Burleigh, resignedly. "What have you got in that head of yours now?"

Mr. Catskill waved two fingers dramatically. "The conquest of a world!"

"Good God!" cried Mr. Barnstaple. "Are you mad?"

"As Clive," said Mr. Catskill, "or Sultan Baber when he went down to Panipat."

"It's a tall proposition," said Mr. Hunker, who seemed to have had his mind already somewhat prepared for these suggestions, "but I'm ready to give it a hearing. The alternative so far as I can figure it out is to be scoured and whitewashed inside and out and then fired back into our own world—with a chance of hitting something hard on the way. You tell them, Mr. Catskill."

"Tell them," said Lord Barralonga. "It's a gamble I admit. But there's situations when one must gamble—or be gambled with."

"It's a gamble, certainly," said Mr. Catskill. "But upon this narrow peninsula, upon this square mile or so of territory the fate, sir, of two universes awaits decision. This is no time for the faint heart and the paralyzing touch of discretion. Plan swiftly—act swiftly——"

"This is simply *thrilling*," cried Miss Greeta Grey clasping her hands about her knees and smiling at Mr. Mush.

"These people," Mr. Barnstaple interrupted, "are three thousand years ahead of us. We are like a handful of Hottentots in a showman's van at Earls Court, planning the conquest of London."

Mr. Catskill, hands on hips, turned with extraordinary good humor upon Mr. Barnstaple. "Three thousand years away from us—*yes!* Three thousand years ahead of us—*no!* That is where you and I join issue. You may say these people are supermen. I say they are degenerate men. Let me call your attention to my reasons for this belief—in spite of their beauty, their very considerable material and intellectual achievements and so forth.

"My case is that they have reached a summit—and passed it, that they are going on by inertia and that they have lost the power not only of resistance to disease—that weakness we shall see develop more and more—but also of meeting strange and distressing emergencies. They are gentle. They are ineffectual. They do not know what to do. Here is Father Amerton. He disturbed that first meeting in the most insulting way. (You know you did, Father Amerton. I'm not blaming you.) He was threatened—as a little boy is threatened by a feeble old woman. Something was to be done to him. Has anything been done to him?"

"A man and a woman came and talked to me," said Father Amerton.

"And what did you do?"

"Simply confuted them."

"We all thought tremendous things were going to be done to poor Father Amerton. Well, and now take a graver case. Our friend Lord Barralonga ran amuck with his car—and killed a man. The thing has scarcely been mentioned since. Why? Because they don't know what to say about it or do about it. And now they have put us here and begged us to be good. Until they are ready to come and try experiments upon us and inject things into us and I don't know what. And if we submit, sir, if we submit, we lose one of our greatest powers over these people, our power of at once giving and resisting malaise and, in addition, I know not what powers of initiative that may very well be associated with that physiological toughness of which we are to be robbed. But suppose we do not submit; what then?"

"Well," repeated Lord Barralonga, "what then?"

"THEY will not know what to do. Do not be deceived by any outward shows of beauty and prosperity. These people are living, as the ancient Peruvians were living in the time of Pizarro, in an enervating dream. They have drunken the debilitating draught of Socialism and, as in ancient Peru, there is no health or power of will left in them any more. A handful of resolute men and women who can dare—may not only dare but triumph in the face of such a world. And thus it is, I lay my plans before you."

"You mean to jump this entire Utopian planet," said Mr. Hunker.

"I mean, sir, to assert the rights of a more vigorous form of social life over a less vigorous form of social life. Here we are—



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in a fortress. It is a real fortress and quite defensible. While you others have been unpacking, Barralonga and Hunker and I have been seeing to that. There is a sheltered well so that if need arises we can get water from the canyon below. The rock is excavated into chambers and shelters; the wall on the land side is sound and high, glazed so that it cannot be scaled. This great archway can easily be barricaded when the need arises. Steps go down through the rock to that little bridge which can if necessary be cut away. We have not yet explored all the excavations. In Mr. Hunker we have a chemist—he was a chemist before the motion picture claimed him as its master—and he says there is ample material in the laboratory for a store of bombs. This party, I find, can muster five revolvers with ammunition. I scarcely dared hope for that. We have food for many days."

"OH! This is ridiculous!" cried Mr. Barnstaple standing up and then sitting down again. "This is preposterous! To turn on these friendly people! But they can blow this little headland to smithereens whenever they want to."

"Ah!" said Mr. Catskill, and held him with his outstretched finger. "We've thought of that. But we can take a leaf from the book of Cortez—who, in the very center of Mexico, held Montezuma as his prisoner and hostage. We, too, will have our hostage. Before we lift a finger—first our hostage. . . ."

"Aerial bombs!"

"Is there such a thing in Utopia? Or such an idea? And again—we must have our hostage."

"Somebody of importance," said Mr. Hunker.

"Cedar and Serpentine are both important people," said Mr. Burleigh in tones of disinterested observation.

"But surely, sir, you do not countenance this schoolboy's dream of piracy!" cried Mr. Barnstaple, sincerely shocked.

"Schoolboys!" cried Father Amerton. "A cabinet minister, a peer and a great entrepreneur!"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Burleigh, "we are, after all, only envisaging eventualities. For the life of me, I do not see why we should not thrash out these possibilities. Though I pray to heaven we may never have to realize them. You were saying, Rupert——?"

"WE HAVE to establish ourselves here and assert our independence and make ourselves *felt* by these Utopians."

"'Ear, 'Ear!" said Mr. Ridley cordially.

"We have to turn this prison into a capitol, into the first foothold of mankind in this world. It is like a foot thrust into a reluctant door that must never more close upon our race."

"It is closed," said Mr. Barnstaple. "Except by the mercy of these Utopians we shall never see our world again. And even with their mercy, it is doubtful."

"That's been keeping me awake nights," said Mr. Hunker.

"It's an idea that must have occurred to all of us," said Mr. Burleigh.

"And it's an idea that's so thundering disagreeable that one hasn't cared to talk about it," said Lord Barralonga.

"I never 'ad it until this moment," said Penk. "You don't reely mean to say, *we can't get back?*"

MR. BARNSTAPLE got up from the table and walked apart to where a gap in the castle wall gave upon the darkling wildness without. He sat down there. His eyes went from the little group talking around the supper table to the sunlit crest of the cliffs across the canyon and to the wild and lonely mountain slopes below the headland. In this world he might have to live out the remainder of his days.

And those days might not be very numerous if Mr. Catskill had his way. Sydenham, and his wife and the boys were indeed as far—"as the court of King Nebuchadnezzar."

He had scarcely given his family a thought since he had posted his letter to Victoria. Now he felt a queer twinge of desire to send them some word or token—if only he could. Queer that they would never hear from him or of him again? How would they get on without him? Would there be any difficulty about the account at the bank? Or about the insurance money? He had always intended to have a joint and several account with his wife at the bank and he had never quite liked to do it. His thoughts came back to Mr. Catskill unfolding his plans.

"We have to make up our minds to what may be a prolonged, a very prolonged stay here. Do not let us deceive ourselves upon that score. It may last for years—it may last for generations."

Something struck Penk in that. "I don't 'ardly see," he said, "how that can be—*generations?*"

"I am coming to that," said Mr. Catskill.

"UN'APPILY," said Mr. Penk, and became profoundly restrained and thoughtful with his eyes on Lady Stella.

"We have to remain, a little alien community in this world until we dominate it, as the Romans dominated the Greek, and until we master its science and subdue it to our purpose. That may mean a long struggle. It may mean a very long struggle indeed. And meanwhile we must maintain ourselves as a community; we must consider ourselves a colony, a garrison, until that day of reunion comes. We must hold our hostages, sir, and not only our hostages—it may be necessary for our purpose, and if it is necessary for our purpose, so be it—to get in others of these Utopians, to catch them young, before this so-called education of theirs unfits them for our purpose, to train them in the great traditions of our Empire and our race."

Mr. Hunker seemed on the point of saying something but refrained

M. Dupont got up sharply from the table, walked four paces away, returned and stood still, watching Mr. Catskill.

"Generations?" said Mr. Penk.

"Yes," said Mr. Catskill. "Generations. For here we are strangers—strangers, like that other little band of adventurers who established their citadel five and twenty centuries ago upon the Capitol beside the rushing Tiber. This is our Capitol. A great Capitol—of a greater

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ome—in a vaster world. And like that nd of Roman adventurers we, too, may ve to reënforce our scanty numbers at e expense of the Sabines about us and ke to ourselves servants and helpers and *mates!* No sacrifice is too great for the gh possibilities of this adventure."

"Duly married," said Father Amerton.

"Duly married," said Mr. Catskill in renthesis. "And so, sir, we will hold t here and maintain ourselves and domite this desert countryside and spread r prestige and our influence and our irit into the inert body of this decadent opian world. Until at last we are able master the secret that Arden and Greene were seeking and recover the way ck to our own people, opening to the wded millions of our Empire——"

"Just a moment," said Mr. Hunker. ust a moment! About this empire——!"

"Exactly," said M. Dupont. "About r Empire——!"

Mr. Catskill regarded them thoughty and defensively. "When I say Em- I mean it in the most general sense."

"Exactly," snapped M. Dupont. "I was thinking generally of our—Attic civilization."

"Before, sir, you go on to talk of Angloon unity and the English speaking ," said M. Dupont, with a rising note passion in his voice, "permit me to rend you, sir, of one very important fact t you seem to be overlooking. The lange of Utopia, sir, is French. Excellent rary French. I want to remind you of t. I want to recall it to your mind. I l lay no stress here on the sacrifices and rtyrdoms that France has endured in cause of Civilization——"

The voice of Mr. Burleigh interrupted. very natural misconception. But, if u will pardon the correction, the language of Utopia is *not* French."

Of course, Mr. Barnstaple reflected, M. Dupont had not heard the explanation of the language difficulty.

"Permit me, sir, to believe the evidence of my own ears," the Frenchman replied with dignified politeness. "These Utopians, I can assure you, speak French and nothing but French—and very excellent French it is."

A beautiful wrangle, thought Mr. Barnstaple. There was no Utopian present to undeceive M. Dupont and he stuck to his belief magnificently. With a mixture of pity and derision and anger, Mr. Barnstaple listened to this little band of lost human beings, in the twilight of a vast, strange and possibly inimical world, growing more and more fierce and keen in a dispute over the claims of their three nations to dominate Utopia, claims based entirely upon greeds and misconceptions.

Their voices rose to shouts and sank to passionate intensity, as their lifelong habits of national egotism reasserted themselves. Mr. Hunker would hear nothing of any "Empire"; M. Dupont would hear of nothing but the supreme claim of France. To Mr. Barnstaple this conflict of patriotic prepossessions seemed like a dog-fight on a sinking ship. But at last Mr. Catskill, persistent and ingenious, made headway against his two antagonists.

He stood at the end of the table explaining that he had used the word Empire loosely, apologizing for using it, explaining that when he said Empire, he had all Western Civilization in mind. "When I said it," he said turning to Mr. Hunker, "I meant a common brotherhood of understanding." He faced toward M. Dupont. "I meant our imperishable Entente."

"There are at least no Russians here," said M. Dupont. "And no Germans."

"True," said Lord Barralonga. "We start ahead of the Hun here, and we can keep ahead."

"And I take it," said Mr. Hunker, "that Japanese are barred."

"No reason why we shouldn't start clean with a complete color bar," reflected Lord Barralonga. "This seems to me a White Man's world."

"At the same time," said M. Dupont, coldly and insistently, "you will forgive me if I ask you for some clearer definition of our present relationship and for some guarantee, some effective guarantee, that the immense sacrifices France has made and still makes in the cause of civilized life, will receive their proper recognition and their due rewards in this adventure—I ask only for justice."

Indignation made Mr. Barnstaple bold. He got down from his perch upon the wall and came up to the table.

"Are you mad," he said, "or am I?" "This squabble over flags and countries and fanciful rights and deserts—it is hopeless folly. Do you not realize even now the position we are in?"

His breath failed him for a moment and then he resumed:

"Are you incapable of thinking of human affairs except in terms of flags and fighting and conquest and robbery? Can not you realize the proportion of things and the quality of this world into which we have fallen? As I have said already—we are like some band of savages in a show at Earls Court, plotting the subjugation of London. We are like suppressed cannibals in the heart of a great city dreaming of a revival of our ancient and forgotten filthiness. What are our chances in this fantastic struggle?"

Mr. Ridley spoke reprovingly. "You're forgetting everything you just been told. Everything. 'Arf their population is laid out with flue and measles. And there's no such thing as a 'ealthy fighting will left in all Utopia."

"Precisely," said Mr. Catskill.

"Well, suppose you have chances? If that makes your scheme the more hopeful, it also makes it the more horrible. Here we are lifted up out of the troubles of our time to a vision, to a reality of Civilization, such as our own world can only hope to climb to in scores of centuries! Here is a world of peace, splendid, happy, full of wisdom and hope! If our puny strength and base cunning can contrive it, we are to shatter it all! I tell you it is not an adventure. It is a crime. It is an abomination. I will have no part in it. I am against you in this attempt."

[To be continued]

The Earthlings, isolated in a remote fortress in Utopia as a check on their spreading of disease, ignore Mr. Barnstaple's pleas, and prepare for resistance against the Utopians.

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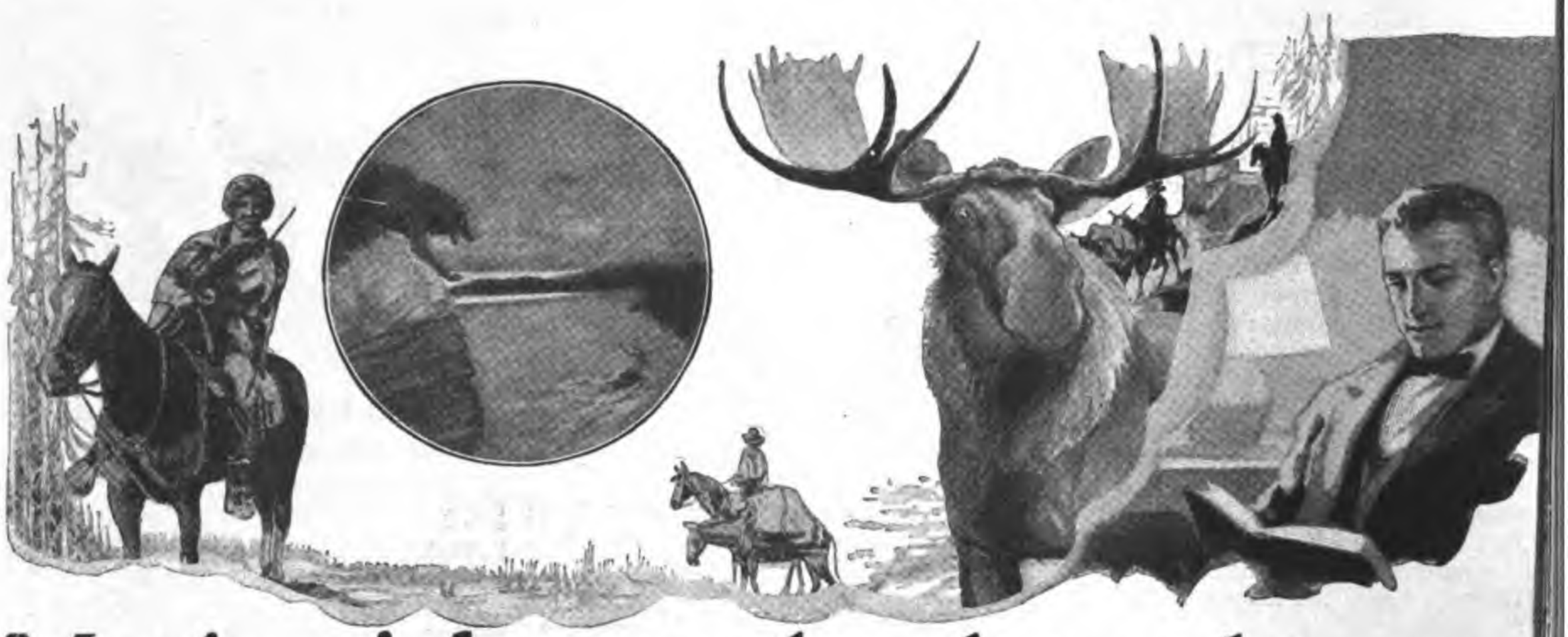
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